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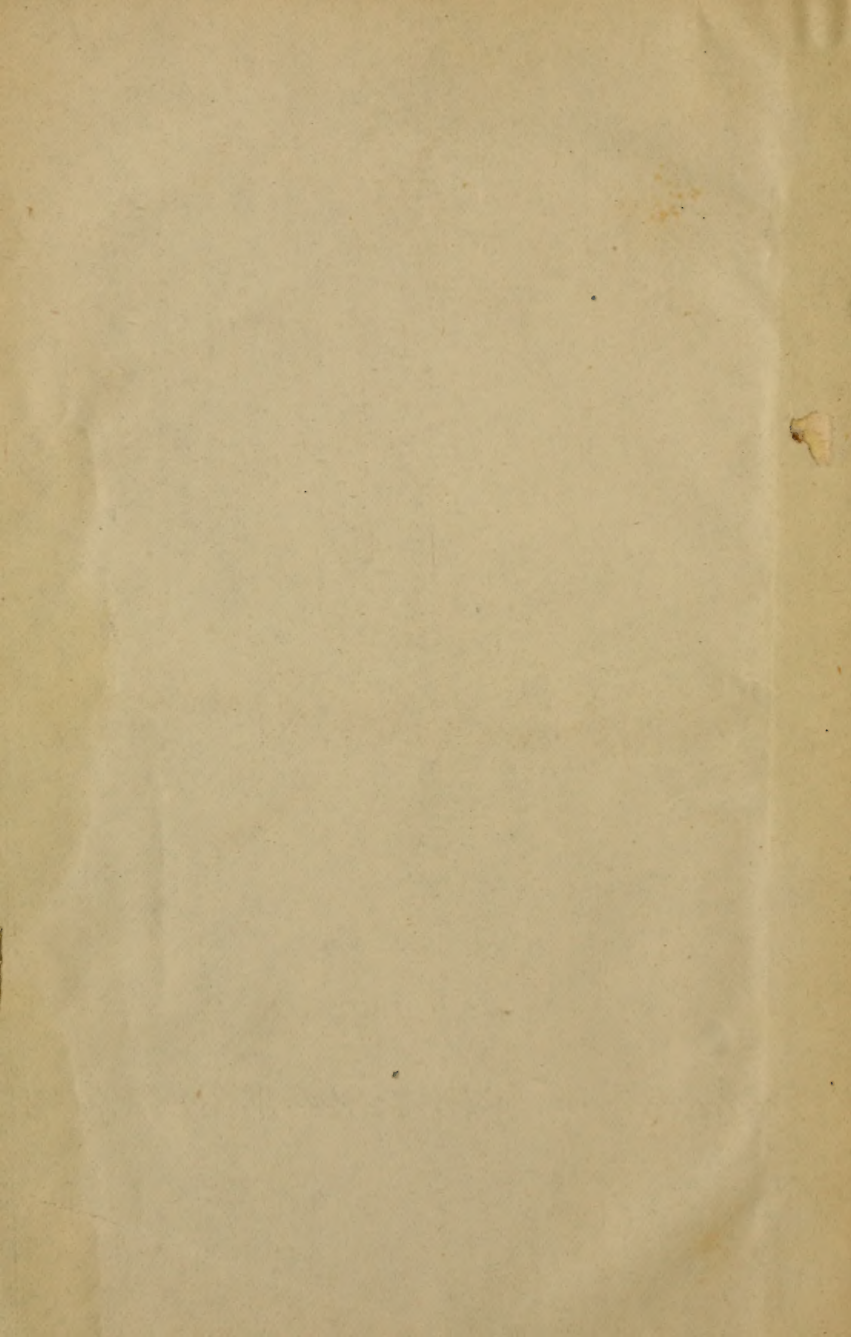
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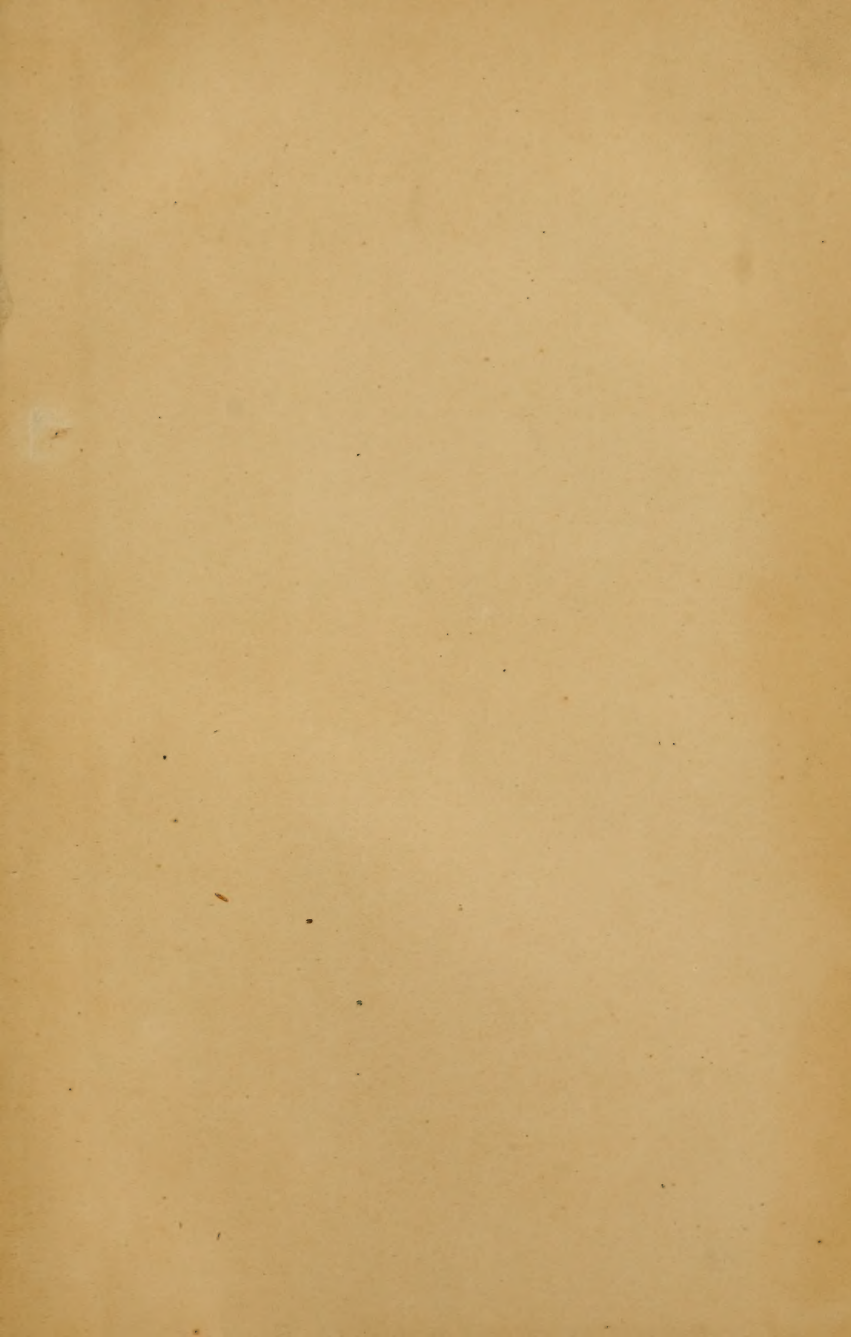
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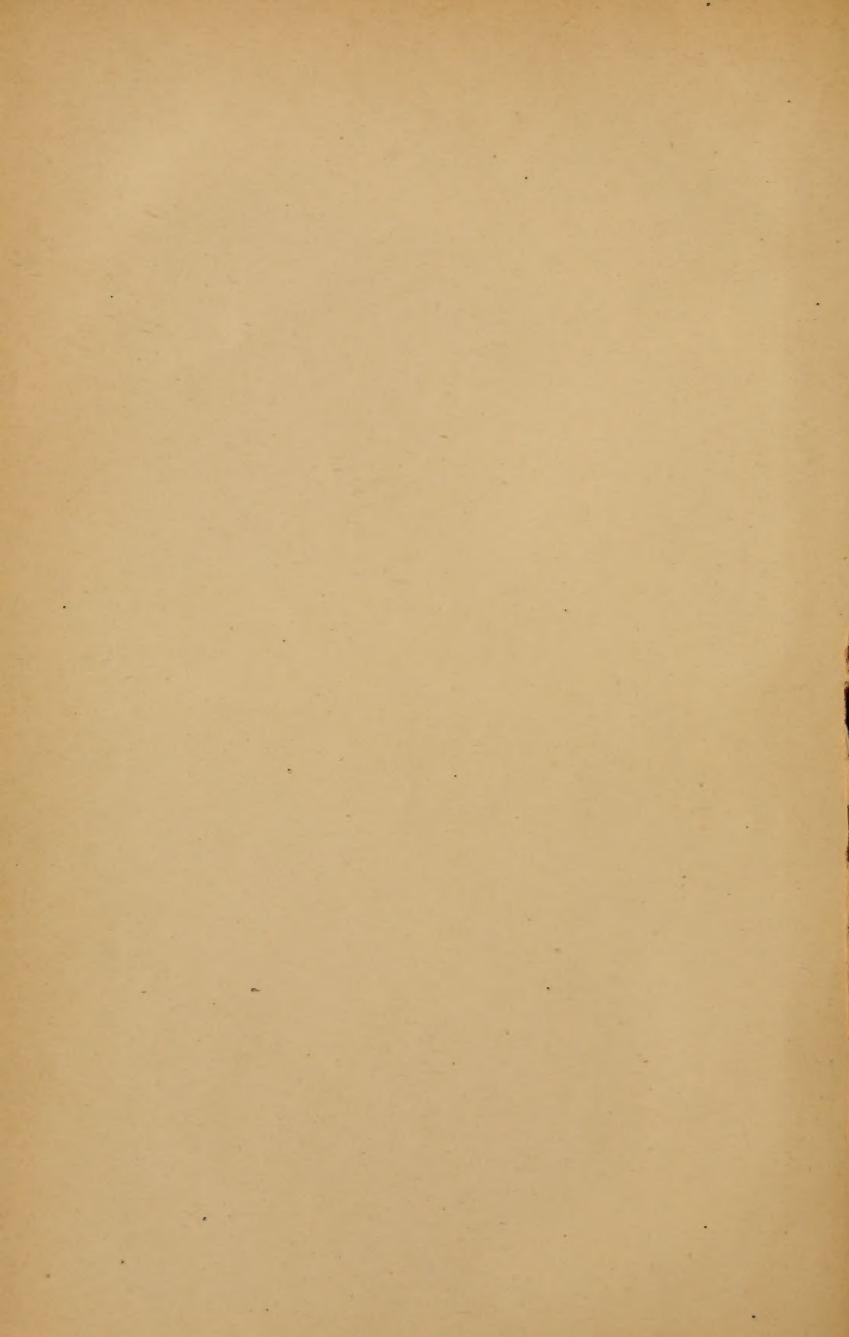
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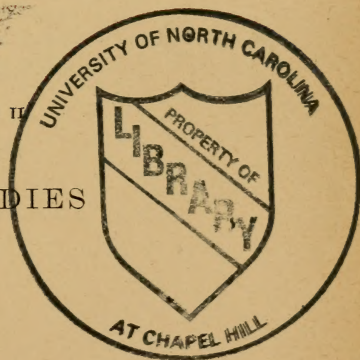
DRAMATIC WORKS

BY

LAUGHTON OSBORN

VOLUME II

TRAGEDIES



NEW YORK

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UGO DA ESTE

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CHARACTERS, ETC.

NICCOLO III., *Marquis of Estè, — Signor of Ferrara.*

UGO, *his son by his first wife.*¹

LIONELLO, } *his natural sons.*
BORSO, }

ALBERTO DE LA SALE, *his Minister.*

UGUZIONÈ DE' CONTRARII, *Counselor of State.*

ZOÈSÈ, *a Gentleman of Niccolo's household.*

ALDROVANDINO RANGONÈ, *Gentleman of the Bedchamber.*

A PRIEST, *Confessor to the Marquis.*

CAPTAIN *of the Guard.*

PARISINA, *wife of Niccolo.*

ALOÏNDA, *Lady of the Bedchamber.*

FILIPPA, *Mistress of the Wardrobe.*

JAILER. EXECUTIONER.

SCENE. *The Castle of Ferrara.*

TIME. *That occupied by the action.*

ERA OF THE EVENT. *The year 1425.*

UGO DA ESTE

ACT THE FIRST

Scene I. A Hall in the Castle.

PARISINA. ZOESE.

Paris. This is somewhat too much. I thought that I
Was wedded, was thy master's spouse, was born
A lady, and by natural right might claim
Respect from all, but most from such as thou,
Who hold'st thy place, thy very life perhaps,
But at my pleasure. Tempt me not to try
How much I may do to restore thy senses.

Zoe. Have patience, madam! —

Paris. Patience? Hast thou done?

Begone! Or wilt thou venture, sir, perhaps,
To do more than incense me with thy looks
Of insolent worship and thy crazy hints

Of admiration of my charms? Go down,
Do, on thy knees, and proffer love outright
To thy liegelord and master's lady. Go!

Zoe. One word! one moment! if in justice only.

Gladly would I go down upon my knees,
O honor'd lady, but it were to pray
That for your own sake, who I not forget
Are my lord's lady, are by natural right
Entitled to regard, you will not deem
My offence premeditated. What I said,
What did, was in blind —— [*hesitating.*

Paris. What? Thou wilt not say,
In passion? Thou wilt not so dare to add
Insult to insolence. Have I liv'd for this?
The Lady of Ferrara, to be eyed
With amorous purpose, in my lord's own halls,
By one of his paid servants? Hence! away!
Before I call the guard to ——

Zoe. On my knees ——

Paris. This is too insolent! On my lord's return ——

Zoe. You will not be so cruel, for one act
Never to be repeated, and unweigh'd
Because unmeditated, give me over
To my lord's fury, when I thus repent,
And vow henceforth ——

Paris. To better know thy place.

No; but beware! — [*Turning quickly, as if hearing
footsteps.*

Away!

Enter UGO.

My gentle lord! [*with
emotion.*]

*UGO manifests embarrassment. ZOESE observes
them, at first with an expression of surprise,
then of suspicion, and Exit.*

I have been wishing for thee all the morn.
Where hast thou kept thyself? It is so lonely
Since ——

Ugo. My sire's absence, is it?

Paris. Yes — since then.

And yet he does not give me of his time
Many spare moments. It was not so once,
In those days when I thought he came to woo
Not for himself, but —— Whither wilt thou go?

Ugo. Madam, I ——

Paris. Have no leisure, like my lord?
Thou wilt not say so, now I have told thee too
I was so lonesome and did long for thee.
That were too ungallant. And yet, in sooth,
Thou dost forget too oft, too oft of late,
That though thy father's wife I am not thy mother,
And we are near of age. Be not impatient!
And do not go. Thou hast not told me yet,
Where thou hast been the morn, and how thou lik'st
The horse I gave thee.

Ugo. I have just return'd
From trying him, Madonna.

Paris. And thou found'st him?

Ugo. All I could wish; so gentle, yet so proud,
So full of fire, yet yielding to a touch.

Paris. Even like thyself. In fact, he fits thee well.

I do avow I watch'd thee from a window
When thou didst mount him, and my heart beat high
When I beheld thee pat his shining neck,
And bend thy cheek, which reddened with delight,
Over his mane. But was it with delight?
I know I hop'd so. And I felt so glad,
And yet so envious too! I would have given
Half of my life to be within the breast
Of that proud barb and have thee so — But truly,
Dost thou indeed well like him?

Ugo. Could I else?

Didst thou not give him, lady? From this day,
I shall bestride no other steed, because —
Because —

Paris. I gave him?

Ugo. Lionello says

He would become an emperor to ride.
Thanks yet again, Madonna; and adieu.

Paris. What presses thee? I have so much to say.

I like not Lionello. Art thou sure
He is indeed thy friend?

Ugo. O-very sure!

He is so noble.

Paris. But so cold. I wonder,
Thou being gay and ardent, there should be
Such liking 'twixt you.

Ugo. 'T is that I approve
What I am all too feeble to adopt,
And he in his large charity endures
What taste and reason censure.

Paris. Say not so.
Thy temper suits thy years. They who are grave
And cautious in the heyday of their blood
Are crafty and designing. Have a care !
Thy brother is ambitious; and — But stay,
This is no place for converse. Rest thou here.
I'll send my bower-maiden in brief time,
To bid thee come to me. Thou wilt not go ?
I must have further speech with thee; I must —
Show thee thy danger, Ugo. Thou 'll not go ?
In brief time, Messer Ugo. Stay thou here.
In brief time, Ugo. [*Exit.*]

Ugo. Has it come to this ?
Does she indeed? — I dare not breathe the word,
Even to myself. It should awaken horror,
But fills me with delight. My father's wife !
O God, that I had taken heed to this
Before it was too late ! a twelvemonth since,
When in her eyes I redd what stirr'd the sense
With a yet unknown pleasure, and the touch
Of her soft fingers thrill'd through all my nerves,
Awaking thoughts which had as yet been dreams.
She 'll send for me ? For what ? For further talk ;
That she may be with me, and I again
May hear her tremulous tones and tender speech,

And in her pretexts to detain me read
What she in turn, in my averted eyes,
And burning cheek and stammering tongue, too well
Must gather. 'T is delirium! And, O God,
What horrible sin it is in me, in her,
To obey that longing of the hungry heart
Which urges us together! To what end?
Shall I be easier after? or will she?
I will not stay. We must not meet again, —
Not where there are no eyes but God's to watch us.
[Exit.

SCENE II.

*A gallery, with a window. ZOESE
standing in the embrasure, leaning pensively
on the frame. He comes, thoughtfully, forward.*

Zoe. It must be so. How many doubtful things
Rise now to mind, which, in those better days
Ere I was parcel-mad to love this — Death!
That I should so commit myself! She holds
My life on her breath. But haply I do hers.
For I remember well what, in those days
When I was wiser, had for me no sense.
My eyes are sharper now and see the signs

In their true meaning. There is that between
The Count and his proud stepdame — Who comes yon?

[*looking up the gallery.*]

'Tis Aloinda! and my soul revolts

From her familiar charms. [*Going, — pauses.*]

Yet may I use her

To serve my purpose.

Enter ALOINDA.

Aloinda! What!

Wilt thou not take my hand? Thou silly wench!

I am not tired of thee.

Aloin. Time was once

Thou 'dst not have us'd those words, Zoese.

Zoe. Nay,

'Tis thou art captious, not myself am rude.

Dry up those water-drops, and let me hug thee.

You women think we men when once entrapp'd

Must lie forever in your laps. Yet love

Has his four seasons, like the air around us.

The snow is melting from me now. Then smile

That the warm spring is toward. [*kisses her.*]

But hark thee, child.

When our lord comes from Milan, — and thou know'st

We look for him by the hour, — it needs must be

Thou wilt not find me always at thy beck.

So, if thou 'rt lonely — But our mistress too,

Is she not lonely while our lord's away?

I would be sworn she is dull at times as thou,

Moping, and sighing, if not quite in tears.
Is 't not so, minion?

Aloin. Partly, and at times.

My lord is too inconstant that his lady
Should much bewail his absence.

Zoe. Yet he loves her,
She once was fond of him.

Aloin. Indeed is still.

I have seen her by the hour with cheek on hand
Sit lost in thought.

Zoe. What, lately? Art thou sure
'T was lately? since this visit to the Duke?

Aloin. Nay, I bethink me now, before my lord
Went on this journey, months and months ago,
I mark'd the same abstraction. Sometimes too,
Thus yesterday, I found her bath'd in tears.

Zoe. All from this loneliness?

Aloin. And the amours,
It may be — but I know not — of our lord.
Zoe. Lonely, and so surrounded! In a court
Whereof she is the centre — giving rays
To all around, yet void herself of heat!
It is not loneliness. And there's the Count,
In whose society she takes such joy, —
Though 't was not always so.

Aloin. And is not now.
She is his stepdame still. But this to speak
Reminds me of my duty. I was sent
To call him to the Marchioness.

Zoe. For what?

Why he was with her in the Eastern Hall
A brief while since.

Aloin. And thence it is I come,
Having sought him there.

Zoe. By her desire?

Aloin. By hers.

What is there strange in that? Why art thou dumb?

[*Zoe, still absorbed in thought.*]

Adieu, Zoese; I must seek the Count.

Zoe. Stay. Thou dost know I love thee, Aloinda?

Aloin. I fain would think so. But —

Zoe. I have been cold.

I did avow it, and as frankly said
'T is springtime with me now. Wouldst have, my girl,
That season turn to summer, and at once?
Place me where I can hear them, and observe
This meeting.

Aloin. 'Twixt my lady and the Count?
I dare not. For what purpose?

Zoe. What to thee
My purpose, if thou dar'st not. Say I feel
An itch to know what is between the two:
Art thou made wiser?

Aloin. Scarce by that reply.
But thou mean'st something more. Thou dost impute
Wrong to my lady.

Zoe. Say I do; what then?
It is my duty, if I think there's wrong,

To expose it for my good lord's sake. Thou canst,
Canst thou not? aid me.

Aloin. Not in this. Thou think'st,
Like all men who have found one woman frail,
There is none chaste. I dare avouch, who know,
My lady is as innocent as I.

Zoe. Perhaps. Thou wilt not aid me then?

Aloin. I dare not.

Zoe. Wonder not therefore, if thou find me cold:

I can reciprocate. [*Going.*]

Aloin. Zoese — stay.

Will nothing else content thee?

Zoe. Naught but this.

I offer'd for this trifle all my love.

I know now how thou count'st it.

Aloin. Speak not so.

I would do aught to please thee. But this act,

It is so wrong, so perilous.

Zoe. The wrong,

The peril are both mine. Thou art not ask'd

To share in either.

Aloin. Thou wilt then conceal,

In any case, my service?

Zoe. Why reveal it?

It would not stead me.

Aloin. And thou wilt not stay

Longer than needful?

Zoe. Am I quite a fool?

Aloin. And — and — Zoese, thou wilt —

Zoe. Evermore

Be thy most humble servant? Silly child!

While thou art so obliging can I else? [*kissing her.*

Aloin. Indeed thy coldness chill'd me to the heart.

Zoe. The frost-time now is over. — Lead the way. —

Henceforth thou shalt have summer.

Aloin. Follow quick.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND

Scene I. The Court of the Castle.

UGO. LIONELLO.

Lion. Thou hast lost the game because thou wast so dull :

Thou play'st at all times better than I do, —

Even for thy lightness, and that happy mood

Which now thou lackest.

Ugo. Having caught thy own.*Lion.* No, by St. George ! that is no mood of mine.

Do I smile so ?

Ugo. Thou dost not smile at all.*Lion.* Rarely, perhaps ; but never in that wise.

See now ! thy head droops and thy eyes are fix'd

On something that has no existence here.

So twice amid our game —— He hears me not.

Ugo !

Ugo. What is 't ? What saidst thou, Lionello ?*Lion.* Not that thou art in love ; though these be signs,

According to the love-learn'd.

Ugo. What I pray ?*[looking uneasily up the Court.]*

Lion. That reddening cheek for one. Why surely now,
[*following with his own the direction of Ugo's eyes.*
'T is not fair Aloinda?

Enter ALOINDA.

Have a care!

Thou hast a rival there.

Aloin. My lord the Count,

The Marchioness entreats to see you briefly.

Ugo. Yes, yes. — For what? [*with sudden gloom.*

Aloin. About the horse she gave.

Ugo. That cannot be; it is but now — [*checking himself
and recovering.*] Yes, yes.

My dutiful regard present, and say

I'll come on the instant.

Aloin. In the blue room east

My lady sits. Shall I await, my lord,

To show you thither?

Ugo. No. [*Exit Aloin.*

Enter PRIEST.

Priest. Peace with you, sons.

Lion. For one of us 't is needed, holy father.

That is the Count. Thou seest, he is sore perplex'd.

I doubt he is in love with Aloinda.

But love's a question never reach'd by thee.

Ugo. With that grave face thou 'dst never think he jested;

But Lionello has had luck to-day.

Hence his good-humor. [*Exit, with a slow and reluctant step, after Aloinda.*]

Enter, from the opposite direction,

CONTRARIO.

Lion. Thus we may suppose

That twice being beaten Ugo is made sad.

But truly, father, he was so before.

Once when I threw the ball, he let it hit him

Full on the breast, he was so lost in thought.

Priest. I too have mark'd this sadness for some days.

Contr. [*joining them.*] Is 't of the Count you speak?

Priest. It is. And thou,

Messer Uguzion', hast thou not noted

This change of mood?

Contr. But slightly, and at times.

The Court is dull now. With my lord's return,

Revive its splendor and the Count's gay mood.

Priest. Our lord is hourly look'd for, is he not?

Contr. I ride forth soon to meet him. Come, young sir,

Wilt thou not take to horse and join me?

Lion. Gladly.

Contr. There will be stirring times for thee anon,

Pomp and high festival, when Padua gives,

Under the goodly auspice of our liege,

Her tournament in Venice for the Doge.

I look to see thee break a lance or two

In gay St. Mark's, with that strong arm of thine,
Messer Lionello, for some dame's bright eyes.
Father, adieu.

Priest. Adieu, and bless you, sons.

[*Exeunt, Lion. and Contr. one way, the Priest another.*]

SCENE II.

A private chamber in the Castle.

PARISINA,

walking to and fro uneasily.

Paris. Not yet? not yet? — What, if he should refuse
To come at all? That cannot be! I redd
In his own eyes, his speech, his changing cheek,
His very dread to look on me, be with me,
That yearning of the soul which burns in me
Like fire in my heart's blood. He *must* come.
If he come not! — Oh God! and if he come,
What is my purpose? I have none — none else
Than to behold him, hear him, be once more
Beside him ere my lord returns. My lord?
His sire! [*covering her face with her hands.*]

Oh horrible! —

Too late! too late!

If it were death — as 't is deserving death —
To see thee, dearest Ugo, in the hope
To make the opinion certain that thou — lov'st me,
Which but to think, which but to name in thought,
Makes my heart sick with pleasure, — if 't were death,
I 'd spring to meet it. 'T is — it is — his step!
Ugo!

Enter Ugo.

PARISINA *hastens to him.* Ugo *stands*
embarrassed and dejected.

Ugo. Madonna. [*slowly.*

Paris. Is it thus thou meet'st me?

How cold thou art!

Ugo. Madonna — thou didst send ——

[*Pauses, embarrassed.*

Paris. Didst thou not know I 'd send? thou wast prepar'd.

I told thee I should send. Didst thou not wait?

Ugo. Alas!

Paris. What means that heart-cry of distress?

Oh Ugo! I had thought —— [*Pauses, looking on him*
tearfully.

Ugo. What didst thou think? [*turning*
away his eyes.

Paris. Think? — That I was not sole in my despair;
That thou didst sympathize, didst suffer with me;
That the sharp longing which gnaws in my heart —
That vacancy which like a burning coal

Dries up my blood and marrow, daily, nightly,
Till it is fill'd, as now that thou art near —
That thou didst feel this too. —

Ugo. O Heaven! Madonna —
Think where thou art, think what thou art!

Paris. Yes, yes,
I know : I am thy father's wife, thy stepmother.

[*Wringing her hands, and laughing hysterically.*

Ugo. Hush! hush! In pity, for thy own sake, hush!
I thought I heard a movement in yon chamber,
There on my right.

Paris. There is no danger, none.
The door is lock'd. But I will be more calm.

Ugo. Yes, yes; for this is frightful. Thou didst send
To speak with me about the barb.

Paris. The barb?
Who told thee that?

Ugo. 'T was Aloinda.

Paris. True,
I gave that reason. 'T was for her, not thee.
Ugo. 'T was then of Lionello thou wouldst speak.
Thou saidst thou 'dst show my danger.

Paris. Sit then down.

Ugo. Ask me not to be seated. Let us stand.
It is — it is —

Paris. Why mince the word? Thou think'st
It is thus safer. [*smiling sadly.*

Ugo. Seated, we might lose
The thought of time. Thus standing, I am warn'd

To make this meeting brief for both our sakes.
What of my brother ?

Paris. [*abstractedly.*] Of — thy — brother. — Yes.
Why wilt thou call him brother ? him, the fruit
Of an amour with Stella d' Assassino,
While thou wast lawful-born of Gigliola,
High daughter of Francesco da Carrara,
The lord of Padua.²

Ugo. Thou hast forgotten,
My sire himself comes from an unblest'd bed.
Paris. No. And the lawful ruler of this realm,
The lawfully begotten Marquis, Azzo,
How fared he with thy misbegotten sire ? —
Look not displeas'd ; I speak but for thy good. —
Driven from his throne, and banish'd into Crete,
Where he liv'd wretchedly. And such may be
Thy fate from Lionello.

Ugo. Lady, no.
Thou dost not know him.
Paris. And dost thou ? He wears
At all times that grave mask, and speaks few words
From impulse ; and who know him best declare
He is high-soul'd, aspiring, brave.

Ugo. Those traits
Are not deem'd vices, lady.

Paris. But may prove
The elements of danger, when he comes
With foreign help to oust thee from thy rights,
As Niccolo did Azzo. Thou hast heard

How the Venetians and the Bolognese
And Paduans help'd thy sire. They may **again**,
Or other powers, aid his spurious heir
Against the true one. Precedents still tempt
That lust to imitate so strong in man.
And once I heard one practis'd in state-art,
My sire I mean, pronounce this phrase: that **men**
Are everywhere so prone to covet change,
The spirit of revolt, however wild,
Causeless or hopeless, never lacks support.
Heed what I say.

Ugo. I do, but cannot think
It touches Lionello.

Paris. Wilt not think.
Thou art thyself so generous, thou deem'st
All men are like thee. [*looking at him fondly.*]

Thou wilt learn anon.

Ugo. How shouldst thou know, who art younger than myself?³

Paris. Women see better into men than men.

Then, my — regard for thee has clear'd my eyes.
Thou wilt be careful? Thou at least wilt keep
Thy secrets from him? Thus, thou wilt not say
How I have favor'd thee, nor fill his ear
With my wild sorrow?

Ugo. Have I earn'd this doubt?
Was it a child or fool then thou did'st favor?
Could I have known I stood thus in thine eyes,
It would have sav'd me terrible remorse.

Paris. Forgive me! But thou art so fond of him,

Forever with him. I should not have spoken.

It was a flying thought — a woman's terror,
Startled at shadows she herself creates.

Forgive me, Ugo. [*taking his hand.*]

How thy fingers tremble !

Why dost thou snatch them from me ? look aside ?

Do not despise me, Ugo ! do not — do not !

[*sobbing, covers her face with her hands.*]

Ugo. Despise thee ? O Madonna ! [*taking one of her hands ;
then drops it suddenly.*]

Paris. Let me then

Lean on thy shoulder thus. It hides my shame,

And is such bliss for me ! It may be well

The last time that we meet thus ; and thy sire —

Ugo. [*breaking from her.*]

Oh God ! 't is well reminded. Let me go.

Hold not my hand, Madonna. It is madness.

Thou art my father's wife ; and I must hence,

Before destruction overtakes us both.

Paris. One moment, Ugo !

Ugo. No, while I am sane —

Ere thou hast taken from me all remorse,

And shame, and fear.

Paris. Say only thou dost — Say

But thou art sorry — to — to —

Ugo. Can I say

More than I have implied in look and word ?

Wicked in both, as I am in my thoughts

Horribly criminal. Let us part at once —

Now and forever. [*Going.*

Paris. Yes — yes — now. And bless thee!

I am not now alone; thou lov'st as I.

[*Exit* UGO. *PARISINA* weeping
bitterly, under her hands.

SCENE III.

The Gallery, as in Act I. Sc. II.

ALOINDA.

ZOESE, *entering hurriedly.*

Aloin. What hast thou seen? What hast thou heard? Thou
look'st

As though thou wast delighted. Can that be?

Zoe. [*to himself, exultingly, clenching his hand, and about to pass*
Aloinda.

I have her now. Still, henceforth, as the grave. —

Why dost thou stop me?

Aloin. Speak'st thou thus to me?

Art thou beside thyself? With joy, or what?

Zoe. With nothing. I am only in great haste.

Aloin. Thou hast seen something, thou hast heard.

Zoe. Perhaps.

Aloin. Whom didst thou threaten?

Zoe. No one.

Aloin. Thou didst say,
Thou hadst her now. Thou didst not mean the? —

Zoe. [*putting his hand to her lips.*] Hush!
Thy ears deceiv'd thee.

Aloin. No, nor do my eyes.
Thou hast some mighty secret.

Zoe. [*after a pause, and regarding her gravely.*] Aloinda,
I promis'd thee, the peril of my act,
Its guilt, thou shouldst not share. My secret then,
If I have any, let me keep, myself.
My words forget; they in no wise concern thee,
And might, remember'd, bring thee unto harm,
If falsely constru'd. But adieu awhile;
My lord by this time must be near the gates:
My function will not suffer me to tarry. [*Going.*]

Aloin. And no more thanks?

Zoe. O yes, this brief embrace. [*Exit.*]

Aloin. And this that summer-time of love he promis'd!
Thus men reward us when we give them all.
Forget thy words? They were too strange for that.
If they betoken malice to my lady —
I have done one wrong. But it shall end with this.

ACT THE THIRD

Scene I. As in Act II. Sc. II.

PARISINA.

Paris. Nearer and nearer! In an hour perhaps —
In less — the echo of his horse's hoofs
Will sound upon my heart. It is the knell
To all my joy, my peace of mind forever. —
And Ugo will ride out to meet the train.
I must behold him once again — I must!

[rings a hand-bell.]

Before the light goes with him, and the night
Without a star shuts-in my soul. That night!
'T were better for me were it of the grave;
Better for both of us. This craving void,
This hunger of the heart that gnaws unceasing,
And most when newly fed on what it craves,
What shall appease it? Yet I must, I must,
Once more be with him, ere it is too late.
Perhaps even now it is too late! perhaps
He is gone already! gone to meet my death!

Enter ALOINDA.

Go Aloinda; quickly; tell the Count
I must have speech with him before he starts.

Aloin. [*reluctantly*] Madonna —

Paris. Is he gone then? is he gone?

Aloin. The Count has not yet mounted. But —

Paris. How now?

Didst thou not hear me? I would speak, I said,

With the Count on the instant.

Aloin. Yes, Madonna, but —

Forgive me. [*kneels.*] Do not bid me go to him.

Paris. What threatens? What has happen'd? Woman, speak!

Aloin. Nothing that — 'T is my fear for you. Zoese —

Paris. Zoese — and thy fear for me? Presumptuous!

What hast thou done? what dar'd? Speak out! speak all.

Tears will not answer me.

Aloin. Be not angry, pray.

You frighten me, Madonna. I but fear'd,

Zoese —

Paris. Fear thou for Zoese's self.

I have suspected for some time thy fondness

For that base wretch. What has he dar'd to say?

Aloin. 'T was but a word, Madonna. Make me not

Betray him. 'T was alone for your dear sake,

My honor'd and lov'd lady, that I spoke.

I may have fancied danger. O Madonna,

Send me not to the Count again! Zoese —

Paris. [*passionately.*

Is a lewd villain. I could tell of that

Would ruin him in thy eyes, and with my lord

Put him in instant peril of his life.

Let him beware, foul traitor! Thou, begone.

Send me my gentleman. He shall, instead,
Carry my message to the Count. Away!

[Exit. — Aloinda in
the opposite direction, weeping.

SCENE II.

As in Act I. Sc. I.

*Enter simultaneously, but from different sides,
ZOESE and ALOINDA.*

*She makes towards him. He is about to avoid her,
but suddenly goes towards her.*

Zoe. Why, thou art bath'd in tears! What hath betid?

Aloin. My lady order'd me to call the Count
Again to her.

Zoe. So soon! So hot! The! — Well?

Aloin. I show'd reluctance; for thy words, Zoese,
Had fill'd me with vague terror.

Zoe. Well?

Aloin. Displeas'd,

She bid me call her gentleman.

Zoe. In sooth,

A very proper — Better he than thou:

Nature design'd him for it. Was 't for that —
Envy of his nice function, or because
Thy lady was displeas'd, thine eyes be wet?
Thou weep'st too easily. Now, had she beat thee,
Or in her passion sought to tear those eyes,
Grudging their brightness —

Aloin. Thou wilt cease to mock,
When thou hear'st all. 'T was not my lady's wrath —
Though, hadst thou seen her haughty look, Zoese,
Her lips curl'd up with scorn, and glittering eyes
Widely dilated —

Zoe. I have seen it all.
I mean — elsewhere. All know her passionate blood,
And pride like Lucifer's. But this hot wrath
Had surely other cause.

Aloin. Ah yes, 't was thou.
Zoe. Me? She did not? — Thou didst not, Aloinda,
Tell what had pass'd between us?

Aloin. Surely, no.
But, in my trouble and dismay, thy name
Escap'd my lips.

Zoe. Ha! And she said? — What said she?
Aloin. Must I tell all? She bid thee to beware,
For she knew what would ruin thee with me,
And put thy life in peril with thy lord?
Why art thou silent?

Zoe. Seeking for a cause,
But find none — other than, that she is mad.
But tarry not, nor chafe her in this mood.

Seek with all haste Messer Aldrovandino :

I'll talk with thee anon. [*Exit Aloinda.*

But not of this. —

Now, 't is a game of death and life between us,

Thou haughty lady. And 't is I shall win.

I meant to use thy secret for my need ;

That I might bind thy lips, and in thy sin

Find palliation for my grave delict,

And amorous advantage. But thou wilt not.

Thou art so steel'd with pride, and thy hot blood,

Distemper'd with incestuous passion, swells

Thy heart so big with daring, my firm plans

Break into bubbles. Love that smooth-cheek'd boy,

Thou virtuous wanton, that wast mad with scorn

That I durst love thee ! love thy husband's son !

Tempt him, who is as rash and weak as thou,

Knowing the right and wishing to be good,

Yet strengthless to achieve it, tempt the boy ;

And when he falls, look to thyself and him !

The sky is black with thunder, and I see

Even now the flash that shall avenge my shame

And by your common ruin rescue me.⁴

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A room of Ugo's Apartment in the Castle.

UGO

*seen at a table, leaning with his head in
both his hands. His plumed cap is on the table.*

Enter RANGONE.

*He bows profoundly at the door
and waits, but is unnoticed — approaches the table with
more noise and bows again as before.*

Ugo. [slowly lifting his head.

What is thy will, Messer Aldrovandino?

Rang. [again bowing.

The lady Marchioness, my lord the Count,
Desires the favor of your lordship's presence
For a brief space.

Ugo. Again? I mean — What, now?

*Rang. If my lord please. Before my lord the Count
Rides forth to meet my lord the Marquis.*

Ugo. Ah! —

There is scant time. Thou wilt take back my answer.
Thy lady must excuse me. I dare not
Be wanting in this duty. I will come

On my return.

Rang. With pardon of my lord,
The Marchioness would see my lord the Count
Especially, some brief command to give
Before his going.

Ugo. Have my brothers left?

Rang. Long since, my lord. Indeed the Marquis, now,

Our sovereign, must be very nigh the gate.

Ugo. Ah Heaven! I have forgot myself. Yet, yet
'T is not too late. [*Rising hastily, he puts on his cap.*]

Rang. My lord then will not come?

'T is but a moment — so my lady said.

She earnestly entreated

Ugo. Come? Yes, yes.

Say I will come, Messer Aldrovandino.

Rang. Shall I attend my noble lord the Count?

Ugo. No. Thanks.

Rang. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Ugo. Come? Come?

Oh, she is mad! And I — What will my sire
Deem of my dallying! But I have no thought
Now save for her. And she? Where will this end?
Each draught of this forbidden joy — this joy
Which yet is pain, is sadness, is despair —
Inflames the thirst for more. We must not drink.
We must dash down the cup, or thirst till death.
O that my sire had come before we tasted!
O that he now were here! that this great sin
Might stand where it is now, but in the thought.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I. As in Act I. Sc. I.

*Enter the MARQUIS,
attended by LA SALE, CONTRARIO, LIONELLO,
BORSO. ZOESE, following at a distance.*

Marq. Faithful La Sale! with thy weight of years
Thou 'rt nimbler in thy welcome than some be
Whose nearer tie might challenge their young limbs
To readier service. Why appears not yet
Our Marchioness?

Contr. My lord perhaps has come
Earlier than look'd for; and the joyous cries
That hail'd his safe return might not have reach'd
Her distant chambers. But the grateful news
Must now have bless'd our lady, and we soon
Shall see her here.

Marq. Why was the County Ugo
Not with your train? Where is he now?

Lion. My lord,
I join'd Messere Ugúzion. Borso staid
To ride with Ugo.

Borso. And I found him wrapt
In gloomy meditation, seeming lost

To all external things. He bade me mount
Without him; he would follow in brief time.

Marq. I fear the boy is ill. But, gentlemen,
Thanking I will dismiss you. My fatigue
Makes, with the dust of travel, privacy
More needful than lov'd faces. [*Exeunt, La Sale*
and Contrario.

Lionello,

Go thou to Ugo. If not too unwell,
Bid him attend me. Else, see that he hath
The needful service, and I'll go to him.
Zoese, wait. [*Exeunt Lion. and Borso.*

Now, what hast thou to say?
Thou hast sought my eyes with thy uneasy looks
Three several times, and ventur'd upon signs
Of anxious haste to speak to me. What means
This mystery?

Zoe. My lord — my duty —

Marq. Quick!

Dispense with all professions; and be brief.

Zoe. May I then claim beforehand from my lord
His pardon for the dreadful news I bring?

Marq. Pardon? and dreadful? Thou didst look at me
With glances of strange meaning, when our speech
Was of thy mistress and my son the Count.
Is it of them, thy news?

Zoe. My lord — it is.

Marq. Wretch! dar'st thou?

Zoe. Nothing, that will not bear proof.

I have weigh'd the risk with duty ; and I take it,
For my lord's honor.

Marq. Thou dar'st not imply ? —
Speak ! or I'll strangle thee.

Zoe. My lord well knows
The Marchioness at first dislik'd the Count,
Then took him into favor.

Marq. On thy life !
To the point at once !

Zoe. They now are lock'd together
In the blue chamber of the eastern wing.

Marq. Liar ! — But no, thou wouldst not dare — How came
This thought to thee ?

Zoe. Her gentleman was sent
To call the Count, the lady of her Chamber
Having refus'd, — this she averr'd to me, —
A second time to serve her in that way.

Marq. Villain ! and is this all ?

Zoe. My lord, my life
Rests on the fact. See for yourself ; and then
Punish the guilty, me or them.

Marq. But how ?

Zoe. I have the key which locks the adjoining room.
There is a door between.

Marq. And thou hast us'd it ?

Zoe. My lord, I not deny it. But for that use,
To which what I had heard and seen already
Prompted me as a duty, were unknown
That which, even now, my lord himself may see

Through the lock's aperture.

Marq. Lead then the way.

If thou hast wrong'd them, ere the set of sun
Thy head shall feed the ravens.

Zoe. Quickly then.

They may ere this have parted. But if there,
My lord will have assurance of their guilt.

Marq. And if I do not! — Mark! thy life or theirs.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

As in Act II. Sc. II.

UGO. PARISINA.

Paris. Go not, dear Ugo! 't is so little while
Thou hast been here.

Ugo. Forget'st thou, dear Madonna,
Why we should part? My brothers both have gone
To welcome-in my sire. What must he think,
Not seeing me with them?

Paris. There is yet full time.

Ugo. No, Borso, waiting for me, came to me
Before Rangone sought me, and I promis'd
To follow straight. We lose the flight of time

While thus together. Should my sire return ——
Heavens! what were he in the Castle now?

Paris. Thy fears confound thee. We should hear the cries
Of those who welcome him, perhaps like us
Hating his coming, and the horses' hoofs
Resounding in the courtyard.

Ugo. No, not so.

We are too distant, and our throbbing hearts
Would deaden to our minds all other sounds.
Madonna, if I fear, 't is not alone
For my own honor, for my life perhaps,
But oh, far more for thine. Why should I stay?
We *must* part — now. Think only where thou art,
And what thou art, Madonna.

Paris. I but think
That thou art with me, Ugo, and but dread
To lose thee now forever.

Ugo. Ay, forever.
Thou didst protest, Madonna, when I came,
It was to be the last time, promis'd me
Thou wouldst not seek again what is such sin
Even to long for.

Paris. Yet, save in the thought,
How are we guilty? Can it be such sin,
That we, of kindred age, and kindred hearts,
Should feel this passion? which we not create,
Ourselves, and cannot at a voice make cease,
Because that voice is reason's or is honor's,
More than we can the other natural longings,

Our hunger and our thirst.

Ugo. O speak not thus!

Enough that we are guilty in the thought.

Let us not stifle conscience, nor ourselves

Court new temptations which we should eschew.

Let me, for thy own sake, for mine, and, dare I say,

My lord my father's, let me go. Farewell!

Paris. Ugo!

Ugo. Madonna?

Paris. 'T is the first, last time.

She puts up her lips to him, and they embrace.

As they part, PARISINA sobbing,

Enter,

hurriedly and with dismay in her looks,

ALOINDA.

Paris. [*at first, haughtily.*

How now? What means this? — [*checks herself,*
observing Aloinda's looks.

But — What is there wrong?

Is my lord come?

Aloin. O worse, worse, worse, Madonna!

You are betray'd. He stands now in yon room,

Seeing and hearing all. I saw Zoese,

Some minutes since, on tiptoe, lead him thither.

I know not what is wrong, but I am come,

At peril of my life, soon as I durst,

To give you warning.

Paris. Thanks, kind Aloinda.

I do repent me of my hasty speech. [*extending her hand.*

Aloin. [*kissing it, and weeping.*

Mind me not, dear my lady.

Paris. Leave us now.

[*Exit Aloin.*

Ugo, it is our death. Why art thou pale?

Fear'st thou?

Ugo. Not death, Madonna: not for me.

But oh this shame! my sire — my brothers — thou!

Paris. Yet we are innocent — save in having lov'd,

And in perhaps the fiery thought of that

Which passion in the blood will prompt to all,

But which is only crime with those who yield,

As we have not. Yes, now indeed we part,

And part forever. Even if life be spar'd us,

Yet shut in prison for perhaps all time,

Never again to view thee, Ugo — never!

O that we both were dead!

Ugo. O that we were!

Paris. Yet thou wilt think of me when in thy dungeon,

And dying breathe my name, as I shall thine.

Ugo. Yes, yes, Madonna.

Paris. Call me, call me once

By my own name, as I call thee, dear Ugo.

Let me hear those lov'd lips, since now indeed

We must be parted, speak as those that love.

Lov'st thou me, Ugo?

Ugo. Ever, Parisina.

Paris. [*clinging to him convulsively, and sobbing.*

Now then — now then — once more. [*Putting up
her lips as before. They embrace
passionately and part.*] O God!

Ugo. Forever!

[*Exit hurriedly.*

*PARISINA, sobbing, remains standing,
her face buried in her hands.*

SCENE III.

As in Act II. Sc. I.

BORSO. LIONELLO.

Borso. What is this strange commotion? All was joy

A half-hour since. Now in each other's face

Men look inquiringly, and sadly too.

The Captain of the Guard is call'd in haste,

With two of his men, to our father. Let us go

And see what is to do. What ponderest thou?

Lion. Is not that, Ugo coming?

Borso. Yes; his eyes

Are red as if with weeping, and his mien

Is strangely troubled. See, he marks us not.

Lion. And lo, the Captain of the Guard behind him.

Enter UGO :

After him, the CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.

As UGO is about to pass LIONELLO and BORSO, without noticing them, the CAPTAIN confronts him.

Capt. My lord the Count, by order of my liege
The Marquis, I arrest you.

Ugo. I obey. [*delivering his sword.*

Poor Parisina ! [*murmured.— Ugo and Capt. pass on.*

Borso [*following.*] What is his offence ?

Capt. Messer', this is my duty. Aught beyond
I am not bound to know.

Borso. Where lead'st thou him ?

Capt. To the Lion's Tower.

Lion. Ugo, take my hand.

Capt. Messer', he is forbidden all discourse.

[*Exeunt Ugo and Capt.*

Borso. What, even to us ?

Lion. Heard'st thou not what he said ?

Borso. "Poor Parisina !" 'T is our lady's name !

Lion. Now art thou answer'd as to what I ponder'd.

Borso. Thou didst not then suspect ? —

Lion. No, I remember'd —

And weigh'd the past with what I saw this morn.

Borso. And think'st thou him then guilty ?

Lion. Of the crime

That lies in flagrant act? No more than thou;
But of an ardent love between the two.
I have seen what now I reason on, and draw
Conviction from what once scarce woke a thought.

Enter CONTRARIO,
from the side at which UGO and CAPTAIN have disappeared.

Contr. Alas, young sirs, I need not ask your theme.
The Count has pass'd you.

Lion. And the Marchioness?

Contr. Has likewise been arrested, and Rangone,
And both her women. Already sits the court
That will pronounce and sentence.

Lion. In such haste?

Contr. Our liege your sire is furious, and will hear
Of no delay. — Permit me: I am summon'd.

Lion. [*detaining him.*

One word — and for us solely. Dost thou deem
Poor Ugo guilty?

Contr. Scarce two hours ago,
We were discoursing of his sadden'd mood.
'T was, we now see, the sadness of a lover,
But in the first stage of an innocent love.
There has been as yet no indulgence of the blood,
Or, in the alter'd and corrupted visage,
The wasted cheek, the darken'd and sunk eye,
We should have redd it, as those other signs.
The Count, I do believe, is pure in body,

However in the soul he may have sinn'd.

I must pass on. God help us to a verdict

Righteous at once and merciful. [*Exit, hurriedly.*

Borso. }
Lion. } Amen! [*Exeunt, slowly,*

in same direction.

The Drop falls.

ACT THE FIFTH

*Scene I. A Chamber of the Mistress
of the Wardrobe.*

Enter FILIPPA:

ZOESE, following reluctantly.

Zoe. Why hast thou brought me hither? Speak: and quick.

Filip. Why art thou sad and sullen?

Zoe. What to thee?

Filip. I'd have thee joyful, now thy cause and mine
Are both aveng'd.

Zoe. My cause and thine! Art mad?

Filip. In silence, now for more than twenty years,
I have watch'd thee, with such love as only she
Who bore thee in her body, and who fed thee
From her own breasts could feel.

Zoe. What dost thou mean?

Who art thou?

Filip. Who but she, Zoese,
Who bore thee in her body and who fed thee
From her own breasts?

Zoe. My mother? O my God!

Filip. Does it then grieve thee ?

Zoe. Who my father then ?

Filip. Who but our lord the Signor of Ferrara ?

Zoe. Woman ! is this then real ? Dar'st thou mock

At my distress, and in a time like this ?

Filip. At thy distress ? Why, was it not thy hand

That led thy sire to where he might behold

The impudent harlot who usurps my place

Wanton with his own son, thy younger brother ?

Zoe. Stop ! thou wilt drive me mad. Is 't not enough

They are doom'd to death within this very hour,

With all who were thought to abet them in their crime ?

And that through me ? No more ! Prove what thou
say'st.

Why hast thou kept this secret until now ?

Why now reveal it ?

Filip. Ere thou saw'st the light,

The Marquis wedded his first spouse, the dam

Of this incestuous Count. The high-born wretch —

I hate her memory even now — was proud

And fiercely jealous. Hence it was my lord,

In his own interest, and perhaps for mine,

Engag'd me to conceal thy birth alike

And our amour. His bounty, always large,

Made my faith easy, as this spar'd my shame.

Time pass'd. Strange hands had rear'd thee. Not to
know thee

Was grown a habit and cost no more pain.

Hence, when in after days I saw thee here,

Well-plac'd and prosperous, I had blush'd to claim thee,
Even had I dar'd.

Zoe. And through this pride and shame,
This avarice, woman, if thy tale be true,
Thou hast foul'd my soul with murder, with the blood
Of my own father's son, shed for a crime
Wherein I envied him.

Filip. What! thou didst love ——

Zoe. No, but I envied him, as all men hate
The joys in others which they love themselves
But are debarr'd from. If thou be my mother ——

Filip. Thou shalt have proof anon. But look thou there.
My pale shrunk visage and thy fresher face
Seem, in that mirror, to have had one mould,
Vary'd but in the casting, — thine more bold.

Zoe. There is better proof within me. In this heart,
Where mix his blood and thine, my father's lust
Throbs with my mother's vengeful ire. But here
Is something more which neither of them has —
Repentance and the gnawing of remorse.
Let me go hence; the air is hot; I am stifled.

Filip. Thou go'st not to betray me? not to help
Thy guilty stepdame?

Zoe. Help her? Could I now?
I would I could! Betray thee? And for what?
To whom? Thy lord — my sire? [*laughing bitterly.*]
Betray thee, woman?
Keep thy accursed secret, if thou be
Indeed my mother; not a mother's love,

But a bad woman's malice has divulg'd it:
I never shall betray a being more.

[Exit, precipitately.]

FILIPPA *makes a step toward him, as if
to stop him, but remains standing, fixed in amazement
and consternation; and the Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

The dungeon where PARISINA is confined.

PARISINA. PRIEST.

Paris. But for a minute! but for one brief minute!

Only that I may hear from his own lips
That he forgives me his untimely death.

Priest. Daughter, that may not be. The Count himself
Pray'd with like earnestness to see his sire,
That he might beg forgiveness of his crime.
My lord refus'd. How couldst thou then, O daughter.
Hope for this greater grace? Nor shouldst thou so.
Even I, had I the power, should have no will
To help thee to thy wishes.

Paris. Take thou then
To Aloinda all thy ghostly cares;

To Aloinda, whom thy despot lord
Dooms to the axe, though innocent as thou.
I want them not.

Priest. This, daughter, is no mood —

Paris. To die in? 'T is to live in. I have learn'd,
Young as I am, and of a sex you men
Deem feeble-minded, to arrange my thoughts,
And weigh my actions for myself; and now,
In my last hour, my mind is still self-pois'd.
I not repent me I love Ugo; no,
He who condemns us whips his own gross sins
Over our backs, he, whose whole wedded life
Has been adulterous, and whose bastard sons
Swarm in Ferrara. No, my sin has been,
Not that I love, but that I let my love
Find utterance, and indulg'd its natural thirst
To see, and hear, and be with, him I love,
Till it involv'd its object. For his life,
O for his life, so causelessly condemn'd,
I would relinquish, not alone my life, —
That were as nothing, — but my deathless soul.

Priest. Daughter! —

Paris. 'T is true, and would be not less true
Were it not utter'd. Could I be assur'd,
Ugo hereafter would be doom'd to wo,
As I am not, who cannot think that Heaven,
Like vengeful man, would punish as a crime
The wandering of the heart, the heat of blood,
The unstableness of reason, when nought more

Has been the sin of Ugo, whate'er mine,
Could I be sure of this, and that my soul
Might make, for his, atonement, I would take
A twofold torture, and so spare him his.

Priest. Madonna, in this mood ——

Paris. No more! no more!

Go to my lord, and plead for Ugo's life;
Plead on thy knees, as I kneel in my heart.
Remind him that at Ugo's age all men,
That be ingenuous, are before us women
Shamefac'd and shy, nor dare to offer love
Where they are not invited. Bid him judge,
Whether a youth like Ugo would have dar'd,
Would even have thought, to lift eyes of desire
Unto his father's wife, had she not tempted.
Do this. Remind him too, what all men know,
That Ugo's soul is facile to a fault,
And takes, against the advisement of his reason,
The shape that others will. Do what thou canst
To move his sire, as thou mayst safely do, —
For I protest to that All-conscious One
Before whose throne I shortly must appear,
Ugo is guiltless, — and when thou comest back,
And tell'st me that his sentence is remov'd,
Bid me kneel down, and I will gladly pray,
And make full shrift with an unburden'd heart,
And, after, lay my head upon the block
More cheerfully than for long months I have done
Upon the pillow where repos'd my lord.

Priest. Daughter, what may be done, that will I do ;
Not for Count Ugo's sake alone, though sure,
From all I have heard, the bloody doom pronounc'd
Is too severe, but for my liege himself.
Meanwhile give heed, my daughter, to thy soul.
Try to subdue this passion of regret,
This wild despair for him thou hast destroy'd,
And think on that concerns thee in this hour.

Paris. Deem'st thou that possible ? But I will try.

[*Exit Priest.*]

Try ? With this anguish gnawing in my heart ?
O Ugo ! would that fate which now must be
I had forestall'd, and by my willing death
Sav'd thee the shame, the horror of this hour !
Curse me not, Ugo ! Kneel not unto God
Without one word for me ! They have shorn thy locks
That the axe may cut sheer ! They force thee down,
Thy pale face to the block ! Help ! save him ! save him !
Kill *me !* kill *me !* I only am to blame !

[*Falls senseless.*]

SCENE III.

A room in the Marquis's Apartments.

MARQUIS.

LA SALE. CONTRARIO.

Marq. These reasons not suffice. Think ye, my friends,
That what your hearts might whisper would not plead
Loudly to mine, a father's? If young blood,
Temptation, and that weakness of the will
Which perils virtue, be a plea for crime,
Who shall stand guilty?

La Sale. Who, my liege, escape,
Where nothing palliates? Suffer me to pray,
Here on my knees, — kneel thou too down, with me,
Messer Ugúzion, — that you would regard —
Pardon, my lord! the honor of your name.
For more than twice a hundred years your House,
Princes before, are sovereign in Ferrara;
Nor has the Marquisate in all that time
Been ever spotted with a crime like this.
See in these tears, which are men's tears, my liege,
Not flowing readily, — in mine, I think,
Not since my mother died, — see in our tears
The witness of our love, our grief, our shame,

And give us hearing when we humbly pray
You will not by this public stain of blood
Connect your name, for all succeeding time,
With this most heinous wickedness.

Contr. Dear my liege!

Yield to our prayers, our tears. Heed good La Sale,
This wise and just old man, who never yet
Has counsel'd falsely.

Enter LIONELLO.

Marq. Rise up, gentlemen.

Were your plea valid, not your prayers were needed,
Far less those tears. Your urgency comes too late;
The crime once judg'd is bruited to the world,
And the death-sentence stamps its heinous kind
Forever, even were it not enforc'd.
Leave me, good friends. 'T is vain to utter more.

[Exeunt La S. and Contr.]

Now, Lionello?

Lion. Let me too, my liege,
My father, kneel for Ugo.

Marq. Hast thou seen
The virtuous La Sale on his knees,
By him Contrario, and both denied,
And hop'st thou to prevail?

Lion. Not I, but truth,
But justice. Ugo was seduc'd. I know it.
I can establish it.

Marq. I do believe it
Without thy proofs. He was seduc'd. — O God!
By her who! — Patience! — Was seduc'd? What then?
It is the plea of half the world in crime,
And may avail hereafter, but not here.

Lion. But haply Ugo's crime was not —

Marq. Enough!
Hast thou aught else to ask, that thou awaitest?
If so, be quick, and leave me to my wo.

Lion. I fain, my lord, would see him. May that be?

Marq. Ay, 't is my wish. Thou only. Take this ring:
The wardens will respect it. Bid the boy
In his last hour remember who he is,
And bear himself as fits a princely name.
I shall deplore him, though I may not pardon.

[*Exit Lionello.*]

Enter PRIEST.

What now? Hast thou confess'd them?

Priest. But the Count.

I come to intercede —

Marq. When will this cease?
Am I so feeble-minded that thou too
Shouldst hope to set aside my stern resolve?

Priest. Not were it bas'd on justice.

Marq. Dar'st thou, priest?

Priest. — In nothing venture to provoke my lord.
But higher than the reverence he inspires

Is that I owe to truth and unto God.
Hear me. I will be brief. 'T is all but sure,
And, would my liege but give the time, the proofs
Might yield full certitude, no actual crime
Has been committed.

Marq. Hush! What said the Lord
Thy Master? He who on a woman looks
To covet her has in his heart already
Committed the vile act. Where this is done,
The prelude and propulsion to gross sin,
What needs to make the corporal guilt complete
But the enticement of an apt occasion,
And the hot madness of a lecherous pulse?
I saw her in his arms — press'd face to face, —
Her red lip, pouted toward him, touch'd his own,
And the unnatural — no, the natural wretch
Return'd the passion of his father's wife.
Will the most horrible crime — as even now
It is most horrible, — will it, when again
They come together, will the crime stop there?

Priest. But separate them; put them in close cells,
In yonder towers, if so thou wilt, for aye;
But, O my lord, stain not thy princely name,
Stain not the name of Este, with a blood
That is thy own!

Marq. And should I die, what then?
What keeps them in the dungeon, when the doors
That lock them in must yield to his command
Who then is master? No, I have search'd my mind,

And pray'd to Heaven for guidance. Did I find
One moment's doubt, one feeling of remorse,
'T should count for them, for Ugo. There is none.

[waving off the Priest.]

Priest. But didst thou hear, my lord, what Ugo said?

Marq. No, nor what yet the abandon'd woman said:

But I beheld. What matters it, their speech?

The act condemns them.

Priest. Pardon me. The Count

Averr'd it was the last time he would see her. —

Marq. *[interrupting.]*

And she, no doubt, responded to this vow,
After much sobbing and heart-breath'd farewells.
Know we not all, who know what passion is,
That easier 't is to break the vow than make it?
Go to thy cloister, priest; thou knowest not man.
Or rather, go prepare him for a fate

Which nothing but my own death shall avert. *[Exit, above.]*

Priest. *[looking after him, sadly, for a while.]*

He who himself is so inexorable,
How shall he look for mercy in that day
When his own crimes are counted? Men avenge
Their proper vices on the sins whose seed
They have themselves implanted in their sons.
If thou forgive man's trespasses, O God,
Only as he forgives his fellow here,
Thy single all-unpardon'd crime, poor Ugo,
Will scatter to the winds thy sire's last prayers!

[Exit, mournfully.]

SCENE IV.

An inner chamber of the same apartment.

Enter MARQUIS.

He paces slowly to and fro.

Presently,

Enter ZOESE, from the left.

He remains standing at the entrance.

Marq. Come forward. — What want'st thou? How pale thou art!

Hast thou too come to add thy knees to those
Thy betters bend, who hope that prayers may win
What neither justice nor a father's love
Can wring from me? thou?

Zoe. No, my lord; I know,
That it were useless.

Marq. What mean'st thou by that?

Zoe. Thy justice is inflexible.

Marq. But why
Art thou so pale? Art thou affrighted too?
Wouldst thou undo what thou hast done?

Zoe. My lord,
I falter not. If I am pale, the cause
Is but my purpose.

Marq. Speak.

Zoe. If I have done
Service unto my lord, then suffer me
In the same cause, as recompense, to lead
My lady to her death.

Marq. Hast thou no shame?
Feel'st thou no pity?

Zoe. Much. But more the longing
To see her face the headsman.

Marq. [*after a pause.*] Be it so.
Whatever be thy motive, take thy wish.
Thou shalt observe her, and shalt bring to me
The frightful story. — Follow, to receive
The order requisite. Then bid the ushers
See that no person but thyself, this day,
Be suffer'd to intrude on me again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The dungeon in the Lion's Tower.

UGO. LIONELLO.

Ugo. She did not do thee justice. She believ'd
Thou wast too cold to be indeed my friend.
But thou art warmer to me than my sire,

And thy ambition, hast thou nurtur'd such,
Has not endear'd to thee thy brother's ruin.

Lion. I can forgive her. It was love of thee —
Alas! the guilty love that fear'd my gaze —
That sought to estrange us, that it might be safe.
Heaven be with her, Ugo, as with thee,
In this dread hour! Hast thou no word to send
To our sad father?

Ugo. None, but that I die
Guilty against him less than he believes,
And penitent for all; and that I die
Firmly, as he enjoins. Bid Borso take
My last farewell, and love, which next to thee
He of all men possesses. Lionello,
The father enters. I must shrive me now.

Enter PRIEST.

Go; and if thou be one day sovereign here,
Think on poor Ugo, and think nothing ill.

Lion. O God! my brother! [*throwing himself into Ugo's arms*

Ugo. [*softly.*] Hush! And now — farewell!

[*Exit Lion.*

Ugo drops on his knees before the PRIEST,

and Scene closes.

SCENE VI.

The Dungeon, as in Act V. Sc. II.

PARISINA, *on her knees.*⁵

Enter,

behind her, ZOESE.

She turns, and rises indignantly and scornfully.

Paris. What! thou?

Zoe. [*slowly and gravely.*

And to abide with you, Madonna,
Till the trump sound.

Paris. There wanted this — this insult —

Zoe. This assuagement. Hear me through, Madonna.

Our time is brief. The bell will shortly toll
That gives my brother Ugo to the axe,
Hapless like me, but far less guilty.

Paris. Wretch!

Or — art thou mad? Thou look'st not as thou didst.

[*regarding him more nearly.*

Why com'st thou, double murderer, to thy victim?

Zoe. To make atonement. Stand there still, Madonna,
Till you have heard me. In this very hour
I have come to know I am Filippa's son,

And by the Marquis. —

Paris. Thou art pale as death,
And haggard. Wicked as thou art approv'd,
Thou wouldst not mock me now. Speak'st thou mere
truth?

Zoe. The horrible truth. I too have dar'd to love
My father's wife, and in my jealous rage
Prepar'd a double murder. But I come
Here at your feet to make two-fold atonement.
This dagger is for me; this little drug
Saves you the horror of the axe, and blood,
Which should not stain that skin.

Paris. Art thou sincere?

Zoe. See. [*offering to stab himself.*]

Paris. Stop! Not yet! — Art thou indeed his son?

Zoe. His oldest natural son; that evil fruit,
Planted in wickedness, and gather'd now
To poison its producer. I have come
To die before you. Be not now displeas'd
I have again avow'd what once so vex'd you.
Here, at your feet, I pray for your forgiveness,
As I invoke my God's for all the wrong
Done to the Count and thee.

Paris. Thou art forgiven.

I, who through passion have myself so sinn'd,
Should have no wrath for jealous rage like thine.
Thou must in turn forgive. I do repent me
Of my too passionate scorn, and freely own
I have notch'd the shaft that slays me. Take my hand.

Zoe. Let me once kiss it. And now let me die.

Paris. One minute. Thou dost well to die. For thus
Thou makest expiation for my life,
It may be for thy brother's. But this drug,
For which I thank thee, is it sure and quick?

Zoe. Certain, and almost instant in effect.
I sought to spare thee lingering pain.

Paris. Fresh thanks.

I'll wait until the tower-bell tolls, and then! —
But haply first the priest will come, and bring me
News of his respite.

Zoe. No, Madonna, no!

I overheard him plead in vain. My lord
Bid him go shrive the Count.

Paris. Thou awful God!

Hear'st Thou, and wilt Thou let this heart of stone
Beat happily, while Ugo? — [*Bell tolls without.*

Ah! the bell!

[*Gazing vacantly and speaking gaspingly.*

The axe! They have kill'd him! Ugo! O God! God!

[*Falls into Zoese's arms.*

Zoe. Hush, hush, Madonna, and arise, for pity!

Or they will intercept us! 'T is thy hour.

Paris. [*standing up instantly.*

And Ugo waits me. Thus. [*About to swallow the poison.*

Zoese stops her arm.

Zoe. No, let me lead.

[*stabbing himself.*

Pardon: I would expire before thee.

Paris. Blood ?

Oh God ! thou 'rt — [*stooping, as to stanch the wound.*

Zoe. [*smiling sadly.*

— Well dispatch'd. Stay not the flow.

Look to thyself, dear lady : their — their feet ——

[*Noise heard at the door.*

Paris. I hear.

[*swallows the poison.*

'T is done. 'T is well done. Thanks, my brave Zoese.

Art thou quite gone already ?

Zoe. [*lifting his head with difficulty.*] Was 't thy voice ?

I see thee dimly. I expire^e — gladly.

Good night — Ma — donna ! [*Dies.*

Paris. So ? Farewell !

They come — but are too late : the poison works.

Enter PRIEST.

Behind him the JAILER *and* EXECUTIONER.

See there the informer, and the bloody proof
Of his repentance !

Priest. Didst thou do this deed,

Unhappy lady ?

Paris. No — I have done one like it —

And robb'd — the headsman. Ugo ! now — with thee !

[*Dies.*

Curtain falls.

NOTES TO UGO DA ESTE

1.—P. 4. . . his son by his first wife.] See p. 22, verse 5.

2.—P. 22. *While thou wast lawful-born, etc.*] See POSTSCRIPT. So also, for the first and fourth succeeding verses. They give Bandello's story. But Nicholas was not himself "misbegotten", although his father and predecessor was.

3.—P. 23. . . *who art younger than myself.*] This is fiction, not history. Consult page 74; where it will be found, that Parisina had at this time been married seven years, which would make her at least three years older than Ugo; a degree of maturity that might be inferred from the circumstances of the story, and which is inadvertently conveyed in the very conduct and language ascribed to her throughout the play.

4.—P. 31. *The sky is black with thunder, etc*] Omit, for the Stage, these three last verses.

5.—P. 60. Parisina, on her knees.] Otherwise:

PARISINA, *lying senseless.**Enter ZOESE.**He lifts her tenderly.*

Zoe. Dead? Would thou wert, unhappy! But thy pulse
 Tells of life still. How little time ago
 My heart had bounded but to even hope
 To hold thee thus! — If thou wouldst only die
 While in this trance! — But thou must be awak'd
 To welcome death. — So — [*setting her up, with her back to the wall.*
 — let me place thee so :
 It would not do for thee, nor yet for me —
 Me whom thou justly scorn'st and well mayst hate —
 That thou shouldst find me hanging o'er thee thus.
 She wakes. Alas! — [*Retreating.*

Paris. [*looking about her vacantly — then recollecting herself.*] How came I thus? Ah me! [*Rises.*

What! *thou?*

Zoe. [*slowly and gravely.*
 And to abide, *etc. etc.*

The advantage of this reading would be that it marks the brevity of the time that has elapsed since the close of Sc. II. The objections to it are, 1st: The shrieks of Parisina, in that Scene, must have brought assistance to her; so that she would not lie senseless till Zoese entered. 2dly: If so lying, the Jailer, who admits Zoese, would observe her situation.

6.—P. 63. — *I expire* —] This is full rhythm: it is pronounced slowly, as a trisyllable. The hemistich might read however, and without much diminution of force: “*I expire now — gladly*”, or, “*I expire — thus — gladly*”, or again, with a change of sense: “*I am dying — gladly*”. But that in the text is the true and natural expression.

POSTSCRIPT.

In presuming the legitimacy of Ugo, I have been led astray by fiction. In his 44th novel, *Bandello* makes the Signora Bianca da Este, consort of the Signor Amerigo Sanseverino, relate the particulars of so fearful a tragedy. And this lady commences by naming herself the grandchild of Niccolo III. As in the main parts of the story, as well as in certain details of contemporary history, or allusive thereto, the narrator agrees with the historians, it is somewhat remarkable that she should have made Ugo the oldest legitimate son of Niccolo. She does this more than once, and with intentional contradiction of the historical assertion that he was one of Niccolo's numerous natural children. In the commencement, after asserting that Niccolo was himself illegitimate, but through the favor of the Venetians, Florentines and Bolognese, had succeeded in obtaining the Signory, banishing the rightful lord, Azzo IV., his cousin, to Candia,* she proceeds: "Prese poi egli per

* The line of succession of the Marquises of Este is perplexing to follow, because of the illegitimacy of so very many of them, and the frequent changes (partly thence arising, partly caused by the usurpation or the preferred succession of brothers) which make the line diverge again and again, so that even the collateral branch trilineates. If the *Azzo* above, who never had the fortune to reign, is entitled to be numbered, his name should read *Azzo X.*, there having been nine before him of that designation, direct rulers or associated in the Signory of Ferrara. So far as I can disentangle the genealogy, I shall endeavor, in elucidation of the text, to show how *Nicholas III.* came to his petty sovereignty, and the legitimate line of princes was made to end in banished *Azzo*.

The House of Este, from whose stem proceeds the ducal race of Brunswick, and consequently the present royal family of England, commence their line, as sovereigns, with Alberto Azzo II., *Marquis of Italy, Count of the Lunigiana, Lord of Este, Rovigo, etc.*, who died in 1097, over a hundred years old. Passing the list of his insignificant successors for nearly two centuries, we come to the reign of Obizzo II. in 1264. And here I beg leave to call attention to two facts: 1. the ruling Marquis names as his successor or successors whom of his

moglie la Signora Gigliuola, figliuola del Signor Francesco Giovine house he will, and, 2. the people have a voice in confirming them. Thus of this Obizzo II. we are told by Muratori: *And although he was but seventeen years old, nevertheless the People of Ferrara did not hesitate to give him the dominion of their city and district. For, when the funeral of the deceased Marquis was over, all the citizens and strangers [note this] being called together in the Square, the Marquis Obizzo II. was pronounced by acclamation Lord of Ferrara, he and after him his Heir. Antichità Estensi* (Modena, in fol. 1740): P. II. Cap. 2. *ad init.* In 1282, the Paduans threatening war, Obizzo confers *inter vivos* on his son FRANCESCO, freed of his filial allegiance ("emancipato,") the lands of Este, etc. (.) In 1293 Obizzo dies, and by his will makes *all* his sons, Azzo (VIII.), Aldrovandino (II.) and Francesco, joint heritors of *all his estates, dominions, and honors.* (*ib.* p. 39.) The Council general of Modena elects for its perpetual lord Azzo VIII. *Marchese d'Este e d'Ancona.* In various instruments, Francesco is named along with his brothers, e. g., "Lega fra i Marchesi Estensi Azzo VIII. e Francesco, etc." (title of document). And the words follow, in the instrument itself: . . "Procuratores Magnifici viri D. Francisci eadem gratia *Estensis et Anconitani Marchionis* [*Marchese d'Este e d'Ancona*, as Azzo above], Fratr^{is} ejusdem D. Azonis, etc." (*ib.* p. 60.) This Azzo dying, 1308, appoints his *universal heir* Folco, legitimate son of Fresco his bastard son. The author of the *Cronica Estense* asserts that Azzo, being reconciled to his brothers, made a new will in which he named as his heirs those brothers; but Muratori says, that he had never seen any authentic writing of this other disposition, nor was any seen, 250 years before his time, by Pellegrino Prisciano; and that it appears contrary to fact, since it is certain that the said Fresco, as paternal guardian of Folco, succeeded *with the aid of the Bolognese.* (p. 68.) I do not see that this proves it, and the clause I italicize would tend to confirm the contrary. The will may have been destroyed. At all events, it is noticeable for my purpose, what stress is put upon the testament of the ruling prince as conferring the right of succession. Observe too what follows. The legitimate princes appeal to Clement V. *Pope*, and he *supports their claim.* The people of Ferrara, repenting of having accepted Fresco as their ruler, and desiring the government of legitimate Princes, revolt, and with such earnestness that Fresco came near yielding. But he obtains the assistance of the Venetians. Then the Papal army enters Ferrara amid the jubilant acclaim of the people and to shouts of *Live the Marquis Francesco:* (p. 69.) Here we see Francesco (observe this, for he is the lineal ancestor of the Azzo

(a) Nempe distinguendus erat Marchionatus, feudum Regale, ab allodiali olim terra, qualis erat *Estensis* . . LEIDN. *Scrip. Brunsv.* (Hanov. fol. 1716.) *Introd.* in T. II. p. 7.

da Carrara, che in quei tempi signoreggiava Padova. Da questa of the text) having both the Papal sanction and the popular acclaim, of which two ratifications Muratori will be found to make so much for Niccolo III. who excluded Azzo. In 1313, this *Francesco* was treacherously slain by the soldiers of Dalmazio Signor of Bagnolo, Vicar of the Card. di Pelagrua. His possessions were restored to his sons, *Bertoldo* and *Azzo*. Now we have living *Azzo* and *Bertoldo*, sons of *Francesco*; and *Rinaldo*, *Obizzo*, and *Niccolo*, sons of *Aldrovandino*. This *Azzo*, son of *Francesco* I., is called *Azzo* IX. *The people* (note again!) pronounce by acclamation the Marquises *Rinaldo* and *Obizzo* sons of *Aldrovandino*, and *Azzo* son of the Marquis *Francesco* *their lords*, (p. 72.) Then arrive in Ferrara *Niccolo*, third son of *Aldrovandino*, and *Bertoldo* the other son of *Francesco*, and they too had their part in the Signory, though the *Mar. Rinaldo*, as being first-born, was considered principal in the government. (*ib.*) *Aldrovandino* remains in the background, for reasons given by the historian. Pope John XXII. fulminates excommunication against the Ferrarese and places their city under interdict. (p. 73.) In 1318 died in Ferrara the *Mar. Azzo*, leaving no offspring, — as shown by his testament, in which he appoints his universal heir his brother the *Mar. Bertoldo*, (*ib.*); who thus becomes sole successor to the rights of *Francesco* I. Remember the importance (as above shown) attached to a will under the circumstances. This *Bertoldo* in 1323 has a son born to him called *Francesco* (Franc. II.) In 1329, a bull of P. John XXII. releases the *Marr. Rinaldo* IV., *Obizzo* III., and *Niccolo*, sons of *Aldrovandino*, deceased in 1326, from the Papal censure and concedes to them the *Vicariate* of Ferrara. (This was the whole object of Papal interference, to obtain from the weakness of the Princes an acknowledgment of vassalage to Rome.) In this and other bulls, Muratori remarks, the name of *Bertoldo* is not mentioned. *Rinaldo* dies, 1335; *Bertoldo*, 1343; *Niccolo*, 1344. *Obizzo* dies, 1352. Now this *Obizzo*, third of the name, was a bastard son of the second *Obizzo*, whose father was illegitimate, and he had eleven bastards by the beautiful *Lippa degli Ariosti* of Bologna. Just before her death, to satisfy conscience (as Muratori unphilosophically supposes) and to legitimate his children, but more probably moved by her entreaties, he had himself married to her, this partner of perhaps a twenty years' concubinage. Up to this time, says the historian, *FRANCESCO* had nourished hopes of succeeding to the Signory of Ferrara and the other States of the House of Este, but, seeing the marriage take place and the bull arrive of P. Clement II. in which the sole sons of *Mar. Obizzo* were called to the *Vicariate* of Ferrara, from that time forward he ceased to smile, meditating what he subsequently put into effect a few days after the death of the *Mar. Obizzo*. (Cap. V. p. 118.) In fact, *Francesco* combined with *Rinaldo*, son of the deceased *Niccolo*. But without effect. In 1358 peace

egli ebbe un bellissimo figliuolo senza più, che Ugo Conte di Rovigo

was made between the brothers, and *Francesco*, included in the treaty, received back his confiscated possessions. But he never afterward saw Ferrara (p. 127.) Aldrovandino III. dies in 1361. And thereupon his brother Niccolo II. takes the reins of government to the exclusion of Aldrovandino's son Obizzo IV. The latter however, and Niccolo's brother Alberto, appear to have a nominal share in the government, for we find their names combined in sundry instruments of the time; but the uncles always take precedence, and Niccolo, the actual ruler, is named first. Thus in 1376 the Archbishop of Ravenna, unable to defend a portion of his territory, conveys it for a stipulated annual sum, not to Obizzo, but to Obizzo and his uncles, making the transfer in this wise: “. . . la Terra di Lugo e la Villa di S. Potito a i Marchesi Niccolò ed Alberto e ad Obizzo loro Nipote, figliuolo del fu Aldrovandino Marchese e a i loro figliuoli e eredi.” Here the reversion is to the sons and heirs of all three! certainly a curious instance of the looseness, in those days, and the chance of complication therein involved, of the rights of succession in the House of Este. The Marquis Francesco dies in 1384, leaving a son by the name of *Azzo*. And this, the tenth Marquis of that name, is the unhappy prince whom Parisina speaks of in the play. In 1388, Niccolo II. dies, and Alberto succeeds. Thus again the claims of Obizzo are set aside. In 1398, Alberto dies, and solemnly makes over the succession to his own son, Niccolo III. Niccolo was but nine years old when recognized as Lord of Ferrara, having to back him the aid of powerful neighbors, to whom his father, either politic himself, or at the suggestion of sagacious ministers, had on his deathbed commended him. *To his support*, writes Muratori, *arrived from Venice, Florence, Bologna and Mantua, various squadrons of soldiers. Such precautions were taken, because it was already foreseen, that Azzo Marquis, son of the heretofore mentioned Francesco Marquis of Este, not unlike his father, would have made attempts to wrest by usurpation the Signory of Ferrara from the Marquis Niccolò, although this latter, both by the bulls of the Pope (repeated again in 1394) and by the election of the People, was the legitimate possessor, to the exclusion of the said Azzo, deprived of title to lay claim to that dominion.* (u. s. p. 159.) Azzo has recourse to arms. In 1395, a proposition was made to certain of the Council of Ferrara, and accepted by them, to take *Azzo* off. But the pretended assassins, men of rank, substituted, for the promised victim, a poor devil of a servant, who had the misfortune to resemble him in visage and whom they dressed up in Azzo's clothes. *Cron. Nov. Jac. de Delayto.* (Rer. Ital. Scrip. xviii. coll. 919, 20.) Finally, after a petty battle, Azzo was taken prisoner and carried to Faenza, and being delivered to the Venetian government, was confined, as above said, in Candia, (*ib.* 959.) See final subnote, p. 76.

fu chiamato." And at the close, after reciting the death of the lovers and their burial in San Francesco, she says: "Hora, veggendosi il Marchese senza moglie e senza figliuoli legittimi, si maritò la terza volta, e prese per moglie la Siga. Ricciarda, figliuola del Marchese di Saluzzo; de la quale nacquero il Duca Hercole, padre del Duca Alfonso, ed altresì il Sign. Sigismondo da Este mio padre. Io so, che sono alcuni che hanno openione, che lo sfortunato Conte non fosse figliuolo de la prima moglie del Marchese Niccolò,* ma che fosse il primo figliuol bastardo che havesse; ma essi forte s'ingannano, perchè fu legittimo, ed era Conte di Rovigo, come più volte ho sentito dire à la buona memoria del Signor mio Padre."

This is very positive, and as it is difficult to see what motive there could be in altering the facts, when the legitimacy of Ugo would rather, by reason of the prejudices of mankind, add to the enormity of his crime, a bastard's virtue being always looked upon with suspicion, — otherwise, not so much being expected of him, — I can only suppose the memory of the narrator to have been at fault. Yet, what are we to think of the name and rank of his mother being given? If such a story really was told, Bandello may himself through fault of memory or through indifference to facts, have slightly, yet materially, distorted some of its details.† Still, with

* Nicholas was espoused to Gigliola, daughter of Francesco II. of Padua, in 1397, when he had just passed his thirteenth year, she being about fifteen. (*Delayto* u. s.) Supposing that he had a son by her eight years afterward, the period would be 1405. If we add to this twenty years, the age assigned to Ugo, we have 1425, the epoch of the tragedy. Thus there is no discordance in the date to give unlikelihood to the assertion in Bandello, who adds that the mother died soon after giving him birth. Ugo was born in 1405. *Addit. anon. annal.* R. I. S. xv. 536.

† "Ultimamente la S. Bianca ne recitò una, che à me parve, per gli accidenti suoi, molto notabile. Il perchè io, che presente vi era, havendola ben notata, la scrissi, e la collocai con l'altre mie." *Il Bandello al Conte B. Castiglione.* Nov. P. I. p. 289, ed. di Londra. 4to. 1740.

The personage to whom he writes this, in a brief and graceful poem and dedication, was the illustrious Baldassar Castiglione, the poet and ambassador, the

even this presumption, and all allowance made for the license of a novelist, the ascription, deliberate and circumstantiated, of legitimacy to Ugo, if there were no grounds for it, in tradition or otherwise, appears a singular freak of the imagination or perversion of judgment. It is to be observed that though Sigismondo, the second of the legitimate sons of Niccolo by Ricciarda, was not born till seven or eight years after the death of Ugo,* he yet must have been fully informed of all the particulars; and it is his daughter who is made to declare *that those who believe that Ugo was not born in wedlock are greatly deceived, for she had often heard her father say he was legitimate and was Count of Rovigo*. Moreover, it is remarkable that to Nicholas III., who had so numerous a family of bastards, are assigned no children by either Gigliola or Parisina. The same year

beloved and honored of Popes and Princes, the author of the "golden book" of the *Courtier*. How can we suppose, that, to such a man and such a writer, Bandello would send, in return for one of his fastidious compositions (2), what he himself knew to be a jumble of truth and falsehood?

It was just one hundred years after the event of the tragedy that Bandello, flying from his native territory (the Milanese) where the battle of Pavia had made the Spaniards masters, took refuge, after various wandering, in France. Here he became Bishop *ad interim* of Agen, in 1550, and died in the neighborhood of that city about eleven years afterward. As he was born toward the end of the preceding century, he may be supposed to have been between twenty and thirty years old when present, as he says, at the recital of the Lady Blanche's story, and, as Castiglione died in 1529, he must have written it down within a very few years after he had heard it. So that, whatever may be said of slighter errors, the chief and important discrepancy from historical accounts, namely in the birth of Ugo, remains, as implied above, not easily explainable.

* In 1433, the Emperor Sigismund, returning, after receiving the Roman crown, to Germany, arrived at Ferrara. There he created "Cavalieri cinque figliuoli del medesimo Principe [Nicc. III.], cioè *Lionello, Borso, e Folco non legittimi, ed Ercole e Sigismondo* fanciulli legittimi; l'ultimo de' quali fu anche tenuto da lui al sacro forte." *Antich. Est.* II. p. 196. *Ercole* was born 1431.

(2) . . . "havendomi voi mandata quella vostra bellissima Elegia, che io alcuna cosetta de le mie vi debbia mandare, non per scambio, ec." u. s.

in which he married Ricciarda, 1429, he obtained from the Pope (Martin V.) the legitimation of Lionello.

However, the accuracy of Bandello is sufficient for the purposes of tragedy, and, as I have not hesitated to use the privilege of a dramatist in certain other points, as in the consanguinity of Zoese, and in making Parisina to die by poison, and the execution of Ugo to follow immediately the condemnation, it cannot be thought material that I should have made Lionello (the immediate successor of Niccolò) the oldest of his illegitimate sons, and by Stella,* who in Frizzi's history is said to be represented as the mother of Ugo. Had I been certain that there is no historical warrant for what is maintained by the novelist, I should probably not have made Ugo a legitimate son of Niccolò, who appears to have had but two male children that were born in wedlock. But the plot of the tragedy was formed years ago (probably soon after reading the tale in 1840); and it was only when the work was fairly under way, (1861,) that I had it in my power to consult any particular history of Ferrara. I have not yet been able to find a copy of either Frizzi (cited by Byron in the notes to his *Parisina*) or Sardi (therein named), but I have searched the volumes of Muratori, from which I make the following extracts.

The old annalist of the family of Este, JOANNES FERRARIENSIS, (ap. MURAT. *Rer. Ital. Scriptor.* Tom. xx.) enumerates seventeen children of Niccolò, male and female. He gives the additional name of Aldrovandino to Ugo, whose decease he simply chronicles, as if it was an ordinary death: "Ugone Aldrovandino mortuo" (*ib.* 453.) His annals were written in the principality of the first Duke (Borso),

* "Il primo de i figliuoli bastardi fu Leonello, che d'una giovane bellissima (che Stella era nomata) nacque. E questo successe al padre ne la Signoria de la Città di Ferrara. Il secondo fu il famoso Borso, generato in una gentildonna Senese, de la nobile e antica casa de i Tolomei; il quale di Marchese fu da Paolo II. sommo Pontefice creato Duca di Ferrara, e da Federico d'Austria Imperadore fatto Duca di Modena e di Reggio." BAND. *Nov.* xlv.

to whom he addresses them, and out of reverence to whom he may be supposed to have suppressed the particulars of the occurrence.

From the "Diario Ferrarese" (*Di autori incerti*) — ap. MURAT. *ib.* xxiv. I learn that Niccolò espoused Parisina in 1418. As the tragedy occurred in 1425, she had therefore been married to him seven years at the time of that atrocious crime, or at least of its discovery and punishment. — *Borso*, it says, was the son of Stella: — "Eodem Millesimo — Adì xi di Lujo, moritte Madonna Stella da l'Assasino, Madre di Messer Borso,* che fu poi Duca, ed era stata a posta de lo Illustrissimo Marchexe Niccolò da Este, e fu sepolta a S^o Francesco con grande onore." 184.

"MCCCCXXV. Del mese di Marcio. Uno Luni a hore xviii fu tajata la testa a Ugo Figliolo de lo Illustre Marchexe Niccolò da Este, e a Madonna Parexina, che era Madrigna di dicto Ugo; e questo perchè lui avea uxado carnalmente con lei; ed insieme fu decapitato uno Aldrovandino di Rangoni da Modena famio del dicto Signore, per essere stato casone di questo male; e furono morti in Castel Vecchio in la Torre Marchexana, e la nocte furono portati suso una caretta a Sto Francesco; e ivi furono sepulti." *Id. ib.* 184, 5.

Neither of these Chronicles, it will be seen, (the first, for obvious reasons,) speaks of Ugo as illegitimate, but the *Cron. di Bologna* and the *Memoriale Histor. Mott. de Griffonibus* (R. I. S. xviii) both do.

"In esso anno 1425, passata la metà di Marzo occorse un funesto accidente al Marchese Niccolò. Informato egli da una mal' accorta damigella, che passava disonesto commercio fra Parisina de' Malatesti sua moglie, e Ugo suo figliuolo bastardo, e chiaritosene con gli occhi proprj, li fece prendere amendue, e formato il processo, ne

* It will have been seen (subnote *, p. 73) that the Lombard novelist makes him to have been the son of a noble lady of Siena. As in the case of Ugo and of Lionello, what grounds he had for misrepresenting history in this particular, while borrowing from it other details for the very purpose of giving the color of verity to his narration, I have no means of ascertaining; and perhaps none exist.

seguì la condanna, per cui fu loro levato il capo dal busto. La medesima pena toccò ad Aldrovandino Rangone, e a due damigelle, complici del misfatto. Della lor morte fu incredibilmente afflitto il popolo di Ferrara, perchè amava forte il suddetto Ugo, giovane di vent' anni, di rara beltà e prodezza. Maggiore nondimeno fu di gran lunga la doglia, che svaporato il bollore della collera ne soffrì poscia il Marchese, troppo tardi pentito della precipitosa giustizia; di modo che per molti mesi non seppe ammettere conforto o consolazione alcuna." *Antichità Estensi*. P. IIa. Cap. vii. p. 191.

The antiquarian (*ib.* cap. viii.) calls *Lionello* the eldest of *Niccolo's* sons. He characterizes him as *a prince of consummate piety and amiability*. p. 202. *Borso* is lauded as *endowed with rare prudence, of tried humanity, and possessed of other incomparable gifts*. *ib.* Cap. ix. p. 207. Eulogies which, as they are founded on the characterization of the old annalists, and other inconsiderable historians of the period, who endow even *Nicholas III.* with every princely virtue, must be accepted, like all contemporaneous judgment, with caution. Of *Nicholas* indeed and his last act, *Muratori* thus speaks: . . . "ceased to exist *Nicholas III.*, *Marquis of Este*, a prince magnificent and just, of fine aspect, of agreeable manners, of vigorous constitution, of rare prudence, and adorned with other signal virtues, among which nevertheless was wanting continence; for he left behind him not a few bastards, whom moreover in the succession of his States he preferred to *Hercules* and to *Sigismund* who were legitimate. He had time to make a will . . and in this declared inheritor of those States *Lionel*, his bastard, though legitimated, son; for he did not deem fitted for such a burden, and surely in times so full of discord and danger, *Hercules*, although the first of his legitimate sons, born to him by *Ricciarda da Saluzzo*, but who at that time had scarcely passed the tenth year of his age." *ib.* p. 201. Yet *Nicholas* himself had been set over the same States when he had scarcely passed his ninth year. The epithet of *just* appears hardly then to be applicable. Apart from which particular,

it is to be observed that Muratori wrote under the auspices of Francis III., Duke of Modena and Marquis of Este, to whom he was librarian, and the same doubts may be entertained of his impartiality as I have expressed in regard to that of Galluzzi, the historian of the Granducal House of Medici.* In the historical passage I have before alluded to as appended to Byron's *Parisina*, we are told that this "Principe . . giusto . . di dolce maniere . . di rara prudenza, e d'altri insigni virtù ornato" completed his *Castle* tragedy, like a king of the *Arabian Nights*, or the Pharaoh of Herodotus, by ordering to be put to death every woman in Ferrara who was known to have violated her marriage bed; a despicable act as well as atrocious, and which probably was done quite as much to make his precipitous punishment of his own wife and own son appear the result of an immeasurable detestation of the crime itself, as in the passionate impulse of outraged honor and offended self-love. It was certainly, this general slaughter of the non-innocents, a curious action on the part of a wholesale adulterer, one whose offences against conjugal fidelity were so notorious, that it could be said of him (however

* Again, though an admirable annalist and indefatigable antiquary, he does not appear to have been endowed with philosophical acumen, nor indeed to have had a desire to fathom the motives of action or to analyze on general and moral grounds the characters of his personages. He commits, too, great oversights when venturing upon political judgment. For example, the really irregular succession of Niccolò III. he justifies, as we have seen, by the voice of the people and the bulls of the Pope, confirmatory of the will of the bastard Alberto, who, neither directly nor indirectly had any right to bequeath what was not exclusively, even if it was in any wise properly, his own; yet precisely the same sanction, popular acclaim and acceptance and the Pontifical edicts, establishes, through his own historical evidence, the real lineal claim of Francesco I., one of the joint heirs of Obizzo II., and of Francesco's son Bertoldo, who, acquiring by the will of his brother Azzo all the latter's rights, combined thus in his own son, Francesco II., the separate rights of both according to the usage of the House of Este, and so made the true and legitimate representative of its princes, dating from Alberto-Azzo II., the imprisoned and exiled Azzo, who is declared to be absolutely without any claim whatever to the marquisate.

in a novel and jocosely) “ tanta turba di figliuoli bastardi gli nacque, che haverebbe fatto di loro un' essercito. E per questo su il Ferrarese ancora si costuma di dire, dietro al fiume del Pò, trecento figliuoli del Marchese Niccolò hanno tirato l'altana de le navi.”

SONNET

PRELIMINARY TO UBERTO

ISLE where my lady dwelleth ! where the hills
Are green forever with the fadeless pine,
Thy aspect, lovelier by the distance, fills
My soul with longing, making me repine

At the hard measure of a fate that wills
Her pleasant dwelling-place shall ne'er be mine, —
Even while I own it were the worst of ills,
Her bloom should with my yellow leaves entwine.

Home of *Gismonda* ! as thy green hills fade
In the dim distance while I sail from thee,
I am as sad as if my hands had laid
Some lov'd one in the tomb ; for such to me
Thou seem'st, and living every wood and glade,
With but one soul to all, and *that* is she.

September 30, 1859.

UBERTO

MDCCCLIX

4*

CHARACTERS

Mortals

UBERTO DEGLI UBERTI.

ANSELMO MOZZO.

UGO DE' PAZZI.

GISMONDA.

FLORA.

GIOCONDA.

Immortals

MICHAEL, *Archangel*.

LUCIFER.

SAMMAEL.

Chorus of Angelic Spirits (invisible).

Chorus of Infernal Spirits.

Date of the action: the commencement of the 14th century.

UBERTO

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I. *Interior of a Castle on the Lake of Como.
A Study, lighted solely by the moon, whose
rays stream through a window at
the upper end.*

UBERTO, *in a melancholy attitude, on one of the benches
in the embrasure of the window, looking out, at
the open casement, upon the lake.*

Uber. Even as I gaze, — but not with such a thought —
For he was married — not alone as I, —
Gaz'd on yon flood, twelve hundred years ago,
The younger Pliny. Nature does not change;
Her youth renews itself; and years, which mar
All that is comely in man's physical form,
Nor even spare his soul — though there, their work
Is slower — make no visible change in her.
Still o'er the mountains rises the same moon;

Still on the water sparkle the same beams ;
And by them sleep the shadows, still the same —
Save where the houses stand — and them man made.
And this must be. The universe, whose life
Is haply for all time, can ne'er grow old :
But man, whose being is scant a hundred years,
Must, like her other offspring, brook decay.
If that decay were constant — in all parts, —
If the vex'd spirit would wrinkle like the brow,
And the tired heart grow bald, ere half the sands
Of life's allotted hour were well run out, —
'T were less to plain ; but that the heart, unworn
By its long throbbing, should beat youthful still,
The spirit be vigorous, nay, the limbs themselves,
With all the strength and bound of their best days
Obey each impulse of the fiery soul,
And have their grace and rounded beauty still,
Yet the denuded head and care-worn face
Point to senescence, — that we should love on,
When we have lost the bloom that wakens love —

He rises uneasily and comes down the scene.

Gismonda ! [*with a soft accent.*]

Men, more ag'd than I, have won
Maidens as young and beautiful as thou.
But then they were of eminent rank, had fame,
Or large possessions, or all these combin'd,
While I in social place am but thy peer,
And poor as thou ; and honor, for whose crown
I have toil'd for thirty years, men still deny me,

Nor ever will yield perhaps till this sad heart
Has ceas'd to beat for honor or for love.
And better thus when *thou* art in the count,
For I must be accepted for myself.
And thou dost not disdain me ; but I deem
Thy vanity alone is touch'd : to love —
Love such as I ! with this disfurnish'd crown
And faded cheek ! — Oh, that I could put back
The hand upon life's dial for ten short years !
The hand should stop the sooner for it ; and life,
In the duration which my strength foretells,
Nay the long hope of fame wherewith deferr'd
My heart has sicken'd, all should be exchang'd —
For what ? Oh madness ! Yet the torturing sense
Of what I am and what I cannot be
Prompts desperate counsel. Were the Devil to tempt me
In this vex'd hour, I might my very soul
Yield for the heart's fruition — What is that ?

LUCIFER,

in the shape of a man
tall and stately, appears in the moonlight
which floods the centre of the scene.

'T is but the phantom conjur'd by my brain :
My head is wild with study, and with what
Has well-nigh murder'd study, as they both
Have kept me wakeful ; and my long unrest
Has made me feverous. But the shape comes on !

A light gleams o'er its features, as from fire
 That burn'd within, and shows its eyes — how grand !
 And yet how mournful ! and a beautiful smile,
 That lures and yet repels, about the mouth
 Perfect as chisel'd work. This cannot be
 Wholly a dream ; I was but now awake. —
 'T is within reach, and grandly lifts its hand !
 Who art thou ? [*stepping backward.*]

Lucif. Men assign me various names,
 But none that flatter. Thou hast mention'd one.

Uber. The Devil ?

Lucif. If thou wilt. But Lucifer
 Is courtlier far, and will suit both as well.

Uber. Either I am mad, or —— This will solve it.

lights a taper.] Still ?

In human robes ! and like a king in mien,
 But beautiful as the most cherish'd forms
 That I have sigh'd to model.

Lucif. And so, well,
 If I were come to sit to thee. But thou
 Art poet more than artist — in man's phrase, —
 And something more than either. Doubt'st thou yet ?

Uber. Doubt what ? That thou art more than human ? *Ay,*

Thou playest with my fancy, or thou art
 But fancy all ; for I'll not so offend
 Against that lordly port and beautiful form,
 Which my mind worships, as to deem thou art
 A vulgar cheat. What art thou ? Say ; and prove it.

Lucif. Poor skeptic ! I would touch thee ; but thy frame

Would not endure my contact. Touch thou me,
If so thou darest, and see.

UBERTO *attempts to touch him, and
his hand passes as through empty air ; the figure
seeming to disappear, and then, as he
retires, appearing again.*

Uber. It is a dream.
I have seen mere shapes before, but none so real,
Sometimes in sickness, sometimes when the brain
Was almost wild with long-continued toil.
And yonder are the moon, the lake, the mountains ;
Yon candle burns ; I speak. Or I am mad,
Or this is fever's phrensy. [*Puts his fingers on his wrist as
if to mark the pulse.*

Lucif. No; thou art
But philosophic, as thou wouldst say, and sham'st
To think as think the vulgar. Yet I come,
Thou seest, without those attributes the herd
Of men assign me. Why then count thy pulse ?
Thou speak'st, and knowest what ; yon candle burns ;
The moon, the lake thou seest, and the hills :
Am I less real ? or dost thou credit only
What thou canst understand ? Who taught thee then
What makes the moon revolve, what gives the lake
Its properties, and the solid mountains theirs,
Why flames yon candle, and why flames destroy ?
Thou knowest not half of what thou seest and hearest,

And why then question *me*? Or giv'st thou not
 Belief unto thy soul as well as sense,
 Because thou seest thy organs, not thy mind?

Uber. I credit both; I doubt but what I see
 And listen now are my distemper'd thoughts.
 I am asleep, and shall to-morrow know it.

Lucif. Know it at once — that thou art wide awake.
 Do something that shall prove it. I would bid thee
 Call up thy servant; but at this strange hour,
 Without known cause, 't would peril thy good name.
 Wilt add a sonnet to the twelve thou 'st written
 Already in Gismonda's praise? Thou startest:
 Is that enough? Or wilt thou bathe thy brow
 In yonder basin? Or look — that's better still —
 Into that mirror? [*Uberto looks.*

See! [*maliciously.*

thy head is shorn

Clean as a monk's, — or worse; Gismonda's eyes
 Will find no lovelock on thy forehead now.
 Dost thou remember, in her father's grounds,
 When she would point thee out that landscape broad
 Thou thought'st so beautiful, but wherefrom thou turn'dst
 To gaze upon her profile, — which she saw,
 And, seeing, smil'd, well-pleas'd, — how, when the breeze
 Upon her native hill had lifted up
 The broad leaf of thy summer hat, and thou
 Snatch'd at it, fearing it would fall and thus
 Remind her of thy baldness, — how, I say,
 She turn'd aside, and thou didst love her more

For that she did so ? By the stars ! with cause :
It had been droll, that bald front so reveal'd !
Where Cupid would not find ten good-siz'd hairs
To twist into a bowstring, or a fly-trap.

Uber. Ah ! now I know thou art the Devil. Say then,
What art thou come for ?

Lucif. What was now thy wish ?

Uber. If thou art he I nam'd, thou know'st already.

Lucif. Still skeptical ! still human ! — Thou art, then,
In love, as mortals say, with —

Uber. Name her not.

Lucif. Even as thou lik'st. I say, thou hast made this girl
Thy paramount thought. Thou livest now for her,
And to live with her wouldst give up thy soul,
Or think'st thou wouldst. Thou mayst.

Uber. I may without.

Lucif. True ; 't is in nature maids are lightly won :
But are they kept as lightly ? Seems she pleas'd
With her first conquest, 't is that 't is the first :
She may grow wiser some day, and remember,
What now she has forgot as well as thou,
Her father was scarce older.

Uber. I have not.

Lucif. Not since thou wast her lover ; but, at first
Hadst thou remember'd, wouldst thou so have fed
Thine eyes upon her beauty ? Thou mayst win her,
I grant, without surrendering up thy soul ;
By the mere flattery of thy over love
Mayst win her. Thousands are so won. Wouldst thou,

With thy exacting spirit, be so content ?

Uber. No, I woo not her vanity.

Lucif. Because

Thyself art vain and must have heart for heart.
Save thou canst put the shadow on the dial,
Thou spak'st of, back a dozen years or more,
Thou wooest in vain. She may esteem, revere,
Admire, since thou art wise in human lore,
A man so old as thou ; but ask not love.
Lift but thy hat, her dream, if she have one,
Will seem a jest. But I can make it sad
As that enwraps thy senses.

Uber. By what means ?

Lucif. By putting back a dozen years or more
The shadow on the dial of thy age.

Uber. And at what cost ?

Lucif. Thyself hast said.

Uber. My soul ?

What wouldst thou do with it ?

Lucif. Not roast it. That
Would scarce amuse me. But — Canst thou believe
The Devil can speak the truth ?

Uber. Ay, men, that are
Not over scrupulous else, may, from mere pride,
Or when it suits their interest, do so.

Lucif. Well.

Shouldst thou die now, invested with the pomp
Of what thou callest virtue, thou wouldst rise
Unto a higher state of being ; what,

And where, it matters not, — I am no more
In Heaven's secrets. Shouldst thou make thy soul
Over to me, it will be under me. —

Uber. And thus be diabolical.

Lucif. Call it so,

If the name suits thee. It may well be great,
Being of no common order, but no more
In the same quiet way. I can insure thee —

Uber. Nothing! Begone, foul tempter! For a crown
I would not make myself the thing I hate,
Nor wear Hell's livery.

Lucif. For thy lady's heart?

Uber. Not for ten times her heart!

Lucif. Be it as thou wilt.

But thou wilt haply change thy mind. You men
Are very apt to, when the passions move.
If so, thou need'st but wish, and I am here.

LUCIFER *vanishes.*

Uber. [*after a pause.*

Gone as he came. And what a beautiful mien!
Though now I shudder as with mortal fear,
And feel to listen was itself a sin.
Help Heaven! were men to hear, wert thou, Gismonda,
So pious in thy innocent faith, to hear
I have converse held with *Him*, they'd deem me mad,
And thou wouldst turn with horror from the look
Now gives thee pleasure. Yet it was for thee!

For thee? Help Heaven again! nor let me cease
To know, this passion, whose exalted sweet,
Which yet hath bitterness, tempts me now to ill,
Will lose its heavenly savor and high zest
When I shall be less virtuous than art thou.

*He resumes his thoughtful attitude
in the window, and the*

Scene closes.

SCENE II.

*In a world yet incandescent, a portion
of the surface which has congealed and forms the
shore as it were to an ocean of fire.**

*Several EVIL SPIRITS standing on this shore,
and chanting.*

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Up from the fathomless
Ocean of fire,
Rises the sulphur-cloud
Higher and higher.

1st Spirit.

Though unforgotten the light that has vanish'd,

2d Spirit.

Though from the regions of bliss ever banish'd,

3d Spirit.

Our senses, now custom'd, have ceas'd to deplore

The sights, sounds, and woe, that were anguish before, —

Chorus.

While from the fathomless

Ocean of fire

Rises the sulphur-cloud

Higher and higher.

1st Spirit.

Soon shall this globe, on its surface congealing,

Teem with new life, with new thought and new feeling.

2d Spirit.

Whither then shall we be helplessly driven,

3d Spirit.

Whom Hell will not hold, who are banish'd from Heaven?

Chorus.

There where the fathomless

Ocean of fire

Throws up its sulphur-clouds

Higher and higher.

1st Spirit.

Wherever it be, we shall bear with us thither
The same hearts and minds which came wing'd with us
hither ;

2d Spirit.

Unbroke and unbending,

3d Spirit.

Though from the new ocean
Of Hell surge the billows with fiercer commotion :

Chorus.

Though from the fathomless
Ocean of fire
Rise the blue sulphur-clouds
Higher and higher.

Enter LUCIFER,

*no longer in human form, but in his proper shape
of an archangel ruined.*

Beside, but a little behind him,

SAMMAËL.

*The other Spirits retire, with looks and gestures
of deference.*

Samm. And was this all ?

Lucif. What more could be expected ?

His spirit is still sanguine though dejected,
Sees clearly and is free ;

But wild with passion, as it soon shall be,
No more will then appal
Those terrors which preserve the Lord's elected
From Adam's fall :
And such as Adam, so call'd, was, is he.
His passion for the beautiful I see
May make him be in time even my adorer :
Thou shouldst have heard his compliments to me,
As I stood in the moonlight, and my dim
Face-glory made me visible to him !
The woman's slave was less commov'd before her
Than before me, made human, head and limb.

Samm. But what will all thy pains avail ?

Lucif. Couldst thou not reckon, if thou hadst not heard ?

O'er the soul's-ruin of one man like this
Will be more wail
In the detested realms of bliss
Than when ten thousand of the common herd,
Who are true brutes in instinct, fail.
Why this lone poet, with his self-denial,
Is an epitome of the Christian code —
That is, as they profess it, not on trial
As it is practis'd, in whatever mode.
He'd cut himself to pieces, if thereby
He could but multiply his means of good,
And for this petty idol, this Gismonda,
Who would torment his life out if he own'd her,
And hardly shed ten tears were he to die —
Though that is more, if heartfelt, than most wives

Could spare, unless in joy of widowhood —
 Would readily lay down a thousand lives,
 Had he so many.

Samm. 'Tis a hero.

Lucif. No,

It is a fool, — in that respect at least.
 What steads him, I would know,
 This frantic self-devotion in his world,
 Where the unsensual spirit is downward hurl'd
 While upward climbs the beast?
 Who lays him in the dust to ease another,
 The latter treads on him, though 't were his brother,
 And the self-victim rises, more than bruised,
 His heart crush'd out, and wretched-sad to find
 His fellow-creatures are not of his mind;
 As if this abnegation of his own
 Had not, by its mere action, made them stone!

Samm. But, fool or hero, will he fall?

Lucif. Did not, as men believe,

The common foresire of them all?
 This who should know but thou, who tempted'st Eve,
 That tempted him, as mortals say.

Samm. Poor butterfly! with his brief summer-day!

Almost for his disaster I could grieve.

Lucif. Out, hypocrite! And would he pity thee?

He might, if he beheld thee in that guise
 Of a corrupting flesh which snar'd his eyes
 When he saw me.

But come before him grim with smoke of Hell

And thy imagin'd bestial marks besides,
Though thou shouldst all thy fearful tale relate,
Thy myriad human ages of punishment,
To which the length of his assum'd perdition
Were not a summer's day in mortal date,
He'd turn from thee with horror, and with pride
• Bid thee, as he bade me — me, who had sway,
And yet shall have, o'er other worlds as fair
As that whose crust
Gives breathing-space to this vain child of dust,
Who scarce is seen, and that but briefly, there!
Would bid thee, as he now bade me, I say,
With haughtiness, to leave him.
He shall have guerdon: I will give him
What shall his arrogant self-love make elate,
Yet crush his heart.

Samm. And what will so deceive him?

Lucif. The fruit whereof he thinks the first man ate.

*Exeunt Lucif. and Samm.;
when the meaner Spirits re-enter
and renew their chant:*

"Up from, &c.,"

and Scene closes.

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I. *A highway leading right and left.*

*Above, — a gateway
closing-in a hilly road, which conducts to
Gismonda's hereditary home.*

*Enter
from the gate, shutting it after them,*

UBERTO AND ANSELMO.

Uber. Here our ways part ; but not so our fond theme.

I am surpris'd, Anselmo, thou shouldst doubt
My open meaning. Gladly would I see
Gismonda wed to such a man as thou.
Thou art of suitable age, art comely, good,
And hast a fair possession.

Ansel. And I say,
With the known liking which Uberto has
For the young Countess, I am more surpris'd,
That he should wish her other than his own.

Uber. Which she can never be.

Ansel. Why so ?

Uber. For this,
To say no more, — that I am old and worn,

While thou, good-looking, art yet in thy prime.

Ansel. But do good looks win women? Not to say,

I want thy lofty stature and fine form;

If somewhat less my years, and hair unfallen,

My features cannot be compar'd with thine;

And where the tongue to woo as thou canst do?

Women are caught not by the eyes, as we.

Uber. Yes, by our eyes, when they adore their own.

Hast thou e'er seen Gismonda watch my features?

Ansel. No, but all know she hangs upon thy words,

Repeats thy sayings, and bridles at thy gaze.

I do not interest her, as thou dost.

Uber. — Her vanity. She knows I will not sue.

What! at my age, think'st thou that I would wed?

In ten brief years, suppose her now content,

I should have lost that fire which makes my soul

More young than thine, Anselmo, and my step

Its buoyant spring, my body, if not its strength,

At least its suppleness, while she then would be,

What thou art now, just thirty. What would keep

My passions at the full-flood mark of hers!

Is 't *I* should make her miserable? Then,

Where is the wealth should keep her in that state

She was brought up to?

Ansel. Very few give thought

To such conditions.

Uber. I am of the few.

I never have been selfish, nor will now

Unlearn that little merit which alone

Uplifts me from the herd. If, then, thou wilt,
 Press thy suit, counting on no let of mine,
 And if thou win Gismonda, as thou mayst,
 I'll wish thee joy of a good wife. Farewell.

*They separate, ANSELMO going to the left,
 UBERTO to the right. But, in a few moments,
 re-enter UBERTO.*

Were never rivals on such terms as we !
 Yet he so frank and generous, while calm,
 It could not be that I, of hotter mood,
 Should be less liberal. But I did not say
 What pain 'twill give me, when I wish him joy.

And we to-night shall meet again, Gismonda, —
 In a gay circle, scenes that I should shun
 But thou art there, as now I haunt all places
 Where I have hope to meet thee, for thy sake
 Almost a child — as thou shouldst be to me.

I wonder if she lingers where we left her? —
 Would I could see her coming down the hill !

*He looks to the left, as if to see whether An-
 selmo is in sight, then goes up to the
 gate, and leans upon one of the
 pillars in a thoughtful
 attitude.*

Scene closes.

SCENE II.

*Moonlight. A walk in the Garden of a villa.
Above, an arbor, thickly overhung
with vines and creeping plants.*

Enter, from the right,
UBERTO.

Uber. How beautiful she look'd! And in the dance,
With young Francesco, how her eyes still turn'd
To watch if mine pursu'd her! how they beam'd,
Radiant with innocent, undisguis'd delight,
To find they did so! Yet they look'd not soft:
They never do on me. And now they should not,
For her as well as me. But mine on her!
I was bewilder'd. For her sake, I hope
None notic'd my heart-worship save herself,
Who, in the innocence of her virgin heart,
Unconsciously encourag'd it. I hear
The buzz of voices. I have fled the hall,
To escape the noise, the heat, the lights, the crowd,
Which make my senses giddy. I will rest me
In this close arbor, till the party pass.

*Enter GISMONDA,
with FLORA, GIOCONDA, and others of her friends.
They stop before the arbor.*

Gism. Cease, Flora, do! for pity! for my sake!

Flor. Oh yes, for thine! for thou art strangely charm'd
With that old bachelor. What would Count Anselmo
Have said to see thy smiles of preference?

Gism. Neither
Has any right to question why I smile,
Or whom I smile on. For the Count Anselmo,
Messer Uberto is as good as he:
He far outshines him.

Flor. Certainly in the forehead.
Didst mark, Gioconda, how the torchlight shone
On his bare sconce? A proper cavalier!
He should have made thee dance with him, instead
Of his slim nephew.

Gism. He would do as well,
(He is as lithe and active,) did the dance
Befit his years.

Flor. Thou mean'st, his hairs, or rather,
A lack of them.

Gism. For shame!

Flor. Shame thou, or he.
What does he woo thee for? Is 't to adopt thee,
Thou being orphan? He might be well thy father,
But not thy husband. Thou shouldst scorn him, Gisma;

He keeps Anselmo from thee.

Gism. 'T is that then

Anselmo feels inferior, as he is.

Flor. If thou wouldst have thy lord be walking always,
And walking *from* thee. Seated, face to face,

Anselmo's head, with its long chestnut hair —

Gism. But what is in it? Compar'd with him, Anselmo
Is but a boy or fool.

Flor. O, if thou 'dst wed him
For what is in his head! Why not then marry
Some well-stuff'd book at once? Its written pages
Would make thy Count, too, either boy or fool.
In fine, in seriousness, thou must be mad
Not to see what all others round thee see,
The ridicule of this man's proffering love
To a mere girl like thee. Were I as thou,
I 'd greet the would-be youngster not with smiles
Of pleasure, but of mockery or contempt.

Re-enter, from the bower,

UBERTO.

Uber. Monna Gismonda knows not to requite
With mockery reverence, nor has learn'd to treat
The meanest of her servants with contempt.

*He has taken the hand which GISMONDA had frankly extended
to him on his approach, and now, bowing over it,*

half-raises it to his lips, — but only to drop it. Both show emotion; and the gay party laugh aloud; whereat

GISMONDA indignantly separates from them,

and again giving her hand to UBERTO,

he puts her arm through his,

and leads her off

to the right,

the others going to the left.

Flor. Quite stately!

Giocon. The rebuke was simply just.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Study — as in Act I. Sc. I.

UBERTO

walking uneasily to and fro.

Uber. I have deserv'd it. Happily it was not
 From her lips, nor with her consent receiv'd.
 Had 't been so, 't would have cur'd me. But to find
 Her heart so good, and fill'd with kindness more
 Than I had thought for me! And then that smile

Of captivating frankness! Ah, Gismonda!
'T were folly to not love thee, as it has been
Madness in me to love thee. And this night!
Her charms — her goodness — that revolting scene!
Were Satan now to tempt me! ——

*The form of LUCIFER stands in the
moonshine, as in Act I, Sc. I.*

What! already?

Lucif. Ay, at thy wish I come.

Uber. Not at my call.

Lucif. To think what thou hast thought is call enough.

'Thou need'st me, mortal; for 't is I alone
Can give thee thy desire. Say but the word,
Thou shalt have manly beauty, wealth, rank, youth,
All qualities that women most admire in men.

Uber. For what?

Lucif. Thou knowest. In brief: While in the flesh
Thou only wilt be master of thyself;
Afterward, I shall be.

Uber. And that for ever?

[*Lucifer is silent.*

I ask: for ever?

Lucif. What if I say, ay?

Uber. Then are thy offers vain: I'll none of them.

Lucif. [after another pause.

Thou art hard to deal with. I will not deceive thee.
When thou descendest to that other sphere,

Thy spirit will not lose its power. If then,
After long struggling with my master-will,
Thou canst succeed in shaking, step by step,
Its influence off, thou wilt once more be free,
And haply reassume thy ancient self.

Uber. I understand thee. That long course of trial,
By which through many states of being I am come
To be the thing I am, must count as nothing; ◀
I must go backward in the race of soul,
And, retrograding, take the start afresh,
But haply with more vigor for the course,
Because the mind can not unlearn its lore,
Nor wholly sink to its primeval childhood.
Thou hesitatest. Have I redd thee right?

Lucif. Partially.

Uber. Then I am not lost for ever?

Lucif. No, not for ever. But how can I assure thee?

You mortals will not take me upon trust.

Uber. I will — in this affair. For well I know
Thou canst not wholly dominate my will.
In the worst passions that thou canst inspire
I shall somewhere be master of myself.

Lucif. Thou art valiant.

Uber. Sneer not.

Lucif. Nay, I have no wish.

In physical courage thou mayst be no hero;
In moral daring thou outfacest Hell.
But to our bargain. Thou art to receive
Thy bloom again, have wealth, high rank, and fame;

For which, I shall be master of thy soul
After this life, not for all time perhaps,
But for long ages, and in every sphere,
Till thou hast disenthral'd thyself.

Uber. The terms

Are terrible. Let me ponder them awhile.

Lucif. [*indicating the mirror.*]

Thou needst but look upon thy forehead yonder,
Hear Flora's laugh, and weigh Gismonda's worth.

[*Uberto steps up nearer to Lucifer,*
passionately and with a gesture of desperation.]

Then be assured, wherever thou shalt be,
Thou never wilt be little nor be low.

Uber. I have sacrific'd my duty for her sake,
And put in peril my good name. Why pause
To purchase by a life of woe hereafter
Long years perhaps of happiness here with her?
I am decided. Shall I sign the compact?

Lucif. Art thou Uberto, whom men quote as wise,
And givest credence to that childish tale
Of a steel point and letters writ in blood?
When thou accept'st my service, I become,
Even in that act, the master of thy soul.

Uber. Not in this life!

Lucif. Mistrustful! I have said,
Not in this life, but when that life shall end.
What shape now shall I give thee? what degree
Of human beauty?

Uber. None but what I own'd.

Lucif. Thou art easily satisfied.

Uber. [*indignantly and scornfully.*

Thou art the Devil,

And yet thou hast not sounded all my heart.

Were there no reason why it should not be,

I would be beautiful as an angel wing'd, —

As thou perhaps, before thou wast hurl'd downward.

Lucif. What! worm!

Uber. Not more than thou perhaps. But when
Thou treadst on me, I turn, and am in mood
The serpent thou art painted.

Lucif. Pray, go on.

Thou art heroic to dart thy fang at me.

Uber. The first man's heel has trod upon thy head:

'T is not so brave.

Lucif. Tush! with thy human wit,
Thou hast easy scope: I cannot boast proficience
In the same tongue. Proceed, without more cavi.

Uber. I would, I say, be beautiful; for beauty
Is unto me the expression of what is perfect,
As in the external form, so in the heart.
But men would stare at me, and hint at thee.

Lucif. True; nor Gismonda know thee.

Uber. Let me then

Be but as fine a man as once I was.

I shall be satisfied.

Lucif. Shall this be at once?

Uber. No, by degrees.

Lucif. 'T is wise. The change shall be

So gradual in thy hair and in thy skin,
None shall suspect a more than natural cause.

Uber. And for the wealth? On that I shall insist,
For her sake.

Lucif. I shall first procure thy name
The lustre thou hast toil'd for. Men shall strive
To heap up honor on the wit and bard
They have so long neglected. Next, thy rank
Shall be exalted by some function high
In the affairs of state. That wealth attends
High place and power never moves to wonder;
And if it did, you men so worship gold
You never will ask if brimstone lit the fire
Wherein the image took its cunning mold.
Art thou content?

Uber. So she be won. Not else.

Lucif. Look in the glass. Thou seest, those large black eyes
Gaze on thee wooingly; the short upper lip
Thou so adorest raises its curv'd edge
To give the mouth and the immaculate teeth
Their most bewitching smile; the small, round chin,
The stately nose, the —

Uber. I could gaze for ever!
Give me this sorcery, if thou canst!

Lucif. It needs not;
This image is not more within thy chamber,
Than the true form shall ere a twelvemonth be.
This should suffice thee. But I'll give thee more.
Thou art wise already, after man's conceit,

And hast that cunning which sees into the heart.
Gismonda's soul is open as thy books,
And her frank speech hides nothing. 'T is not hard
To look into her eyes and watch her lips.
But, after marriage, thou shalt know her always.
Thou shalt behold her absent, and shalt hear
Her lightest accent were she miles remov'd.
The tree of knowledge never bore before
Such fruit as thou shalt eat of. Now, no more.
Extend thy limbs on yon day-couch, and sleep.

UBERTO obeys, and, as the *Hell-god waves his hand toward*
him, seems to fall into a tranquil slumber.

LUCIFER then moves his hand over the head and
face of UBERTO, but without
touching them.

Sleep, and awake for evermore unhappy.
Thou hast parted with thy virtue like a fool,
Hast parted with it for those baubles fools,
Fools only, sigh for. Hell can give no worse.

The form of the Archfiend melts away
into the shadows of the chamber.

SCENE IV.

The Ether of Heaven.

*Chant of
Invisible Angels.*

1st Angel.

A star has fallen ! the spirit that so long
Wrestled in loneliness, and through self-denial
Became, though human, like an angel strong,
Has yielded to its last, inglorious trial.

2d Angel.

Wo to the race of man ! love's sweet sensation,
Through which frail Adam unresisting fell,
Is still the soul's most dangerous temptation,
And woman, as when dawn'd the world's creation,
Is oft the unconscious instrument of Hell.

3d Angel.

Wo to the fallen spirit ! what shall restore
The stainless hue of its long purifying ?
Gone is its whiteness ; ever, ever more,
Is sunk in self-delight its self-denying.

1st and 3d Angels.

What shall restore him? Hark, the Archangel's voice
Sounds through the distant empyrean clearly :
"The love, for which he has sacrific'd so dearly,
Shall, when the mangled soul has bled severely,
Save the self-victim in return." Rejoice !

2d Angel.

Hosanna to the Highest! From all time
God has ordain'd this moral compensation :
The passion, whose excess has prompted crime,
Bears, though destructive, germs of restoration,
And often forms the spring of acts sublime.

The Three in Chorus.

Joy to the human race! the fire of love,
That sometimes blasts, is virtue's best awaking.
The star shall rise unto its place above,
The wounded spirit be stronger for its breaking.

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I. *As in Act II. Sc. I.*

ANSELMO

standing gloomily before the gate.

Enter from the left,

UGO.

Ugo. The grave Anselmo! With that clouded front
What art thou pondering there?

Ansel. [*after a pause.*

I'll tell thee, Ugo.

'T was at this gate, a twelvemonth since, I parted
With Count Uberto. We had just descended
Yon hill, where, at Gismonda's dainty home,
We had met by chance, and both, as I suppose,
Drunk freely of her beauty. Then the Count,
With his known frankness, talking of Madonna,
Declar'd he would not wed her if he could,
For reasons grave, — as, his illsuited years,
His want of wealth, bald crown and wrinkled brow,
And urg'd me press my suit to her. Behold,
Gismonda now is Count Uberto's wife!

Ugo. [*laughing.*] A wondrous circumstance to ponder truly!

Though 't well may make thee grave. Why, seest thou not,
That, the conditions being no more the same,
Our gallant Count having now both wealth and hair,
Besides high place and wide-extended fame,
He was not bound to keep his word.

Ansel. He was!

He made me think, in simple prudence only,
Looking unto the future, — when great age
Should have impair'd his functions, while his wife
Would yet be in her prime, — he would not wed her.
He has deceiv'd me.

Ugo. Then be even with him :

Make love unto his wife.

Ansel. [*gravely.*] Thou dost forget

Thou speakest of an honorable dame,
And of a man, who, though in this he hath wrong'd me,
Has ever been my good friend, and is still.

Ugo. Thou art over nice. One day, thou 'lt change thy mind.

Ansel. Never in this, while I am in my mind.

Ugo. Well, well. But this same change of which I spoke :

How very odd, that, after being bald
For several years, Uberto should regain
His fallen locks, have all his wrinkles gone,
And be, in look, to the full, as young as thou,
Whom haply he might sire! I sometimes think
The Devil might explain it.

Ansel. So not I.

His hair has been these six months growing out.
'Tis known he dabbles in the chemic art :

He may have found some unguent to promote it.
As for his brow, his new increase of flesh
Would rub out wrinkles that were never deep.
Joy and his great success might do the rest.
His person always has been young; myself
Have often wish'd its lightness and its ease.
In that he is not altered.

Ugo. Not in that.

But did his unguent get for him his wealth?
It might, if he would sell it: bald gallants,
That would have hair again, would freely bleed
To have the secret.

Ansel. Why not ask as well,
If it had got him his great fame and rank?
They both were sudden; and his sudden wealth
Was but the natural sequence; if indeed
It was so sudden. Men are often prone
To underrate their riches; and his sire
Was thought, they tell me, to have ample means.

Ugo. Be it so. But for this fancied joy, Anselmo,
I do not see it. He could not be more sad
If he had bought his honors with his soul.

Ansel. Shame! There are passionate natures in which joy
May be too deep for utterance, men whose souls
May wear this sadness from excess of bliss.

Ugo. If there be any such — as much I doubt —
Thou knowest Uberto's is not of them. His
Would show excess of joy by overflowing.
Either his conscience is at work, or, mark!

This marriage is not happy on one side.

Ansel. That side is not Gismonda's. She regards him

With a devotion often makes me sigh.

Ugo. Which may not be in vain. Unless the Devil

Hath given indeed her spouse his youth forever,

She one day tires; and then, thou ——

Ansel. Messer Ugo,

I have reminded thee of whom thou speakest,

And unto whom. We have been excellent friends,

And shall be long, I trust: but, so to be,

These libertine hints must cease. [*Exit to the left.*]

Ugo. [*looking after him.*] Is 't so indeed?

Either thou art a hypocrite, or fool.

Why stand'st thou musing at the lady's gate?

Why sighest so often, — as thou sayst, to mark

Her lawful love? I see in thee the cloud

Shall throw a shadow on Uberto's joy.

[*Exit to the right.*]

SCENE II.

A room in the castle of UBERTO.

GISMONDA. GIOCONDA.

Giocon. How gay thou art, Gismonda !

Gism. Is that new ?

Giocon. No, thou wast alway laughing. But thy mirth
Seem'd, in thy maiden state, of lighter sort ;
The frank expression of an innocent heart,
Pleas'd with itself and all things round it. Now,
Thy gaiety has more depth, as if thy soul
Was overflow'd with happiness. Is it so ?

Gism. How canst thou ask me ? Seest thou not, my lord
Is ever at my side, the most devoted,
As the most passionate of lovers.

Giocon. Yet,

The saddest too.

Gism. He was so from the first.
And to say truth, Gioconda, 't was this sadness
Did most to win my heart. It is so sweet
To know one's self belov'd, one loves in turn
Almost unconsciously. When, some months ago,
The pensiveness I had at times observ'd
Steal over his gayest mood when I was near,

Making him absent-minded, so that oft
He answer'd me at random, or scarce spoke,
When I observ'd this deepen, and believ'd,
In my vain little heart, 't was all for me,
The interest he had known to waken in me,
So fine a man, so polish'd, and so good,
Became less tranquil and more warm. There needed
Scarcely the restoration of those locks
Whose loss deform'd his head and made him old,
Nor yet those honors the consciousness of which
Makes dignified his step; there needed not
Any of this to win my maiden heart:
His sadness for the love of me did all.

Giocon. But why should it remain? He is more sad,
Now after marriage, than he was before.

Gism. Because he loves me better than before.

Giocon. Thou simpleton! His sadness, if for love,
Was for a love that wanted yet success,
Or for its hopelessness, as then he deem'd.
Now it has won its object, this should cease.
Besides, it is remark'd in every place,
And at all times, and more where thou art not
Than when he is fasten'd to thy side. Dost know
What Flora and her careless suitor Ugo
Say of this humor?

Gism. No. What do they say?

Giocon. Thou wilt be vex'd.

Gism. Nay, that I cannot be
With the ill words of either.

Giocon. And thou then

Wilt not be angry?

Gism. Surely not with thee.

Giocon. But —

Gism. Now indeed, indeed, thou dost but tease me,
Thinking to make me long the more to know.
I will not listen, save thou tell at once.
What said they of his sadness?

Giocon. 'T is not I,
Remember, say it, Gisma! — This they said:
The Count had made a compact with the Devil
To win thee, and was mourning for the terms.
Look not with such contemptuous anger, Gisma;
'T was but a foolish jest.

Gism. This of my lord! —
Do those that bargain with the Devil pray?

Giocon. No, surely; 't would destroy them.

Gism. Tell them then,

My husband does. Last night I heard my name
Breath'd in his closet, and, thinking I was call'd,
Approach'd the door, but only to o'erhear
My lord invoking blessings on my head.
Tell that; and thou mayst add to it, that I
Retired thereon to mine, and, kneeling down,
Pray'd Heaven's best favors on his head in turn.

Giocon. Thou art weeping, Gisma!

Gism. Ay, as when I pray'd.

'T is not for sorrow. — Did the Count Anselmo
Credit this wicked malice?

Giocon. No, I think not.

Gism. No, I am sure not! Tell not thou my lord.

And yet thou mayst; 't might win from him a smile.

Lo, where he comes. He does indeed look sad.

Yet what a presence! Dear, thou shalt excuse me:

I'll run to him and chase that cloud away.

*Exit, — Gioconda looking pensively
after her.*

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I. *The study. As in Act I. Sc. I.*

UBERTO.

I may not doubt it longer: she I love,
The mother of my children, and my wife,
For whose possession I gave up all hereafter,
And here my peace of mind, is mine no more
Save in the bonds of flesh. Anselmo's manhood
Unbroken yet by years, and his long love,
Whose fire gives out its light through countless chinks
Himself sees not, but she has learn'd to mark
As well as I, have won the yet young heart
I am too old to fill. Thou juggling fiend!
Who gav'st me but the semblance of my youth,
While life went on slow-ebbing as before,
Are these the terms I made? Ten years are gone,
And should have brought me to that point of time
Where thou didst find me: now my hair is gray,
My strength sore minish'd. Thou didst set indeed
The shadow backward which life's dial mark'd;
But the sun's light mov'd on for me the same.
Why hast thou kept thy promise in all else?
Honors, titles, wealth are mine; but gone the heart
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For which alone I sought them ; and for this, —
That thou hast kept thy compact but in word.
I have call'd thee to a reckoning ; and thou com'st not.
But thou shalt know I will not thus be wrong'd
Without resistance : must I yield my soul,
The price of its submission shall be paid,
Else is it free. I 'll call thee once again.
Come, though thou come in thunder and the smoke
Of deepest Hell ! so that thou blast not her,
I reckon not. Give me but to see thy face,
Though swollen with anger, though thou wear the mien
With which thou didst confront the Archangel Michael,
When taken in thy plot and Heaven's pavement
Was clear'd of thy audacious footstep ! come !
With all thy horrors, come ! I 'll brave, bear all,
All but this anguish of the tortur'd heart
Which will not break. [*Pauses.*] Thou wilt not answer me,
My call, nor my defiance. Thou hast all,
Thou think'st, that thou didst bid for, and art glad
That I am cheated by a lying bait.
But thy fiends-malice has not full effect :
That fatal gift to read Gismonda's heart,
Which my vainglory welcom'd, and thou didst hope
Would make the measure of my wo run over,
Has been but half pernicious : I have found
No wilful error in her innocent heart,
Only that physical yearning nature prompts
And the harsh counsels of religious faith
And reason in her are too frail to check,

Albeit they chide it hourly. This to see,
Now fills me for my own sake with despair
And grieves me to the heart for thee, Gismonda,
Who wouldst be true, but canst not. Thou hast ask'd me,
Often, why I am sad. I could not tell thee
Of my remorse and of my ruin'd soul.
Were I to answer now, 't was that I saw
Thy heart was opening to another love,
And soon would shut out mine, thou'dst deem me mad ;
So far art thou from seeing to what thy blood
And thy young senses urge thee, though the gulf
Is visible to my eyes as broad as day
And deep as Hell. I would the grave's full night
May be around me, ere thou downward plunge !
Yet, thou art good and pious, and thy pure soul
May keep thee from that ruin, and passionate grief,
Or brooding melancholy, worse than death,
Hold thee suspended pining at the verge.
Still, 't is a thought to drive me desperate-mad,
This loss of thy affection, for whose sake
I have sacrific'd the harvest of my life,
All I have planted and have nurs'd so long
With my heart's sweat and tears. If now to die
Were not to hurry me to that unknown sphere
Of horror to which, rebellious and ingrate
To God and duty, I have given myself,
And the least thought whereof, now that my blood
Is less distemper'd, makes me cold with fear,
And with a loathing that is stronger still ;

Were 't not for this, the debt I have incurr'd
For thy dear sake, Gismonda, I would now ——
Let me not think on it; enough already
I have sinn'd, without self-murder. We must bear
The burden and incumbrance of my age,
Both of us, till that natural term shall come
Which binds me to my fate, and sets thee free.

*He moves slowly up the stage, with head
depressed — And Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

As in Act II. Sc. I. and in Act III. Sc. I.

ANSELMO and UGO
meeting.

Ugo. At the same spot again we are met, Anselmo,
Where ten years since, and on this very day,
I gave thee warning. How demure thou lookedst!
Thou wouldst not listen, but, with knitted brow
And haughty bearing, turning short away,
Bad'st me remember who Gismonda was,
And who Uberto, and who, Heaven help us! thou.

How is it with thee now ? and with Uberto ?
And with Gismonda ?

Ansel. Ah ! I see thy drift.
Warning ? Thou didst incite me to a love
That was dishonor.

Ugo. Art thou not in love ?
And is 't my doing ?

Ansel. In love with whom ? Speak out.

Ugo. Thou wouldst not like it : 't is not nice in sound
To say one loves his friend's wife over well.

Ansel. And sayst thou that of me ?

Ugo. A thousand things
Might say it of thee, Count Anselmo Mozzo,
Had they but tongues as I ; as, for example,
The bust Uberto wrought of her in marble
With his own hands ; whereon I have seen thee gaze —
Not like a stone. And then, that pencil'd head
Done after memory, ere their marriage, where
Her profil'd features have their loftiest grace,
Earnest and full of thought, — who was it saw thee
Making thy unbreath'd vows of love to that,
And blush'd that she so saw thee ? Which I noted,
And Flora with me ; and we drew therefrom
Certain conclusions, comforting to thee,
But not to Count Uberto.

Ansel. If thou meanest,
Ugo de' Pazzi, that I love that lady
More than is seemly, and that she, this knowing,
Does with full consciousness thereto incite me,

Thou dost, without the shadow of a cause,
Malign her grossly, and to me thy friend
Show'st thyself wanting in that faith a friend
Should have, or he is none, in my tried honor.

Ugo. I have at least one quality, Anselmo,
That fits a friend, — forbearance; but for which,
Well might I quarrel with a tone and mien
The more offensive that thou at all times
Art grave and calm. Who did impugn thy faith,
Or the known virtue of Uberto's spouse?
I simply said, — thou lov'st her, and she sees it.

Ansel. That I deny. I never had a thought
To show her love.

Ugo. Yet show it thou dost still;
And all the more for that thou giv'st thy heart
At no time audible vent. If thou dost not,
Why then I never yet made love to Flora,
Or better, Flora ne'er made love to me.

Ansel. Talk soberly, if thou canst, two minutes' space.

Ugo. More than that. Hear me. Has Gismonda eyes?
Sees she not Count Uberto ag'd, — gray-hair'd,
Loose-skin'd and wrinkled and unsure of step,
And looking older for a constant gloom,
Whose cloud appears to thicken? while thy mien
If grave is tranquil, and thou bear'st with lightness
And no unseemly change thy middle age.
Well, it is not in nature that the love
Of a fine woman, in the prime of life,
Should on an old man rest, when one of years

More meet is yearning for her as thou dost,
And as she sees and feels, do what thou wilt,
Or think'st thou wilt, thy yearning to conceal.
Anselmo, on my honor, which is fair
As thine is, I advise thee, leave this scene
Before thou make two persons more unhappy
Than now I know they are. [*going.*]

Ansel. [*Ugo tarrying as he speaks.*] And is it thou,
Ugo de' Pazzi, who, ten years now gone,
Here by this gate, advis'd me do that wrong
Which now thou fearest I have done, or shall do?
What has chang'd thee?

Ugo. Ten years, if I am chang'd.
I spake then as a bachelor. I now
Preach in the interest of that threaten'd class
Whereof I am one. Take warning! [*Exit to the left.*]

Ansel. [*after a moment.*] Would I could!
But thou hast prob'd my secret over well,
And with thy assum'd disclosure of her own
Made thrill my blood — But is it hers indeed?
Has she divin'd my passion? And does it wake
In her pure breast an answering — Help me God!
Nor let the simple pleasure of such thought
Hush reason's voice, high honor, and thy law.

[*Exit to the right, slowly, and with
head cast down.*]

SCENE III.

As in Act I. Scene II.

LUCIFER. SAMMAEL.

Samm. Is 't that which makes thee smile ?

Lucif. Is that a wonder ?

This creature, who might tremble at the thunder,
If the red bolt should come within a mile
Of his weak-jointed walls of stone,
Dares summon me with haughty tone
As if I were his slave ; nor that alone,
But hurls defiance at me for my guile !
Guile ! Yet the terms we made were of his choosing.
He might have ask'd for all his mortal life
Unfading youth, both for himself and wife,
Without the risk of my refusing.
He would seem young, to win her. She was won.
'T is not my doing, that he is undone.
Why growls the dog at my misusing ?

Samm. And is it this contents thee ?

Lucif. No, not all.

I smile to see this glowworm, who exulted
In the bright gift I gave him without asking,

Worn by the heart's continual overtasking,
Find small delight from wisdom has resulted,
But, as with Adam, at the so-call'd Fall,
The fruit of moral lore, at first alluring,
Has in its taste no sweet that is enduring,
And to the soul proves bitterer than gall.
Not all the misery, which the mere forsaking
Of the long-worship'd altars of his God
Has given him hourly, has outpang'd the aching
His spirit felt, when, from its daydream waking,
It found a woman's heart was flesh and blood.

Samm. What will he do ?

Lucif. Ask what but now he did.

But for his dread of the unknown hereafter,
He would sheer o'er the precipice have slid
That bounds the gulf between him and his fate,
And, by an act forbid
To the self-torturing zealots of his creed,
Upon the doom, that waits him soon or late,
Have rush'd with frantic speed,
Amid Hell's laughter.

Samm. The deed deferr'd may yet in time be done.

Lucif. That shall I hasten. Ere around the sun

Man's petty globe has many times revolv'd,
The problem shall be solv'd

He has dar'd to raise between us ; and this thing
Shall learn 't is dangerous tampering
For such as he with supernatural aid,

And that the fools who with the Devil would trade

Must more than double eyesight with them bring.

[*Exeunt Lucif. and Samm.,*

and the Choir of Spirits
is heard within.

1st Spirit.

What can the insects bring
Sprung of Earth's mire,
Who from Hell's awful king
Seek their desire?

2d Spirit.

Shall that which knows no date
Guide the diurnal?
Can the sun's child be mate
With the eternal?

3d Spirit.

As, in their orb of clay,
Drops on a river,
So shall they melt away,
Swallow'd for ever —

Chorus.

Where from the fathomless
Ocean of fire
Rises the sulphur-cloud
Higher and higher.

· ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I. *An anteroom in the Castle of Uberto.*
Night.

GISMONDA. ANSELMO.

Ansel. Ask me not why, Madonna. Are our moods
Always the same, or always at command?

Gism. No, or I hope I should not need inquire
Why Count Anselmo for two days has been
So absent-minded, gloomy, and reserv'd.
Yet have we done our best to make his stay
Pleasant as usual.

Ansel. True; nor Count Uberto,
Nor thou, dear lady, hast neglected aught
To dissipate my sadness. On the morrow
Suffer me take my leave.

Gism. [*with emotion.*] So soon?

Ansel. Thou 'dst add:

And so abruptly? But 't is better thus:
My malady is stronger than I deem'd.

Gism. Art thou not well? [*same tone.*

Ansel. A sickness of the mind.

Not here, Madonna, must I seek the cure,
Where — thou art.

Gism. Let us join our friends. [*going.*]

Ansel. Stay, dearest lady; let me ask in turn

Why *thou* of late art sad. Art *thou* not well?

Gism. Should I not answer too, in thy own words:

Can we be gay at will? or always gay?

Ansel. No, 't would not be to answer as thyself;

For thou hast still been frank since first I knew thee.

Would I had been!

Gism. What should that say, Messerè?

Ansel. — Or prompter!

Gism. Sir!

Ansel. — But now it is too late.

Gism. Let us join Monna Flora and the rest.

We have been too long away.

Ansel. Thou: I can not.

Thou wilt permit me to retire, Madonna.

To-morrow, I shall bid farewell.

Gism. [*faintly.*] To-morrow?

Have I displeas'd thee?

Ansel. Thou? displease me, lady?

Alas! thou hast known to please me over well!

Pardon this madness. Look not so confounded.

I know not what I say. What was 't I said?

Gism. [*collecting herself, — but with difficulty.*]

Art thou distracted?

Ansel. Yes, I am distracted;

I have been so many months — since — Let me hence,

Before I speak what never should be spoken,

Never to thee.

Gism. O Heaven! [*sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her hands.*]

Ansel. Can it be?

Weep'st thou, Madonna? [*kneeling before her and attempting to take her hand.*]

Gism. [*preserving same attitude.*]

Leave me, thou unhappy!

Ansel. Yes, yes, unhappy; yet, how happy too!

Thou knowest my passion now. For twelve long years,
Before perhaps my bolder, happier rival
Conceiv'd a thought of making thee his own,
I, dear Gismonda —

Gism. [*who has already dropped her hands with a look of dismay, — now recoiling*

from him.] Ah, 't was said in time!

Thou dost remind me who and what I am. [*rising.*]

Rise, Count Anselmo, and henceforth remember,

He whom thou call'st thy rival is my lord,

Nor so degrade thy honorable self

As to descend to thoughts and acts and words

'T would make thee cower with shame to have him know.

[*going.*]

Ansel. Hear me! — one word! — but one!

Gism. Not on this theme;

A thousand on aught else. [*again turning to go.*]

Ansel. 'T was but to pray,

Humbly and from the heart, thy pardon. But —

Gism. No! nothing more! I will not risk, for thee

Nor for myself, a single phrase might add

To this night's shame.

Ansel. Alas! I had thought, Madonna——

Gism. Think nothing, Count — nothing again of this —

Which now, thank God! is ended — and forever!

This shall secure it. By the cross, I swear,

If ever from this time thou look again,

Or speak, as thou hast spoken and look'd but now,

To my remorse and to my lord's dishonor,

I never will exchange word with thee more!

Ansel. [*after a pause.*] 'T is cruel; but 't is right. I will obey.

[*She extends her hand to him; but, on
his offering to lift it to his lips,
withdraws it hastily.*]

Gism. Ah! thou forgett'st already. We must do more.

To-morrow, Flora and thy friend her lord

Take their departure. With them goes Gioconda.

Seize thou this pretext and make one with them.

Then travel for some months; no matter where,

So that we meet not soon.

Ansel. For many months!

Gism. Hush! it must be. Thou wouldst not forfeit all?

My friendship shall go with thee, my esteem.

Now leave me — quick, — in pity to thyself.

[*Exit Ansel.*]

Gism. [*after he has completely disappeared.*]

And unto me. Hadst thou had less command

Over thyself, or hadst been modest less ——

But if thou wert less modest, could I — like thee?

As I do now, more than befits me do,

Or I dare own, by name, even to myself. —
But I will root this growing weakness out :
It shall not make me, more than now I am,
False to my God, my husband, and myself.

[Exit, as the Scene shifts to

SCENE II.

The Study. As in Act I. Sc. I.

UBERTO

*clasping his hands together with an
expression of relief.*

Uber. The agony is over! thou hast conquer'd.

Thy spirit is good, Gismonda, as I thought it,
And far more strong. Thou shalt have thy reward.

[Rings a small handbell.

Enter a Servant.

Bid come to me thy lady.

Servt. [with embarrassment.

Signor Count,

She is with the Count Anselmo.

Uber. Was, but now.

The Count has left. Bid come to me thy lady.

[*Exit Servant.*

The rumbling of distant thunder.

UBERTO *moves slowly to the open casement, and looking out a moment, slowly returns.*

The lake is blackening, and the angry clouds
Come onward fast. I could have rather chosen
To leave this sphere, whose beauty I so love,
When the sweet moon was spreading all around
Her magic light and shadow, or the stars
Were looking on me with their calm bright eyes.
But when the mind is fix'd on its own thoughts,
It matters little that outward things wear not
The dress we like: I shall not see the darkness;
And the loud thunder and the rushing wind,
If heard at all, will seem to sound my dirge.

Enter GISMONDA.

She appears conscious and embarrassed.

Gism. My lord — thou hast sent —

Uber. Be reassur'd, Gismonda.

I have sent for thee to praise thee, not to chide.
Thou hast been tempted, and hast stood the proof.
Look not aghast: she who has not been tried
Cannot be counted virtuous, albeit
In life she may be chaste. But thou art both.

[*taking her hand in both his,*
while her embarrassment increases.

Thou art my faithful partner, and shalt find
I can reward thee. I would bid thee kiss me;
But 't were to put thee to an act of pain.

Gism. My lord! my lord! [*about to kiss him.*

He gently puts her back.

Uber. No, no; thy heart would not
Go with it, as I deem'd it did of old.

Let me kiss thee. Thou pure and good Gismonda,
Whom I have so much wrong'd to marry — it was
My sole act that was selfish; but my last
Shall make atonement for it — stoop to me,
Thou whom I love so well. [*He is about to kiss her*
on the lips; but he only touches
her forehead.] Thus. It is now

As it should be, and only should have been,
A father's kiss to a good and tender child
Cherish'd as she deserves. And now — good night.
God's blessing on thee, my Gismonda! And if —
And if —

Gism. What means my lord? Art thou not well
To-night, Uberto? 'T is a fearful night.

Thunder heard. GISMONDA *shrinking and*
clinging to UBERTO.

Let me be with thee. Oh, do not put me from thee!
It was not so of old!

Uber. No, not of old.
But am I as I was of old?

Gism. My lord!

Uber. Speak not, Gismonda, counter to the sense
Which the heart warrants. Hush! thou knowest not
Thyself as I know thee. Thy soul is good
And generous as it ever was — were 't not,
Could I have lov'd thee, as I have lov'd and love? —
But there is that in it which was not once;
No double image can divide it; where
Anselmo is, [*She hides her face.*] Uberto cannot be.
It is but natural. Hence, I blame thee not.
Thou feelest, this night, a sympathy for me;
Thou 'dst be with me, and, with a woman's care,
Wouldst watch my fever, as thou think'st it, well:
But in the solemn hours, when I was still,
Thy heart would beat for him; and on the morrow
Tempted again — nay, answer not — would find
Perchance less power to resist. Go then.
To-morrow thou wilt learn to know me better,
To esteem me better, than thou dost, to love
As thou canst love me; that thou canst not more
Is not of thee. Good night!

He puts her gently and courteously from the room.

It is now over.

The last look of those eyes, for whose dear light
I have given my soul forever, has departed,
And the world henceforth is all black to me.
Farewell. I have borne it better than I thought.

*The thunder, which has been heard at intervals,
now increases in frequency
and loudness.*

The storm comes nearer. THOU, whose awful voice
Speaks in these turbulent elements ; but not more
Than in the softest whisper of the breeze ;
THEU, whom I dare not pray to bear me up,
As in my hours of trouble once I us'd,
Suffer me on my knees to cry for them,
My innocent wife and children. [*kneeling*.

Spare them, God !

Nor let the father and the husband's sins
Be, through men's hands, nor through the engender'd
taint

Of the soul's passions, visited on their heads.
Thy lightnings do not blast me as I kneel.
Perhaps Thou wilt have mercy, though condemning
In justice my great crime, and make more brief
My horrible probation and that scale
Of the soul's painful reascent to virtue
Whereto I have given myself — alas ! for nought.
That I precipitate this selfwill'd fate,
Impute not unto me for added sin,
Even for that end I seek — which is not nought.

He rises.

One more adieu to ye, dear native hills !

going to the casement.

Then, after a few moments, returning.

The thunder's flash reveals them and the lake,
Not in their gladsome aspect, like to her,
But lurid as my fate. Perhaps 't is well :
We part with less regret. Good night, forever !

My soul shall haply bear with it no trace
Of all life imag'd on it, fair or foul.

He takes a poniard from a shelf and bares it.

This is my last of instruments. Nor book,
Pencil, nor chisel, e'er wrought such effect
As this, which in an instant, with one stroke,
Severs the chain that separates the world
On which I stand from that to which I go.
But for our doubts, how few of us would pause
Who find this life what I of late have done !

Looking on the blade.

I would that thou hadst given my heart, Gismonda,
No worse a pang than this sharp knife will cause.

Stabs himself.

As he sinks in an arm-chair

Enter GISMONDA.

Gism. What didst thou mean, my lord? Thou hast fill'd my
soul

With strange forebodings — [*Observing his state as she
approaches, hastens to him.*]

Thou art — O my God !

What means this blood ?

Uber. [*smiling on her.*] Thy strange forebodings prov'd
Truer — than most are. But the knife struck — false.

[*throwing down the poniard.*]

Gism. [*shrieking.*]

Ah ! — Help there !

Uber. 'T will be useless. Yet thou comest—
Thou dear Gismonda — as — I could have wish'd.
Gism. Oh God! — Help! — Speak not. Let me ——
[*endeavoring wildly to stay the blood.*
Uber. 'T is in vain.
The blow was — sure, if not ——

Enter, hurriedly,
FLORA, GIOCONDA, UGO,
and immediately after, from another door,
ANSELMO.

Ugo. Who did this deed?
Uber. I only — for — for her sake, good Anselmo —
And — and for thine.
Gism. Call in the children!
Uber. No —
There is no time — I kiss'd them ere they slept.
I should be dead, before — before they came.
And pity it were — to wake them — who can sleep
In such a storm, — to look upon a sight
'T were best they should not see. Let them not know —
If so it may be — I died by my own hand.
Are these thy tears, Anselmo? Be a friend —
A good friend to my — children: they are hers.
Raise me. Were 't not — for one thought — I could die —

*A flash of lightning enters through the casement,
succeeded instantly by the rattle of thunder.*

UBERTO stands up from the chair.

I come! — [*falling forward.*

Gism. Uberto! [*swoons over him.*

Uber. — Happy. [*Dies.*

Ugo. What an end!

ANSELMO, *falling on one knee, covers his face*
with both hands. GIOCONDA *stoops*
to raise the senseless form of GISMONDA.

UGO and FLORA *stand in differ-*
ent attitudes of
*horror.*¹

SCENE III.

A part of the ethereal space beyond the atmosphere
of Earth.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL. LUCIFER.

Mich. Hence to thy proper realm!

Lucif. And this to me,

Who once in Heaven stood before thee?

Mich. I might deplore thee,

Unhappy! but for what I see.

Why hast thou sought this spirit to enchain?

Lucif. Because the worm had sold himself to be
My vassal after death, and shall remain
Subject forever to the laws I have given,
Until by his self-struggling he regain
His former human heart and human brain, —
When thou mayst take him if thou wilt to Heaven.
His last expenditure of blood, I wot,
Will not have much improv'd therein his lot.

Mich. Thou miserable scoffer! who with jests
Striv'st to conceal the anguish of thy soul,
And thy outbreking passion to control, —
I scarce can think thou art that mighty one
Who stood with me in order next the Son,
When in the star-strown region of the skies
The unfinish'd Earth began to roll, —
Whom even the Seraphim accounted wise.
Know that this being's self-sacrifice arrests
The doom which else had on his soul descended
Who for another's good himself divests
Of his last blessing, and, deliberate,
Forestalls the horrors of an awful fate
To make that other happy, though too late,
Has by the sacrifice his fault amended,
And the All-Just his soul will reinstate
In its first partial good.

Lucif. It shall not be!

Mich. It is. Look back, and see
The spirit rescued from thy thrall forever.

Lucif. Curse on the perjur'd slave!

Mich. It was not he :

Curse thine own craft :

Thou art thyself thy own forsworn deceiver.

'T was this alone at which thy demons laugh'd.

Hadst thou but given this man his youth indeed,

The woman would have lov'd him still, and thou

Have held his spirit still bounden, nor, as now,

Have had thy head bruise'd by Eve's hated seed.

Lucif. [*departing.*

I yet shall meet him, in some other sphere.

Mich. And baffled find thyself again — as here.

[*Exeunt different ways.*

NOTES

NOTES TO UBERTO

1.—P. 142. *I come!* — etc. etc.] This is the catastrophe as it was first designed. But while writing, it occurred to me, that, besides the thunderbolt to which *Uberto* answers as if it were a summons, another might be made to strike him and at the same time *Gismonda*. Such a catastrophe would be more tragic, and more — to my impression — in the true spirit of tragedy. The objection to it lies in the unpleasant effect it would have on the mind of the reader, whose disappointment would be greater even than his surprise, which itself would be painful.

I come! [*falling forward.*] — now happy. [*Dies.*]

Gism. *Uberto!* [*Stoops over him.*]

At that instant, another flash appears to strike the bodies.

Giocon. Ah!

Flor. The bolt

Has struck them both together!

Ugo. What an end!

ANSELMO, falling on one knee, hangs over the body of

*GISMONDA, while the rest stand in various
attitudes of horror.*

PS. Dec. 22, 1868.

I see I have used, above, the word “reader.” The piece was not intended for representation. Yet it might easily be adapted to the stage (in a day when less of bustle shall be required in the action than at present,) by omitting the 3d Scene of Act V., and perhaps the 4th of Act IV., or by removing the *Choruses* altogether.

PREFACE

TO

THE CID OF SEVILLE

Twenty years ago, when for the first time I read the play of *Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas*, not knowing then how improperly it was ascribed to Lope de Vega,* its subject, which is wholly Lope's, struck me as one of the noblest that could be selected for the Stage, and I entered it in the list of those which I had set down for themes of future composition. My opinion is not altered, and having, since the completion of my own piece, gone over the *Cid* of Corneille and its original, I think that there can be no comparison between Lope's design, certainly under its modern guise, and the very

* It is the first play in the collection *El Teatro Español*, published in London in 1817, where it appears under the double title, "*Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas, ó La Estrella de Sevilla, Tragedia de Lope Felix de Vega Carpio.*" The commentator merely tells us in a foot-note, "Este drama es uno de los arreglados por Don Cándido Maria Trigueros." But, as I shall presently show, we should have almost as much right to call the *Cid* of Corneille a translation from *Las Mocedades* of Guillen de Castro. as this a mere adaptation of the *Estrella* of Lope.

similar but inferior one of that part of Castro's double play*

* *Las Mocedades del Cid* is divided into two Parts, or rather is composed of two plays of which each forms a *Part* under that general title. It is the first alone of these divisions that gave origin to the famous drama of *Le Cid*. But there is another play on the same subject by another Spanish dramatist, contemporary with Corneille, *El Honrador de su padre* of J. B. Diamante, which is so like the French tragi-comedy (as Corneille originally, and rightly, termed his piece) that it has given rise to a very curious question as to which of the two borrowed of the other, and this notwithstanding the priority of publication is by twenty-three years in favor of Corneille. For aught I know, it is not yet decided. (a) It was not, to some men's thinking, in 1856; for Lemcke, whose *Handbuch der Spanischen Literatur* was published in that year (Leipzig, in 8^o.) has in his third volume (p. 291) a note in which he refers without disapprobation to Von Schack's opinion that Corneille was really indebted to Diamante. This latter critic, in his *Geschichte der dramatischen Literatur u. Kunst in Spanien*, (Berlin, 8^o, 1845, 6.) had at first (2^d Band, S. 431. *Anm.*) maintained the contrary, but, the succeeding year, in his third volume (p. 372, sq.), he took back his first assertion, on the ground that Diamante's play *bears too much the traits of an original work, and is too thoroughly Spanish in its style, to let us suppose it an imitation of a foreign model*. "Bei näherer Prüfung des *Honrador de su padre* hat sich uns aber nun die Ueberzeugung aufgedrängt, dass dieses Stück zu sehr die Züge eines Originalwerks trüge und zu durchgehends im Spanischen Nationalstyl gehalten sei, als dass man an Nachahmung eines ausländischen Vorbildes denken könnte, und dieser innere Grund erscheint als genügend, um auch ohne entsprechende äussere Daten die Abfassung vor das Jahr 1636, in welchem Corneille's *Cid* erschien, zu setzen." This is a most extraordinary assumption. In no case, should we have the right to accept merely internal evidence as conclusive: but, when it conflicts with positive facts as to time, it should be set aside without hesitation. There is no reason why a Spanish author should not borrow a certain form of words to a certain extent, and copy certain traits, as well as the management of certain scenes, from a French author, and yet preserve throughout the national charac-

(a) It is strange to me, that, with a date so modern as the middle of the 17th century, there is not some testimony among Spanish writers of the period to put this matter beyond controversy. Fontenelle says (*Vie de Corneille. - Oeuvres de P. G. Paris 1834*): "Corneille avait dans son cabinet cette piece traduite en toutes les langues de l'Europe, hors l'esclavone et la turque . . . Elle était en italien et, ce qui est plus étonnant, en espagnol: les Espagnols avaient bien voulu copier eux-mêmes une pièce dont l'original leur appartenait." Supposing this to be correct, — for, observe, Corneille himself does not aver it; he mentions in his notice merely the *Italian, Flemish and English*. (. . . "les traductions qu'on en a faites en toutes les langues qui servent aujourd'hui à la scène, et chez tous les peuples où l'on voit des théâtres, je veux dire, en italien, flamand, et anglais . . .") — supposing this grave assertion to be faithful, is not that translation in Spanish somewhere extant? It would of itself be evidence conclusive. But that it never has been brought forward throws more than a doubt upon its alleged existence.

which furnished to the French tragedian the plot, and something

teristics which were common to him with all other Spanish writers of the drama. But when, to this probability, there is added the fact that the same source from which the Frenchman drew so largely was open to him and nearer at hand, he being born as it were on its very brink and baptized in it, it will be seen that there is not the least difficulty in supposing that the latter, while taking as his model the same play which was the model of the Frenchman, lent to his copy, here and there, what he might consider the grace and embellishment and other improvement added by the latter. He might do this even to disguise his obligations to that model. That he did not copy also the mere form, it is sufficient to say that he was a Spaniard and composed his drama for a Spanish audience. The German critic adds in a note (*ib.*): "Da mir von der grossen älteren Sammlung Spanischen Comödien, welche den Titel *Comedias de diferentes Autores* führt und von welcher schon 1636 zu Valencia ein 20ster Theil erschien, nicht die ganze Reihe, sondern nur einzelne Theile bekannt sind, so bleibt mich die Vermuthung offen, dass sich für Diamante's früheres Austreten auch ein äusseres Zeugniß finden werde." Now, Mr. Ticknor, who had the rarest opportunities for knowing the very earliest editions of all Spanish authors, says decidedly that Diamante took from Corneille, and the Spanish version of his exhaustive work (*Hist. Sp. Lit.*) gives his note to that effect without contradiction. We may therefore consider this point settled. If my own opinion after his is of any worth, I should say that I have compared the three plays, *Las Mocedades*, *El Honrador*, and *Le Cid* together, line after line, in the Scene between the *Conde* and *Diego*, and that between *Rodrigo* and the *Conde*, and as it is impossible that so like results, especially in the former Scene, should ensue from the imitation by two different authors of one other, from which other there is still so great a divergence, it follows that Diamante must have plagiarized from *Le Cid*. In one particular in that Scene he has improved upon his copy. In Corneille we read the stage-direction (after "*Il lui donne un soufflet*") "D. DIEÛUE mettant l'épée à la main." In Diamante, DIEGO "*saca la espada, y cáesele á los piés del Conde*," with the words:

"D. ¿ Para que quiero la vida,
Despues de tan grande ofesa ? "

Corneille's words :

" Achève, et prends ma vie après un tel affront,
Le premier dont ma race ait vu rongir son front — "

are not so good, even with a like action, because the second verse of the couplet is not in nature and enfeebles the simple passion of the first.

Ochoa (Eug. de), who in the 5th vol of his *Tesoro del Teatro Español* (Paris, 8º, 1838) gives us the whole of Diamante's play, touches in his brief preface with

more, of his justly celebrated, but over-estimated, serious drama.*

more fairness than acumen on this question. Leaving it undecided, he says: "No es probable que Diamante copiasse á Corneille, pero tampoco lo es que Corneille, cuya buena fe es notoria, ocultase que habia copiado á Diamante, si en efecto le copió."

As to Corneille's *good faith* or frankness, I do not see that it is evinced in his acknowledgment of his obligations to Castro. He would appear to own an adaptation merely of the subject, or, at the most, of the plot; yet we trace, in his original, passage after passage, some of which, even those that are unnatural and affected, (a) are directly borrowed, sentiment and phrase, without any avowal. The very *fragment* of the Spanish historian, which ushers in his "Avertissement," appears to be put forward as a mask to conceal the real extent of his obligations to the Spanish poet: "Voilà," he says, "ce qu'a prêté l'histoire à D. Guillem de Castro, qui a mis ce fameux évènement sur le théâtre avant moi." Again, citing certain Spanish verses, which, he says, seem made expressly to defend his heroine: "Ils sont du même auteur qui l'a traitée avant moi, D. Guillem de Castro . . ." And in adding at the close the two *romances*, I think he works to the same purpose, that is, to conceal, or to obscure, his indebtedness to the real source of all his drama, and make it be supposed that he borrowed, not so much from another dramatist, as from the ballads directly, in which this latter found the rude outlines of the dominant part of his design.

The principal obligation of *Le Cid*, however, is to that felicitous invention of the antecedent love between *Chimène* and *Rodrigue*, to which, notwithstanding what the author says of the two great *conditions* exacted for a perfect tragedy by Aristotle, and to the observation of which alone he claims the success of his work was due, may be ascribed a great share of the interest excited. Indeed it is a main pillar in his edifice. And this invention belongs to Castro. Schack claims it as the source of the principal interest: "Das Motiv aber, welches das Hauptinteresse des Drama's [*Las Mocedades*], den Kampf zwischen Liebe und Ehre, bedingt, scheint dem Guillen de Castro eigenthümlich zu gehören; denn die Romangen erwähnen einer frühern Liebe des Cid zu Ximenes nicht." *u. s.* p. 431. Still, though felicitous, it was of easy devising, and, I may say, could not have escaped any practiced dramatist, belonging as it does almost to the necessities of a plot of the kind. Though Corneille has borrowed it, he would have made it.

* . . . "dans *Le Cid*, le choix du sujet, que l'on a blâmé, est un des grandes mérites du poëte. C'est à mon gré le plus beau, le plus intéressant que Corneille ait traité." LA HARPE. *Comm. Eur. de Corn.* (éd. cit.) T. I. p. 229.

"El argumento de la Tragedia de *Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas* es semejante á la

(a) See, for one instance, the passage from Act III. Sc. IV. cited, p. 153, note †.

Corneille avowedly, or rather with a partial recognition,* took the elements of his play from Guillen de Castro, but was probably also assisted, in the spirit of his composition, by this one of De Vega's, to which, as refounded by Trigueros, I think the *Cid*, even as a composition, is every way inferior, in naturalness, in sentiment, in diction, if in the diction of a drama naturalness is, as I maintain determinedly, the first essential, without which pomp is but a blemish and artifice of arrangement degenerates into affectation. Lope is not always lifelike, not even when remodeled, as for example in Act III. Sc. III. *S. O.*, but superior as a whole is his colloquy, so remodeled, to the false turns, and the elaborate antithesis† and tedious

del *Cid* de Corneille, pues si en ésta se representa la accion de un héroe que para vengar una afrenta hecha á su padre mata al de su amante, en aqueila se muetra la de un hombre tan honrado como valiente, el qual creyendo desagaviar á su rey desafia y dá la muerte al hermano de la que le es destinada por esposa. La diferencia que hay entre estos dos dramas es que el de *Lope* tiene un desenlace mas noble, pues la heroína que ha sido la causa inocente de una funesta catástrofe, prefiere la soledad y lobreguez de un claustro á la satisfaccion de pasar su vida con un hombre á quien adora, pero que ha derramado la sangre del mas querido de sus dudos." *Observac. — Teatro Esp. T. 1, p. 3.*

* See note on p. 152; first paragraph.

† This artificial contrast in phrase and sentiment, carried often to a wearisome, if not disgusting extent, and bandied to and fro between two speakers (sometimes among three) like a shuttlecock, is one of the unnatural peculiarities of French plays in general, nor is wholly unknown to the English school. Shakspeare, among other vices, has given us many disagreeable specimens; for example in *Richard III.* Corneille, who in previous plays had shown somewhat more than a fancy for the bauble, is blinded by his predilection so far, that he does not see its insignificance and inappositeness even in his model. Thus the following :

" *D. Rodrigue.* O miracle d'amour !

Chimène. O comble de misères !

D. Rod. Que de maux et de pleurs nous coûteront nos pères !

Chim. Rodrigue, que l'eût cru . . .

D. Rod. Chimène, qui l'eût dit . . .

Chim. Que notre heur fût si proche, et si tôt se perdit ?

D. Rod. Et que si près du port, contre toute apparence,

Un orage si prompt brisât notre espérance ?

Chim. Ah ! mortelles douleurs !

D. Rod. Ah ! regrets superflus !

and equally unreal amplification of the Frenchman, nor is there anywhere so faulty a scene in *Sancho Ortiz* as the Second of Act I. in *Le Cid*. In the latter play I do not know where to find any passage, not directly borrowed, that equals in sentiment any one of these in the former :

“Estrella” [the *King* is speaking—to that absurd and miserable creation of almost all plays, a *confidant*. Trigueros might have gone a step further in his alterations, and changed the creature into something reasonable, something less artificial and conventional, and within the probabilities of human existence]

“ Estrella en tanto, mi Estrella,
Tampoco cobró altivez,
Mas modesta cada vez,
Como cada vez mas bella.
Matóme con su humildad,
Tan reverente y severa ;
Que si ella se envaneciera
Fuera mia su beldad.

* * *

Chim. Va-t'en, encore un coup, je ne t' écoute plus : ”

which may be thus translated :

He. *O miracle of love!*

She. *O sorrow's overflow!*

He. *What ills, how many tears, our sires will cause to flow!*

She. *Rodrigue, who had believ'd . . .*

He. *Chimene, who would have said . . .*

She. *Our joy would come so near, and yet so soon have fled?*

He. *And when the heavens shone fair, our haven too in view,*

A sudden storm should rend our barge of hope in two?

She. *Ah! mortal sting of grief!*

He. *Regrets in vain gone o'er!*

She. *Begone, again I bid, I will not listen more:*

is an imitation, with more refinement, but less naturalness, of

“ *Rod.* ¡ Ay, Jimena! ¿ Quien dijera —

Jim. ¡ Ay, Rodrigo! ¿ Quien pensara —

Rod. Que mi dicha se acabara?

Jim. Y que mi bien finiciera? &c.”

He. *Ah, Hímena! Who would have said —*

She. *Ah, Rodrigo! Who would have thought —*

He. *That my bliss would come to nought?*

She. *And my joy so soon be sped? &c.*

Jorn. II., Esc. 2, in Las Mocedades.

Me pasmó
 Don Arias, con su respuesta :
 Sin rigor, y muy modesta,
 Todo mi incendio le heló.
 Paréceme que la escucho :
Soy, dixo á mi furor loco,
Para esposa vuestra poco,
Para dama vuestra mucho." Act. 1º. Esc. 1.

And then the rencounter of the King with *Bustos*, which is not enacted as in Lope, but is thus related by the monarch :

"Seducir logré la esclava,
 Que anoche entrada me dió,
 Mas Bustos me descubrió
 Quando mas ufano entraba.
 La espada osado sacó,
 Con valor, mas con respeto, —
 Que, aunque lo negó, en efeto
 Pienso que me conoció.
 Dixe quien soy, y arrogante
 Me respondió que mentía,
 Y que un rey no cometía
 Jamas accion semejante." *ib.*

And I am tempted to add, since the extravagance is characteristic both of the nation and of the speaker, Bustos' response to the King in Scene III: —

"*Bustos.* Señor, es mi hermana Estrella
 Por mi desgracia tan bella —
Rey. ¿ Pues en esto qué perdeis,
 Si es su virtud extremada ?
Bustos. Eslo sin duda : es Tabera ;
 Y ya yo muerta la hubiera,
 Si fuera ménos honrada."

This list of examples, which, be it observed, are absolutely the composition of Trigueros and not of Lope, might be carried out to considerable length, were it necessary to show to anyone, but perhaps a French reader, who has compared the two, the inferiority in point of sentiment as well as action, and, as I have implied above, in propriety of diction, of the *Cid* of Corneille, whose most natural

and most touching passages are borrowed directly, or by imitation, from De Castro.*

As the original play by Lope is not always to be had, I shall now give an analysis of its plot, with sufficient extracts to enable the

* As for instance in Act III. Sc. VI.

"D. Diègue. Rodrigue, enfin le ciel permet que je te voie !
D. Rodr. Hélas !

D. Diè. Ne mêle point de soupirs à ma joie ;
Laisse-moi prendre haleine afin de te louer.
Ma valeur n'a point lieu de te désavouer ;
Tu l'as bien imitée, et ton illustre audace
Fait bien revivre en toi les héros de ma race.
C'est d'eux que tu descends, c'est de moi que tu viens ;
Ton premier coup d'épée égale tous les miens ;
Et d'une belle ardeur ta jeunesse animée
Par cette grande épreuve atteint ma renommée.
Appui de ma vieillesse, et comble de mon heur,
Touche ces cheveux blancs à qui tu rends l'honneur,
Viens baiser cette joue, et reconnais la place
Où fut empreint l'affront que ton courage efface."

The greater merit of the original (notwithstanding the slight conceit which I find in "*aliento tomo para, etc.*" and which Corneille, who wanted the feeling to imitate the pathetic "*Como tardaste tanto ?*" abandoned nature to paraphrase) will be directly manifest : —

"Sale Rodrigo.

Diego. ¡ Hijo !

Rod. ¡ Padre !

Die. ¿ Es posible que me hallo
Entre tus brazos ? Hijo, aliento tomo
Para en tus alabanzas empleallo.
¿ Como tardaste tanto ? Pues de plomo
Te puso mi deseo, y pues veniste,
No he de cansarte preguntando el como.
Bravamente probaste, bien lo hiciste,
Bien mis pasados brios imitaste,
Bien me pagaste el ser que me debiste.
Toca las blancas canas que me honraste,
Llega la tierna boca á la mejilla
Donde la mancha de mi honor quitaste."

Jorn. II^a. Esc. III.

Those who are familiar with Spanish, and what is more, understand the true expression of nature in any tongue, need not be told how superior is the model to the copy. As for the three italicized verses of the Spanish poet, corresponding to the three above, so much admired in Corneille, nothing of the kind can be more tender and touching ; nor, if we except the redundancy in "*blancas canas*," is there anything to mar their perfect beauty, whereas the "*reconnais la place*" of the Frenchman gives to the clause where it occurs something of the color of a conceit.

reader to form a good idea of its character. I find the copy of *La Estrella de Sevilla* in Lemecke's *Handbuch*, previously mentioned, Vol. III, where are also printed in full both Parts of *Las Mocedades del Cid*.

Acto Primero.

Esc. II. The *King* (Don Sancho IV.) and *Arias* (his confidant.) — The King appears as a profligate voluptuary, (which is contrary, so far as I know, to the truth of history.) Various ladies are described by the King, till at last he comes to *Estrella*, whose fantastical picture I subjoin, as it gives a specimen of Lope's very frequent extravagance.

“¿ Quien es la que rayos son
Sus dos ojos fulminantes,
En abrasar semejantes
A los de Júpiter fuerte,
Que están dandome la muerte,
De su rigor ignorantes ?
Una que, de negro, hacia
Fuerte competencia al sol,
Y al horizonte español
Entre ébano amanecia.
Una noche, horror del día,
Pues de negro, luz le daba,
Y él eclipsado quedaba ;
Un borron de la luz pura
Del sol, pues con su hermosura
Sus puras lineas borraba.”

Don Arias says she is miscalled “*la Estrella*” (*the Star*). To which the King :

“*Rey.* Si es mas bella
Que el sol, ¿ como así la ofende
Sevilla ? ¿ Como no entiende
Que merece su arbol
Llamarse Sol, pues es sol
Que vivifica y enciende ?
D. Arias. Es doña Estrella Tabera
Su nombre, y por maravilla
La llama Estrella de Sevilla.
Rey. Y Sol llamarla pudiera.”

They continue, both, quibbling on the words *star* and *sun* ; and the

King is inflamed with the desire to see Estrella the next night at her home.

In *Esc. V.* the King seeks to corrupt *Busto* (Estrella's brother) by extraordinary favors. Busto shows his sense of justice and his generosity by preferring others for the high office the King holds out to him, and departs suspicious of the royal motives.

Esc. VI. The King concludes with saying ·

“ Viva yo, y diga Castilla
Lo que quisiere decir,
Que, rey ciego, he de seguir
A la Estrella de Sevilla.”

Trigueros, with all his emendations, has scarcely improved the character, when he makes the royal libertine, with equal coolness, if with less pertness, exclaim :

“ Ay, Estrella,
Temo tu seguridad.
Veo que es una maldad,
Don Arias, mas voy á hacella.” (*Sancho Ortiz. I. 2.*)

Esc. VII. Follows an interview between the lovers, *Sancho Ortiz* and *Estrella*, where a great deal of extravagance is uttered on both sides.

“ *D. Sancho.* ¡ Ay, amorosa Estrella,
De fuego y luz vestida !
Estrella. ¡ Ay, piadoso homicida !
D. Sancho. ¡ Ay, sagrados despojos,
Norte en el mar de mis confusos ojos ! ”

It is not wonderful the servants (*Clarindo* and *Matilda*) should have their burlesque :

“ *Clar.* ¡ Ay, hermosa muleta !
[ap. à *Matilde.*
De mi amante desmayo !
Mat. ¡ Ay, hermoso lacayo !
Que al son de la almohaza eres poeta ! ” &c.

In *Esc. X.* *Clarindo* says :

“ Por esta estrella hermosa
Morimos como huevos estrellados.
Mejor fuera en tortilla.”

In this impertinency of low humor, which makes us smile by its grotesqueness, and perhaps by its absurdity, for the pun is imperfect and has no applicability,* we recognize between Lope and his contemporary, Shakspeare, another trait of resemblance besides extravagance of metaphor and love-conceits. — The rhyme to “tortilla” is in a verse whose pomposity of indignation, repeated like a burden, concludes the Scene with a facetiousness which must have been relished by an audience. It is a good specimen of the

* “Huevos estrellados” — *starred eggs*, are of course eggs which, broken into the fryingpan, assume in the hot oil or lard in which they are to be cooked, something of the form ascribed to stars, and “tortilla” is an *omelet*. ESTRELLA corresponding to our STELLA, the quibbling nonsense may be thus rendered, with observation of the metre :

*Because of this stellar beauty
We perish like to hen's eggs that are stellar'd.
It would be better in an omelet.*

CLARINDO is the *gracioso*, that is, the merryman, sometimes the buffoon of the piece, corresponding in a measure to the clown of Shakspeare and of his modern imitators, the real representative of which in our time is the “clown” of the circus. Trigueros has not only excluded all this and other folly (a), but also the entire part of Matilda, nor has given a greater share to the servant in the confidence of his master than (with whatever unlikelihood) is the long-established, but reprehensible custom of the Stage in all countries, whereas Corneille, in retaining without consideration the part of Urraca (*L'Infante*), has made her per-

(a) None but a writer ignorant of the principles of true art, or indifferent thereto, would justify this admixture of the comic with the tragic on the plea that in actual life the grave and gay are oftentimes confounded. The object of a tragedy is not to describe the whole of life, but a particular portion or single occurrence of a life; and to cross the solemnity or horror of that occurrence with ludicrous allusions, jests, or incidents, is to show an execrable want of taste that would be instantly detected and reprobated in a picture. In my boyhood, when it was a fashion to have portfolios of fine engravings open for the entertainment of evening visitors, I was particularly struck by one, a French copperplate which depicted the storming of the Bastille. In the midst of all the horrors of the scene, the artist had inserted, as a touch of nature, and perhaps as a stroke of satire, a dog in the act of relieving his bowels. Like that picture is a tragedy whose unity of sombreness is broken by the intrusion of what is discordant with the principal incident, or even with the predominant tone. That this violation of good taste is entertaining, especially to the large plurality of every audience, is true. It is not less true, that the main object of the playwright, and without which all his efforts, be they never so noble, are in vain, is to interest. But he should be able to do this without a desecration of true art, nor should the fact, that because of the greater rarity of sound literary criticism such defects are not so noticeable as they are in a painting, or would be in an opera, where (at the present day) they seldom or never occur, nor yet the success of great writers whose real eminence does not necessarily make them models, blind him or render him indifferent to what is both simple propriety and the very consummation of high art.

comic use of a rhyme upon occasion (but not in serious drama.)

“No goces los imperios de Castilla.”

Sancho Ortiz, who is about to show so absolute and heroic a loyalty, has not maintained his character, or prepared us for it, in this Scene. He has inveighed against the King (an improbable imprudence too, before his servant) as a tyrant, and threatened to leave Seville for Gibraltar, to shed his blood for him there. So in the beginning he is made to say :

“Tirano, que veniste,
A perturbar mi dulce casamiento,
Con aplauso á Sevilla,
No goces los imperios de Castilla.”

Thus, Trigueros is more consistent.

petrate such nonsense as the following, confessing her love to her governess, while at the same time declaring she would die rather than forget her rank :

“*L'Inf.* Ma tristesse redouble à la tenir secrète,
Écoute, écoute enfin comme j'ai combattu,
Écoute quels assauts brave encor ma vertu.
L'amour est un tyran qui n'épargne personne.
Ce jeune cavalier, cet amant que je donne,
Je l'aime.

Léon. Vous l'aimez !

L'Inf. Mets la main sur mon cœur,
Et vois comme il se trouble au nom de son vainqueur,
Comme il le reconnaît.

Léon. Pardonnez-moi, madame,
Si je sors du respect pour blâmer cette flamme.

* * * *

Vous souvient-il encor de qui vous êtes fille ?

L'Inf. Il m'en souvient si bien que j'épandrai mon sang,
Avant que je m'abaisse à démentir mon rang.” *Le Cid.* I, 2.

Trigueros, as just implied, makes Ortiz give vent to his happiness before his servant : but then it is in a flush of joy caused by the sudden and unexpected news of his immediate marriage with Estrella : his heart is full and runs over. He does not utter such unnatural commonplaces as the above ; and moreover, what he says is brief, gentlemanly (so to speak), and to the point. This false sentiment, whose utterance, except in soliloquy, is even more unnatural than its conception, finds no condemnation in the criticism either of the French Stage or of the English, which latter, in the days of Addison, adopted its dulness and its absurdity ; and the *Cato* of that author is an apt illustration of all that is false in passion and improbable in its expression.

Esc. XI. In the *street*. — Busto presents a manly resistance to the King's desire to enter his house, and speaks his mind with great frankness as to the King's motives.

Esc. XII. — Arias, in the house of Busto, tries to tempt Estrella by open offers from the King. He asks her at the close :

“Qué respondes ?

Estr. Qué respondo ?

Lo que ves. [*vuelve la espalda.*”

Contrast this familiarity, natural indeed, but offensive to the tragic muse, with the noble expression, “Soy . . . para esposa, etc.” cited on page 155.

Esc. XIII. — Arias gains over the slave Matilda, who is to admit the King that night to Estrella's chamber.

Acto Segundo.

Esc. I. Street. — King, Arias and Matilda, at the door of Busto's house. When Matilda receives her reward (a certificate of freedom, etc.) Don Arias says (*aparte al Rey*):

“Todas con el interés

Son, Señor, de un mismo modo.”

From which profound reflection the King, who seems to regard his desperate adventure as a frolic, derives this deduction:

“*Rey.* Divina cosa es reinar :”

which perhaps is as downright a libel as was ever put upon a king; for Sancho IV., far from being a fool and fop, was a man, evidenced by his deeds, as shown in all histories, wary and astute, and not likely to make a remark whose flippancy, if it was meant for wit, though it has more the sound of a sly sarcasm of the poet's, would have fitted Charles II. of England. — The courtiers, who have been commissioned to entertain Busto, so as to keep him absent, cannot prevent his untimely return, and (*Esc. V.*) the King and

he encounter. The former cannot release himself from Busto until he avows who he is.

“*Rey.* Detente ;
Que soy el Rey.
Busto. Es engaño.
* * * * *
No puede ser, y á su alteza
Aquí, villano, ofendeis,
Pues defecto en él poneis,
Que es una extrana baja.”

The dialogue is rather too long for the emergency, as well as to quote, but Busto finally says, and says nobly, — in the first four lines beautifully :

“ La llava me ha confiado [el Rey]
De su casa, y no podia
Venir sin llave á la mía
Cuando la suya me ha dado.
Y no atropelleis la ley :
Mirad que es hombre en efeto :
Esto os digo, y os respeto
Porque os fingisteis el Rey.
Y de verme no os asombre
Fiel, aunque quedo afrentado ;
Que un vasallo está obligado
A tener respeto al nombre : ”

etc. : all of which is among the best passages of the piece.— The King cannot stand this, and, after more words, they fight.

Esc. VI. — Servants enter with lights. The King, dreading detection, turns his back and escapes in the confusion, expressing (as he is always a common man) a hope of vengeance.

Esc. VII. Between *Busto* and *Matilda* : where *Matilda*, who confesses her guilt, is made absurdly to play upon the name *Estrella* ; and this fine language, out of place anywhere, is passed between the two.

Bus. Y ¿ sabe *Estrella*
Algo desto ?
Mat. Pienso que ella
En sus rayos á abrasar
Me viniera, si entendiera
Mi concierto.

Bus. Cosa es clara ;
 Porque si acaso enturbiara
 La luz, estrella no fuera.
Mat. No permite su arrebol
 Eclipse ni sombra oscura ;
 Que es su luz brillante y pura
 Participada del sol."

The slave's extravagance is equaled only by its insipidity, and it is the more remarkable as this sort of language suggested by the name is so frequently repeated by all the characters.

Esc. VIII. — The King and Arias find the slave's dead body dangling from a grating of the palace windows.

"*D. Arias.* En el alcázar está
 Un bulto pendiente al viento.
 * * * *

Rey. Mira que es.

D. Arias. La esclavilla
 Con el papel en las manos."

Compare the passage from *Sancho Ortiz*: "Del alcázar á la puerta, etc.," in Note 5. The certificate in her hands is, however, a capital feature.

Esc. IX. *Busto* and *Estrella*. — There is an unnatural dialogue between these in which also *Busto* alludes to the name; as *ex. gr.*

"*Bus.* Esta noche fu epícielo •
 Del sol ; que en ella esta noche
 Se trocó de Estrella el signo."

Estrella might well respond :

"*Estr.* Las llanezas del honor
 No con astrólogo estilo
 Se han de decir : habla claro."

She does not utter a word of pity, or exclamation of horror or surprise, when he tells her how he has served *Matilda*.

Esc. XI. Where the King commits the charge to slay *Busto* to *Sancho Ortiz*. This fine Scene *Trigueros* has preserved with scarcely an alteration.

Esc. XIV. *Busto* and *Sancho* fight; and the former falls. Here, I think, though *Trigueros* has done well to abbreviate the dialogue,

which he otherwise alters materially so as to make it his own, he has lost the effect of the actual combat. But this was in the order of his work, — wherein Bustos meets Sancho as he is about to leave the palace, and they go out together to fight.

Esc. XV. and XVI. Sancho arrested.

Esc. XVII. and XVIII. *Estrella* and *Teodora* (her maid), after the former has arrayed herself for her bridal; and *the same* with *Clarrindo*, who tells *Estrella*, when she gives him a diamond for the jacinth he had received from *Ortiz*, that this last has split from melancholy. To which she replies :

“ *Estr.* No importa que esté partida ;
Que es bien que las piedras sientan
Mis contentos y alegrías.”

Before this, the mirror fell and broke from envy :

“ *Teod*
Cayó el espejo. De envidia,
[*Alzale.*
El cristal, dentro la hoja,
De una luna hizo infinitas.”

The dress-scene (*XVII.*) is very brief in *Lope*, and has none of that bewitching tenderness *Trigueros* has known to impart to the innocent *Estrella*, if you except this passage :

“ *Estr.* Ya me parece que llega
Bañado el rostro de risa,
Mi esposo á dame la mano
Entre mil tiernas caricias.
Ya me parece que dice
Mil ternezas, y que, oídas,
Sale el alma por los ojos,
Disimulando sus niñas.”

Esc. XIX., where *the body of Busto* is brought in. — *Lope* fails to depict the effect on *Estrella* ; and *Trigueros*, so far from bettering it, increases the unnaturalness by amplification. The Scene is very brief in the original.

“ *Estr.* ¡ Desdichada
Ha sido la estrella mia !
¡ Mi hermano es muerto, y le ha muerto

Sancho Ortiz ! el quien divida
Tres almas de un corazon.
Dejadme ; que estoy perdida."

Sancho is not introduced, the *Alcalde* telling her at the outset that they have arrested him and will do justice on him without fail on the morrow.

Acto Tercero.

Esc. III. Estrella before the King. — The same eternal quibbling on her name (and, by the by, almost the sole metaphor Lope uses throughout is, with variations, that of the sun, rays, stars, *etc.*) She says, after four verses of salutation :

" Una desdichada estrella
Que sus claros rayos cubre
Deste luto, que mi llanto
Lo ha sacado en negras nubes,
Justicia á pedirte vengo."

Then she adds :

" Quise á Tabera, mi hermano,
Que las sacras pesadumbres [?]
Ocupa, pisando estrellas
En pavimentos azules " —

and concludes her long oration with like unnaturalness and without the least show of feeling. What can the King, who she knows to her sorrow is a gallant man, but answer in this stupendous style :

" *Rey.* Sosegáos, y enjugad las luces bellas,
Si no quereis que se arda mi palacio ;
Que lágrimas del sol son las estrellas,
Si cada rayo suyo es un topacio." &c.

*King. Compose yourself, those fine lights' moisture stop,
If you would not my palace set ablaze :
For Stellar fires are tears the sun lets drop,
If topazes are, each, one of his rays.**

* I have sought of course to parody the quibble on the name *Estrella* (*Stella*). Otherwise the third verse would read, more literally,

For stars are tears the sun himself lets drop.

The way Trigueros has altered the passage is thus :

" *Rey.* Sosegáos, y enjugad
Unas lágrimas tan bellas,
Que desperdiciais en ellas
Lo mejor de la beldad."

In the Prison (*Esc. VI.*), *Musicians* entertain Sancho. The Alcalde pertinently asks:

“ Cuando la muerte por horas
Le amenaza, &c.
¿ Con musica se entretiene ? ”

Esc. VIII. Still in the prison. *D. Sancho* and *Clarindo* — Clarindo thinks (as he well may) his master has lost his senses, and, with a sly wink to the audience (*aparte*), lets them know he is about to humor him; and the following occurs:

“ *D. Sancho.* Ya estamos en la otra vida.
Clarín. Y pienso que en el infierno.
D. Sancho. ¿ En el infierno, Clarindo ?
¿ En qué lo ves ?
Clarín. En que veo,
Señor, en aquel castillo
Mas de mil sastres mintiendo.”

And so the Scene, a long one, continues, till the comical fellow thinks it time to bring back his master to reality. The whole Scene is bad and farcical. The dialogue reminds me somewhat of Aristophanes, but not favorably, and has a flavor of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

Esc. IX. Campo. — That absurdity of the theatre, a lover's not knowing his mistress (when too he has but lately parted with her) because her face is concealed, although she talks and moves, is here presented. The dialogue is without any pith or even elegance as with Trigueros, and when Sancho, with mere obstinacy, without any of the notbleness he displays in the modern play, persists in refusing to escape, she finishes by saying,

“ *Estr.* Pues véte, loco, á morir,
Que á morir tambien me voy.”

Thus Estrella is reduced to — no (that would be, if she had appeared at all as Trigueros paints her,) but remains — a very ordinary woman.

Esc. XI. King tells the Alcayde (governor of the Castle, who

has come to inform him of what has transpired there) to bring, in secrecy, in his, the King's *coach* (this anachronism has occurred before) D. Sancho to the palace.

The Alcaldes, entreated flatteringly by the King, each apart, (*Esc. XIII.* and *XIV.*) yet maintain their integrity (*XVI.*); but it is not after the lofty and elegant fashion of the remodeled drama.

Even in the final Scene Trigueros has greatly the advantage. The King asks, in the original :

“ ¿ que falta ? [between the lovers]

D. San. La conformidad.

Estr. Pues esa

Jamás podrémos hallarla

Viviendo juntos.

D. San. Lo mismo

Digo yo, y por esta causa

De la palabra te absuelvo.

Estr. Yo te absuelvo la palabra ;

Que ver siempre al homicida

De mi hermano en mesa y cama

Me ha de dar pena.

D. San. Y á mí

Estar siempre con la hermana

Del que maté injustamente,

Queriéndole como el alma.

Estr. Pues ¿ libros quedamos ?

D. San. Si.

Estr. Pues adios.

D. San. Adios.

Rey. Aguarda.

Estr. Señor, no ha de ser mi esposo

Hombre que á mi hermano mata,

Aunque le quiero y le adoro. [*Vase.*]

D. San. Y yo, Señor, por amarla,

No es justicia que lo sea. [*Vase.*”]

The King, although he had bid them stop, is not discomposed by this abrupt departure from the presence, and holds out a hope which is not very tragical and mars beside the design :

“ *Rey.* Casarle pienso y casarla
Como merece.”

And Clarindo finishes :

“ *Clar.* Y aquí

Esta tragedia os consagra
 Lope, dando á *La Estrella*
De Sevilla eterna fama.
 Cuyo prodigioso caso
 Inmortales bronce guardan."

A prediction which has been realized, though whether it would have been had it been other than *Lope*, or the drama had not had the good fortune to be wrought into so delectable a shape by a later and inferior poet, is more than questionable. The whole piece is deficient in the tone of tragedy, is, save in its exaggerated portions, merely metrical prose, and those exaggerated parts have but the poetry which is puerile and commonplace. The action is lively, the plot ingenious, the design more than happy; but the entire work, and the development of the characters, including the libel on *Sancho el Bravo*, indicate the hasty performance for which Lope is both known and renowned.

Perhaps, after this analysis of the original play, it may be advisable to show the main features of its modification, if such may be called what is in fact the *Estrella* remodeled and almost entirely rewritten.

Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas is divided into five Acts, in which the unessential unity of place, that is, unity of place as it is usually understood, is not rigidly observed, for the Scene shifts from Act to Act, from the Palace to Bustos' house, then back to the Palace, thence to the Castle in Triana, and back again to the Palace. In this respect, however, it is quite as regular as the *Cid* of Corneille, which is considered, even by Voltaire, to fulfil sufficiently the requisites.*

* . . . "car cette unité ne consiste pas à représenter toute l'action dans un cabinet, dans une chambre, mais dans plusieurs endroits contigus que l'œil puisse apercevoir sans peine." (*Eur. de Corn.* éd. c. I, p. 212.) — No, this is not its definition. As the spectator may as well see one place as another, there is no reason why the action should not shift from one Scene to half a dozen, even in the same Act, provided always that the time of the action is not the same in the different Scenes, still more does not go back from a later Scene to one that is earlier, but moves by proper intervals, in which the course of events is progres-

Acto Primero.

Esc. I. King and Arias. — The former relates his experience in his endeavors to corrupt both *Estrella* and her brother *Bustos*; and under the instigation, or rather encouragement of his confidant, — for, at the very opening of the Scene, the monarch says,

“Mientras que Bustos Tabera
 Guarde á su hermana, ó no muera,
 Estrella no será mia,”—

resolves to put *Bustos* out of the way. See passage cited, page 154, above.

Esc. II. King alone. — A brief colloquy with his conscience.

Esc. III. — *Bustos* comes to request permission to have his sister married. See passage cited on p. 155; with which the following connects directly, the *King* having first responded: “Bien lo créo de vos, *Bustos*.” —

“*Bust.* Con ser tan honrada y pura,

sive and the distance from place to place is duly observed. Thus, if I can see into the palace of Don Sancho, I can also see into a street of Seville, and into any chamber of Tabera's house; but I cannot do the impossible, which would be to make *Bustos* reach his house from the palace in an interval marked merely by the shifting of a scene. Time must elapse sufficient, at least seemingly, for the purpose; and this is to be effected by continuing the action in the palace, while *Bustos* is making his way home.

The limits of this Preface, already ten times exceeding what I had proposed to myself, will not allow a full examination of this important principle. I reserve it, with other points connected with a right judgment of dramatic action and the laws which ought to regulate the drama, for a future and general preface to precede the First Volume of these plays. I would observe however, that in *Uberto* there are two illustrations of a faulty deviation from the rule I have laid down, namely, in *Act II, Scenes 2 and 3*. How this happened, even in a romantic drama, I do not now know. Perhaps it was, that *Uberto* being intended for the closet and not the stage, I did not deem the point necessary to observe, where to observe it would, on account of the paucity of characters and of events, have been difficult. *Virginia, The Silver Head, The School for Critics, Ugo da Este*, and the present play, are all instances of a perfect observation of the three unities.

Siempre está por su hermosura
 Mi honor cercado de sustos ;
 Ojos hay de gran desnudo
 Que se encienden por Estrella.
 Guárdola, y se guarda ella ;
 Mas contra todos no puedo.
 Guárdola por justa ley
 Que me obliga, y es tan rara,
 Que aun de vos no la fiara
 Con ser mi padre y mi Rey."

Perhaps a knightly boldness never had, even in a Spaniard, so beautiful expression as in the two last verses. It is the *Busto* of Lope, — I had almost said, aggrandized and ennobled ; but Lope (certain extravagancies set apart) has made him also chivalric and lofty. He is, in fact, the salient character in the *Estrella*.

Esc. IV. King and Arias. — King says :

"*Rey.* Hasta aquí pudo llegar :
 Su muerte al fin resolví."

Esc. V. Sancho Ortiz, whom the King has sent for, arrives. Here we have the popular surname attributed to him :

"*Dicen que valiente es.*
Lllamanle el Cid Sevillano."

Lope, who invented the designation, uses "*Cid Andaluz*."

In the whole of this fine Scene, the modern poet follows pretty closely his original. The King gives two papers, the first of which, assuring immunity, Sancho refuses to accept, relying nobly on the King's honor : the second contains the name of the party he is to slay.

Esc. VI. Clarindo brings Ortiz a letter from Estrella, announcing their approaching marriage. Then follows, admirably as to position, the VIIth Scene, in which Sancho Ortiz, *alone*, opens the paper containing the name of the man he has engaged to kill. It is one of those soliloquies, a conflict between love and duty, preceded by amazement and horror, which are touchstones of the true

artist, and I have to say, that though as well done as such monologues in general, and better than most of Lope's, it disappoints. As Ortiz goes out, enters Tabera; and this forms the VIIIth Scene, where the defiance takes place. It is well done. Bustos, stung to passion, says, much as in Lope (the third and fourth verse being taken directly thence):

“*Bus.* Si presumís
 Encontrar mancha en mi fé,
 Como un villano mentis,
 Y aquí os lo sustenaré. [*Echando mano á la espada.*]
San. Tened, Tabera, la espada,
 Que en casa del Rey estamos.
Bus. En casa tan delicada
 Estarlo no importa nada
 Quando tal punto tratamos.”

They go out together, and the Act closes.

Acto Segundo.

Esc. I. Estrella just arrayed for her bridal. — It is excellent, barring the great fault (in my eyes) that Estrella says to her servant what she would only say to herself. But she says it better than under similar circumstances in Lope. This is very fine:

“Quisiera hoy ser la mas bella
 De quantas hay en Sevilla,
 Porque el placer de Don Sancho
 Con mi contento compita.
 ¡ Qué gloria será ser suya
 Despues de tales fatigas,
 Tales sustos, dudas tales,
 Tanto suyas como mias !”

Again she says:

“Paréceme que le véo
 Bañado el rostro de risa
 Acercarse, el mas gallardo,
 De Sevilla : — qué Sevilla !
 Ni todo el orbe á mis ojos
 Contiene igual gallardía.
 ¡ Cómo al alargar la mano
 Se esmerará su caricia !
 Pienso escucharle, y que dice

Mil cosas tan bien sentidas,
Que sale el alma á los ojos
Con el amor que las dicta."

Shakspeare has not surpassed this in his *Juliet*, (I mean, in his best parts, — that is, those that are natural.)

Then follows (*Esc. II.*) the dialogue with Clarindo, from which may be cited this fine, though in the mouth of a servant, doubly misplaced compliment: he is telling Estrella how Sancho received her letter:

"... tan desusada luz,
Tan desusada delicia,
Brillaba en su bella frente
Quando la carta leia,
Que ni la he visto jamas,
Ni sé yo cómo se pinta,
Sino llamándola igual
A la que mostrais vos misma."

Trigueros takes care, in the interchange of the jewels, to say nothing of the broken one.

Esc. III. The bloodstained corpse of Bustos is brought in. — In this Scene a great artist would have made his genius unmistakable. But Trigueros is not great, and where his original failed he has shown still greater deficiency, and not only proves incapable of rendering passion and the sudden conflict of violent contrary emotions, but forgets even his usual taste and judgment. When Estrella says, what in Virgil is allowable enough in narration,

"La voz se pega á las fauces —
Los cabellos se me erizan" —

she says what in her situation is merely ridiculous, and the poet, borrowing extravagance to give warmth to what is cold-blooded, out-Lopes Lope.

In *Esc. IV., V. and VI.*, Sancho does better, and especially in *VI.*, where he is questioned by *Farfan* (the Alcalde).

In *Esc. VII.*, Estrella, in colloquy with Sancho, becomes reason-

able and affecting, although she speaks perhaps more than is natural for the occasion.

“*Estr.* Dime, corazon de piedra,
Sancho, por mi mal nacido,
En qué te ofendió mi hermano?
Estrella en qué te ha ofendido?”

But Ortiz, though he gives despite of himself certain indications of who has set him on to slay her brother, will answer nothing directly:

“Entended vos lo que callo
Por lo mismo que no digo.”

So that Estrella finally cries to the Alcalde:

“Quitad, Farfan, de mis ojos,
Quitad, os ruego, ese risco,
Que es mas duro en la disculpa,
Que fué en el mismo delito.”

Again, *Esc. VIII.* is unnatural, especially as the long monologue which Estrella delivers is not a soliloquy (as it should be, a self-discourse representing to an audience what is really said inaudibly in the speaker's brain), but is spoken in the presence of Teodora and Clarindo; which would deprive it of all truth-likeness, even did it accurately describe what might be supposed to pass in the mind of a person plunged, like her, from the top of all but complete felicity to the very bottom of the most tragical distress.

Acto Tercero.

Esc. I. The King, in presence of Arias, confers with the Alcaldes about Sancho Ortiz, and finally, through them, puts Sancho's generous and loyal reticence to this extraordinary trial:

“De mi parte le decid,
Que diga por quien le dió
Muerte, ó quien le persuadió
A ello, y le prevenid
Que uno diga, aunque sea yo.
Mas si callar es su intento,

Que hoy mismo de su deslíz
Dará público escarmiento."

Esc. II. The confidant (Arias), this time, advises the King on the side of honor, namely, that he should in any event save Ortiz.

Esc. III. The King talks briefly with his conscience.

Esc. IV.; where Estrella comes to solicit of the King that the homicide shall be delivered to her. — It is well done. The King gives her a writing and his ring, that she may effect her purpose, but accompanies the act with the commonplace gallantry of a compliment suggested by her supposed cruelty on this occasion and his own experience of it in another form. He says:

"Sed tirana, si en Cielo
Es posible haber tiranos,
Aunque conocido llevo,
Que en vos y en vuestra beldad,
Bien que parezcáis deidad,
El ser muy cruel no es nuevo."

To which she answers proudly, or indignantly, or coldly, or perhaps with an air of all three modes combined:

"*Estr.* Si fuera mi beldad rara
Causa de que peligrase,
Antes de que me dañase
De mi beldad me librara:
Yo misma horrible me hiciera
Antes que injuriarme yo;
Que si un Tabera murió,
Ha quedado una Tabera."

The last haughty sentiment is after Lope's

"Si un Tabera murió, quedó una Tabera."

Esc. V. The King, repenting his complacency, is advised by Arias to have Estrella arrested, which, after rejecting the idea as unworthy, he consents to do if no other mode remain of effecting his object, and the lady is to be appeased by a marriage with some grandee.

The King, left alone (*Esc. VI.*), communes again with the god

within him, and concludes with a good moral in the form of a monition to crowned heads in general :

“ Reyes, huid del furor,
Huid de un consejo fiero ;
Sea mi exemplo el postrero :
Un error llama otro error ;
Libraos bien del primero.”

Acto Cuarto.

In the prison. — Esc. I. The Alcaldes cannot extort from Ortiz the true impulse to the homicide. In *Esc. II.* Arias tries it after the manner prescribed by the King ; but, though Sancho is made (I think, injudiciously) to throw out intimations that could be interpreted only in one way, he will not implicate the King. His language throughout is lofty, while free from exaggeration. And when Arias concludes with a serious warning, Ortiz answers :

“ *San.* El que con su deber cumple
Vé desplomarse los cielos,
Sin que el susto de los otros
Le prive de estar sereno :
Es inocente, y no teme
Ni el negro nombre de reo.”

Esc. III. Sancho soliloquizes at great length, but well ; and his loyalty, which gives rise to noble sentiments, is consistent throughout. It is seldom, in any writer, that we find a true soliloquy so deserving of commendation, and so little censurable for want of exact observation of nature. The reveries in which he indulges contrast strongly with the partial lunacy of the same character in Act III. Sc. VII. of the original, and when Clarindo appears (*Esc. IV.*) we have a dialogue reasonable and to the point.

Esc. VI. Estrella enters. — Sancho does not mistake her (and indeed she removes her vail almost at once ;) but the poet, with excellent judgment, has made him speechless for some minutes ; and when she tells him that a horse awaits him, and his servant

will want nothing for their journey, he pays no attention to it, but answers only when she repeats her exhortation to go :

“ *San.* Señora ——

Ay Sancho Ortiz desdichado !
Estrella del alma mia !

Estr. Vete, y sé de hoy mas feliz :

Ya haciendo lo que debia,
Estrella soy que te guia,
Clara antorcha en tu deslíz.
Vete, y si amor atropella
Por el mas justo rigor,
Ve, conservando el amor
Que merecisteis á Estrella.”

There is great tenderness, with much of flowing sweetness, in the whole Scene. It is but justice to transcribe a considerable portion :

“ *Estr.* Si no conociera yo,

Que si un hermano perdí,
Tanto pesar te costó
Como el que me cuesta á mí,
Quizá no te libertara :
Pero te conozco, Ortiz ;
Todo mi amor lo repara :
A un criminal no salvara,
Pero salvo á un infeliz.

San. La desdicha de mi suerte

Me entrega á la muerte fiera :
Ya solo puede la muerte
Cambiar mi suerte severa,
Que me abrumba, aunque tan fuerte.

Estr. Vive, yo vida te doy.

San. Y yo á la muerte me voy,
De que tú librarme quieres ;
Que si obras como quien eres,
Yo he de obrar como quien soy.

Estr. Por qué mueres ?

San. Por vengarte.

Estr. De qué ?

San. De mi alevosía.

Estr. Si pudiera imaginarte
Capaz de accion tan impia,
No pensaria en librarte ;
Pero conozco bien yo
Qual es tu proceder justo.

La pasión no me cegó :
 Quando Ortiz mató á Don Busto,*
 Grande fuerza le obligó.
San. Ah ! nunca yo le matara,
 Si no matarle pudiera.
Estr. Ni yo jamas te salvara,
 Si imaginara ó creyera,
 Que Ortiz de otro modo obrara :
 Te forzáron á matar,
 Lo conozco, y no te obligo
 A que digas tu pesar ;
 Mas yo tambien sé callar ;
 Lo conozco, y no lo digo.
 Vive pues, por vida mia."

If there is no remarkable vigor in the passage, there is a dignified calmness and eminent propriety. Though passion might have been allowable to Sancho, perhaps in a degree to Estrella also, yet I know not but that, under the depressing melancholy of the circumstances, the tone observed has more of the color of reality. Sancho of course does not yield :

"*San.* De vos ausente,
 Y de esperanza apartado,
 Perdiendo la fé debida,
 ¿ A quién debo dedicar
 Aun estos restos de vida ?
 Despues que me hice homicida,
 Vivir fuera mas pesar.
 Dexadme en el mal que estoy,
 Pues es mas mal el vivir,
 Y ya mi sombra no soy :"

and the last words between them are :

"*Estr.* A Dios, y olvidad á Estrella.
San. No os acordeis vos de Ortiz."

* I had canceled *Don*, supposing it an error ; for the metre, owing to the accented ó in "mató", is complete without it, and its use would be an absurdity for Estrella in this place. But, just before the page was to be cast, I came across a copy of the play with the imprint of Madrid (18^o 1804), and there it stood also. It may still be an error, copied from one book in another ; for the *Teatro Español* was published in London in 1817. I can hardly think that the poet, had he wanted an additional syllable, would not have found it preferably in *su* or *mi*.

Acto Quinto.

In the palace. Esc. I. King and Alcayde.— A good Scene, to the same effect as in Lope. The latter's characteristic anachronism has not been overlooked, and the King orders Sancho to be brought to him in a *litter*, with every precaution for secrecy. The King alone (*Esc. II.*) resolves fully to release Sancho, although he expresses fears because of the rectitude of the judges.

And with cause. *Esc. III., IV., and V.*:— the King having sounded and flattered, both together and separately, the two Alcaldes, thinks (*Esc. VI.*) that he has found them mere *men* after all. Follow a brief reflection and moral on the efficacy of the weakest words of a king, and he is promising himself to reward Sancho while ostensibly punishing, by banishing him to the command of a frontier, when

(*Esc. VII.*) enter the Alcaldes with the sentence. (By the by, the interval is too brief to admit of its having been written, let alone considered.) It pronounces decapitation. One of them says to the King:

“Como á vasallos nos manda ;
Mas como Alcaldes mayores
Somos la misma ley sacra.
Y si ella no lo permite,
Ni empeños ni ruegos bastan ;
Que el Cabildo de Sevilla
Es quien es.” —

The King interrupts impatiently :

“*Rey.* Basta ya, basta. &c.”

Esc. VIII. — Arias introduces Estrella, which adds to the King's perplexity and vexation.

Esc. IX., and the last. — The Alcayde and Ortiz are added to the group. The King's desire to set Ortiz free is enforced by Estrella's supplication. But Farfan, the Alcalde. remonstrates, and the

King, put upon his mettle, acknowledges himself to have been the inciter of the crime :

Farf. Mirad, Señor, os suplico,
Que la justicia se agravia :
Pedir la parte por él
No es descargo de su falta ;
Pues la pública vindicta
Está clamando. —

Rey. Ya basta.
Todos, ménos yo son héroes
En esta dichosa patria :
Tambien yo ser quiero hablando
Tan héroe como el que calla.
Matadme á mí, Sevillanos,
Que yo solo fui la causa
De esta muerte : yo mandé
A Ortiz que á Bustos matara.”

Arias is rewarded for his flattery and bad advice by exile. And the piece concludes with Estrella's declaring her purpose to bury herself in a cloister, while Sancho requests permission to depart immediately for the frontier.

Est.
.
. . no es Estrella muger,
Que aunque le adora y le ama,
.
Y aunque su hermano Don Bustos
Con gran placer lo aprobaba,
Consienta jamas en ver
A su lado á quien le mata.

* * * * *
. permítid
Que sola y desamparada
En la lobreguez de un claustro
Mientras viviere, encerrada
Me castigue de querer
Bien al que á Bustos matara.
San. Yo, Señora, al Rey su empeño,
Y á vos suelto la palabra ;
Que fuera eterno tormento
Morar en aquella casa
Donde mi mano cruel
Os dió penas tan amargas .
.

Vivid, y sed venturosa,
 Y olvidad al que os agravia.
Estr. No os olvidaré, Don Sancho.
San. Tanta será mi desgracia. —
 Señor, contra el fiero Moro
 Permitid que luego parta.
Rey. Id con Dios, y dexad tiempo
 De admirar vuestras hazañas,
 Que me tiene sorprendido
 Ver en solo un día tantas. —
 Oh pasión! Oh mal consejo!
Farf. Que vos lo conozeais basta.
Todos. La heroicidad da principio
 Donde la flaqueza acaba.”

It would have been better if the two last verses, which, as assigned to *all* the interlocutors, destroy the actuality of the Scene and are besides insignificant, had been omitted, or perhaps the three last; for *Farfan's* remark, even if it be interpreted as a compliment, is rather too bold to be addressed to the King. Yet contrast this close with Lope's, and say which has the advantage?

What reputation Trigueros' play enjoyed I know not,* but Cor-

* “Like the subsequent attempts of Trigueros to accommodate some of Lope de Vega's plays to the same system of opinions,” [to bring them, that is, “under the canons that governed Corneille and Racine,”] “it was entirely unsuccessful. The difference between the two different schools was so great, and the effort to force them together so violent, that enough of the spirit and grace of the original could not be found in these modernized imitations to satisfy the demands of any audience that could be collected to listen to them.” TICKNOR. *Hist. Sp. Lit.* (N. Y. 8c. 1849) III. p. 320.

In a note to the Introduction (by A. Anaya) to the *Teatro Español*, I read: “Dos sugetos beneméritos han contribuido en nuestros días á realzar el crédito de Lope de Vega. El uno es Don Antonio de Sancha, . . . el qual publicó la edición de las obras sueltas de este autor, . . . y el otro es Don Cándido Maria Trigueros, quien refundió vários de sus dramas, cuyo trabajo ha merecido la aprobación del público Español.”

Mr. Ticknor's opinion, always to be respected, is in the present case so untenable, as I think my analysis will have shown, that I can hardly believe he had redd the modernized, remodeled and almost newly-written play. It is impossible that a drama like *Sancho Ortiz* should not please, yet it is very possible also that

neille's, it might be said, was world-renowned. Yet, as I have declared, there can be no comparison between them.* In all the

a mixed audience in Spain would prefer the romantic drama and dramatic romance (a), the tragi-comedy of Lope, to the pure tragedy of the best school which is Trigueros', precisely as a like audience with us would sit out with interest the performance of the longest mixed drama of Shakspeare's, and prefer it to any the noblest modification that could of it be made. If popular success is a test of the merit of dramatic representations, then *Humpty-Dumpty*, which has been enacted nearly 400 times in continual succession, and draws still its nightly audience, is the masterpiece of the age.

* Herr von Shack, — who, I must observe, is rather too enamored of his subject, and, a true German, is apt to lose in enthusiasm the coolness which is needful for judgment, — Shack has much the same opinion that I hold as to *Le Cid*; but he carries his depreciation to an extent that transcends somewhat the limit of fairness. He writes, I think, with a prejudice, that may be said to be natural to one of his country, against that form of the serious drama of which the French school, at its most flourishing period, affords by no means the happiest exemplifica-

(a) See, besides Mr. Ticknor's comprehensive work, (which, with characteristic completeness, is fully indexed,) Lemcke — *Handb. d. Sp. Lit.* 3r. B. s. 185: Viardot — *Études sur l'Hist. des Instit., de la Littér., du Théâtre et des Beaux-Arts en Espagne* (Paris, 8o. 1835,) commencing at p. 332, and observing particularly pp. 336, sqq. The author does not seem to have known the *Estrella* of Lope, except, as I first knew it only, in its modern form, for he names it *Sancho Ortis de las Rosas*, and must have been altogether ignorant of Diamante's play, since we find him with a double incorrectness saying: "Personne n'ignore que *Le Cid* est imité des deux auteurs espagnols Guillen de Castro et Diamante, qui avaient traité ce sujet national sous le titre de *las Mocedades del Cid*." Also, on Spanish Comedy, Bouterwek's *Hist. of Span. and Portuguese Lit.*, vol. 1. p. 365 sqq. of the English version: (Lond. 8o. 1829,) and, for a comparative view of both the French and Spanish drama, the 2d volume of Adolphe de Puibusque's *Hist. Comparée des Litt. Esp. et Française* (Paris, 1843, in 8o:) pp. 95-117 with Notes 6 and 7. The author gives there an analysis of Guillen de Castro's two-fold play. But he has slightly misrepresented the final Scene of the 2d Part; for the Cid, who has chafed his sovereign by making him go through, with great solemnity, three forms of an oath (v. Mariana. *Hist. Gen. de Esp.* ed. Sabau. Tom vi, p. 74, note: Sandoval. *Hist. de los Reyes de Cast. y de Leon*, &c. (Pampl. 4to. 1615) ff. 38, 39.) averring that he has had no part

"Ni aun con solo el pensamiento"

in the murder of his brother, leaves at first in displeasure:—

"Dieg. El Cid se parte enojado.
Arias. Colérico el Rey le mira:"

which is nature as well as *history* and *tradition*. And then, after these two verses, enter Urraca and Zaida (daughter of the K. of Seville, whom Alonso VI. subsequently married under the name of *Isabel*); and Urraca says:

"Urr. ¿ Donde vas, Cid castellano?
¿ Donde vas, Rodrigo fuerte,
Tan compuesto y tan airado?
Cid. Voy, Infanta, voy, señora,
A dejar de ser vasallo
De un Rey que me estima poco."

The Cid however returns at the desire of Urraca, and Alonso (at the whispered suggestion of Arias) appresses him, so as to receive at his hands the crown. But there is no real reconciliation, certainly not on the side of the King.

merits of a tragic drama *Sancho Ortiz* is as far before *Le Cid*, as the latter is before the *Cato* of Addison. Corneille improved upon his copy, but only partially, and he lost, in empty and drawn-out declamation and the monotony of his artificial verse, the liveliness, the variety, and rapid action of De Castro, while he added to his frequent unnaturalness and extravagant conceits an impossible dialogue of his own. Trigueros, on the contrary, excluding all unnecessary characters, modifying or rewriting entirely the dialogue, and adding to the tragic tone, has not lost any of the merits of his original, whose fluent and melodious verse he often improves upon, whose sentiments he prunes of their extravagance, or imitates, where best, by others of his own, while, to condensation and the beauty of regularity, he adds the charm of an harmonious tragic tone which gives unity of color to his work and makes its chiaroscuro still more effective. When one reads *Sancho Ortiz* first, as I did, then, years afterward, retaining the impression made upon him, opens eagerly the *Estrella*, anticipating increased delight, and finds

tion. See, in the work and volume above-cited, pp. 437, 439—442. The criticism is too long to copy here in full; but the following eloquent passage may be admitted:

. . . "was er [Corneille] von positiven Gutem hat, ist dem Spanischen entlehnt. Aber wie erstarrt und vergrößert Alles! Wo ist jener bald zarte, bald mächtige Hauch der Poesie geblieben, der uns aus dem Spanischen Stücke erquickend und belebend entgegenweht? Statt seiner finden wir den hohlsten rednerischen Pomp, statt der Sprache der Empfindung [which he forgets De Castro does not always give us] eine bombastische Phraseologie, statt des bei Guillen de Castro so trefflich motivirten Kampfes zwischen Ehre, Liebe und kindlicher Pflicht eine widerwärtige Koketterie mit diesem Gefühl, statt der Heldengestalt Rodrigo's, die sich in lebendig vorggeführten Thaten spiegelt und entfaltet, einen prahlenden Grosssprecher. . . . Bedenken wir nun, dass diese Tragödie noch immer eine der besten der französischen Bühne ist, so müssen wir erstaunen, wie diese Armseligkeit den Spaniern einer spätern Zeit so imponiren konnte, dass sie den reichen Flor ihres Nationaltheaters darüber vergassen." [This last clause indicates of itself the writer's preference of the romantic drama, even in that extravagant form in which it might be truly called a romance in dialogue.]

His animadversion may be thought in part too severe, — and one of its expressions, "vergrößert," is undoubtedly ill-considered; but its general bearing on the merit of the *Cid* is, of course in my opinion, only just. Perhaps the conclusion might be excepted, where, speaking of the epithet *great* as applied to Corneille, he does not hesitate to say, that if it is grounded on the *Cid*, we can only adopt it in an ironical sense.

that the former was superior not only in the symmetry and stateliness of the whole body, but in the beauty and even vigor, and certainly the harmonious adaptation, of its various members, he experiences a disappointment that is greater still than his surprise. In *Sancho Ortiz* the interest excited does not flag, our sense of propriety and love of probability are seldom shocked, and the magnanimity of the sentiments, if it ever seems constrained, never degenerates into pomposity by inflation of the language. Add to these attractions what is said above about the tone, — though *that* is a delicate property of coloring which is not perhaps so easily perceptible to every reader, — and he who has not redd the reconstructed and emended drama has yet before him a pleasure to which I am glad to furnish this incitement.

As for my own play, it will be seen that I have taken but the bare skeleton of the story, which I have clothed with flesh after my own fashion, and given it motion as my sense and taste directed. In two instances where I have imitated the Spanish poet directly, one in a sentiment, the other in a briefly related incident, accessory but not essential to the plot, I have cited the corresponding passages among the *Notes*.

THE CID OF SEVILLE

MDCCCLXVIII

CHARACTERS, ETC.

SANCHO IV., *King of Castile.*

LUIS' GONZA'LEZ DE LARA, *a nobleman attached to the King's person, and his favorite.*

RÜY ORTIZ,
FERRAR' MONTOYA, } *Cavaliers.*

PEDRO LORIGUILLO,
DIEGO ALFONSO DE RIBILLA, } *Alcaldes.*

An USHER.

A FRANCISCAN FRIAR.

A PAGE.

ALDA, *Montoya's sister.*

ALDA'S MAIDENS. CITIZENS. GUARDS.

SCENE. *Seville, in the Year 1294.*

TIME. *That occupied by the action.*

THE CID OF SEVILLE

ACT THE FIRST

Scene I. An antechamber in the Alcázar, or royal residence.

FERRAR MONTOKA. LUIS DE LARA, *entering*.

Ferr. Encounter'd well. A word with thee.

Luis. I hear.

'T would please me could I say, with pleasure hear.
But Don Ferrar' Montoya's tone is rough,
And his demeanor haughty ; let me add,
His throat too broad for chamber of the King.

Ferr. So have that straiten'd. For the roughen'd tone,
It suits the occasion and my instant scope,
Which points at thee. And let these dainty walls¹
Echo it to Don Sancho's self, I reckon not.
Where the Moor trod in freedom, shall the feet
Of a Castilian be less proud ? Despite
My prohibition, Don Luis' de Lara,

Thou com'st more near my sister than I like,
And giv'st her umbrage. Thou wast there to-day.

Luis. What gives thee right? —

Ferr. Be anger'd not too soon.

When thou hear'st all, thou wilt not lack for cause,
If such thy bent. If for thyself alone
Thou wooest my sister, or, what to suppose
Dishonors thy great blood and brands thy soul
Bastard of lineage, thou the insulting suit
Of one who is mightier than thou —

Usher presents himself at the door above and bows.

I am summon'd.

Ponder my words. [*Exit above.*]

Luis. I will. I have weigh'd their sense
Already, and thy life and mine hang pois'd
In the unequal balance. Blame thyself,
Thou arrogant braggart, if thine shall kick the beam.

Scene changes to

SCENE II.

The King's Cabinet.

The KING. FERRAR approaching.

King. What shall be done to pleasure Don Ferrar,
Whom the King loves to honor?

Ferr. This to hear

Is from the King more honor in itself
Than my poor state deserves. I have a sister,
Who forms at once my solace and sole care.
Orphan'd with me, her beauty and rare worth
Are unto me, who know no other joy,
The bloom of Paradise. How shall I keep
The Devil from the wall?

King. That should her worth,
Beauty's best fortalice.

Ferr. That will her worth,
When openly assail'd. But lust has arts
As well as warfare. By a traitor's stroke
Your royal foresire fell, when off his guard.²
So may be taken Alda. Yester night,
Some lover who had brib'd my house-slave stole
Darkling into my hall, — and would have died there,
Had he not dar'd to call himself the King.
I dropp'd my sword, but told him that he lied,
For never king would stoop to act so base.³

King. Thou shouldst have cut the tongue out by the roots,
That durst the treasonous falsehood.

Ferr. Even for that
My hand sunk nerveless. In the name of King,
Though falsely worn,⁴ sounds what in loyal hearts
Wakes reverence next to God's. Endanger'd thus,
Alda were safer as some brave man's wife.
Therefore, as orphan of a noble house,
She appeals through me that I may have her wed.
Does the King grant it?

King. Hast thou chosen well?

Ferr. Her lover is of lineage and worth,

Loyal and valiant.

King. Be it as thou wilt.

Ferr. I thank Your Majesty, and take my leave. [*Retires.*]

King. [*to Usher*] Waits Don Luis' Gonza'lez? [*Usher bows low.*]

Bid him in.

[*Exeunt Ferrar and Usher.*]

Ah, traitor! And to this my lawless love ——

I should have stabb'd thee then, when in the dark

Thou durst confront me, nor have left that throat

To mock me with the echo of my shame.

Perhaps —— Why, it were well this dragon brother

And loud-voic'd subject, who dares pluck my beard

Even with the hand of reverence, should lie there

Where he will rant no longer, nor keep guard

Over the golden apples. No! he spar'd,

Though hot with ire, my life ——

Enter DE LARA.

The Usher, at a signal from the King, retires.

Ah, Don Luis'!

My friend and counselor, though evil oft,

As all who counsel to our passions are,

When they offend not.

Luis. But my lord will own,

I have ventur'd, even while aiding him to win

What I could not divert from, — ventur'd more

Perhaps than fits a liegeman, — to denounce

As wild and full of risk to royal honor
This amorous pursuit. I venture still.

King. And with a mien so grave! Hast thou too, friend,
Met with the Achilles and been huff'd?

Luis. I had
From Don Ferrar Montoya a reproof
Not to be soon forgotten. His eyes are open
Unto my simular suit. He all but nam'd
Your Grace as the true lover.

King. And was that all?
Why, that was modest. In our very teeth
He threw last night's bad venture, though my voice,
When, taken by surprise, confus'd I cry'd
"I am the King," could scarce have been unknown.
Luis. That was not strange, as he had thrown already
At the Alcazar's gate the unhappy slave
Pierc'd by those death wounds.⁵

King. Ay, for very shame
I durst not charge him with the insolent act;
It had been to accuse myself. Nor did he dare
To allude to his prompt vengeance. 'T was enough
To hint my sceptre was not borne of right.
Why dost thou start?

Luis. Permit me for a while
Suspend reply, and be not wroth I ask
Why Don Ferrar sought audience of my lord.
King. 'T was a new insult under lowly guise.
He would have Alda marry'd, to entrench her
From amorous onslaught. How could I contend?

Even had I thought it, taken all unarm'd,
And haply conscience-wounded.

Luis. Knows Your Grace

The husband chosen ?

King. I did not care to ask,
Dissembling even while troubled.

Luis. It is, believe,
Don Ruy Ortiz, long the brother's friend
And Donya Alda's lover.

King. He said well,
Valiant and loyal. 'T is my foremost knight,
Brave as a lion, stancher than a hound.

Luis. And, pardon that I dare to add, the man
Most lov'd in Seville, where the people call him,
Finding a harmony 'twixt his name and deeds,
The Second Cid. Sees not Your Highness, then,
The danger that, pursuing this amour —
I fear to offend my sovereign.

King. Pray, proceed.
Say what thou wilt, Luis' ; but be it new :
I am weary of old saws, and moral texts
Come handier still to me than thee.⁶

Luis. So let
Example speak for me. When King Rodrigo
In the lock'd tower beheld the arrow'd Moor
And redd the warning,⁷ little did he deem,
A natural passion, peaceful in itself
And peace-persuading, would bring men like that
To strip him of his kingdom ; men whose tracks

Through half a thousand years have not worn out,
While trampled Spain sees yet embath'd in blood
Her fertile valleys in perennial war,
All for one woman's beauty.

King. Am I then

Rodrigo? is Ferrar the traitor sire,
And Alda a Florinda?

Luis. Ah my lord,

But for the brother's guard upon the casket,
The emerald had been broken all the same.⁸
The royal Goth was mark'd by many traits
That fit a monarch,⁹ till —

King. Why dost thou pause?

Till lust had shorn the seven locks of his soul
And his gross life prepar'd him for a spoil
To the Philistine. Am I such a dog?
Or dar'st thou make my paragon of him,
Because like me he vaulted to a throne
Whereon the natural claimants¹⁰ could not sit?
There needs no protest; I suspect thee not.
Look through yon lattice, Don Luis' Gonza'lez.
Thou seest the body of the mighty river,¹¹
His strength and current; not his source; though *that*
Thou hast in mind, as that he seeks the sea.
Think'st thou that any one day's sun, or week's,
Would drain the stream? Such is my passion, whose
source

I scarcely can recall: but well I know
Its outlet. Alda is the sea whereto

Rushes my soul's broad river, nor can the sun
Of reason dry it up, even shouldst thou dart
For a whole week its rays upon the flood.
Cease to dissuade. This marriage must be cross'd.

Luis. That can be only by the brother's death,
Or by the lover's.

King. By the brother's, then.
For scarce so much, my brother lost his head.¹²
This insolent merits it.

Luis. More than knows Your Grace.
King. Ah! Speak.

Luis. Your Majesty ask'd me, why I started.
'T was that Ferrar's word-treason call'd to mind
What I have heard imputed to him.

King. What?
Luis. I speak it with reluctance. It is said,
He favors the pretenders to your throne,
If not in league with them.¹³

King. This thou hast heard?
Luis. Your Majesty should know too well my faith
To need asseveration.

King. So our course
Is plain. He shall be given to the law
On thy sworn charge.

Luis. Your Highness will permit:
This is but surmise, or a whisper'd tale.
Taken with what was offer'd to your face,
It is to me conclusive, and should be
To your high self. But will it be enough

To force conviction? Not to say, 't were wise
Not to wake interest in La Cerda's claims
Where it now dozes; for all faiths, not less
In politics than in religion, rise
From under pressure, and example calls,
Even where its voice is feeble than with men
Of Don Ferrar's repute, to active life
The imitative power, perhaps most strong
Of all the instinctive forces as 't is most prompt.
Besides Your Highness' scope is not attain'd
Save by the traitor's death.

King. But law?

Luis. Laws take

What course the King directs. So said shrewd wits,
When the Cid's master back into the flames
Threw the Goth's book and forc'd the forms of Rome
To come out paramount.¹⁴ And so will say,
With different emphasis, in some bolder age,
Bold men and false, like Don Ferrar Montoya,
Who find no violence legal but their own.

King. Well said, Luis'. Thyself shalt put in act
Thy own suggestion. In thy generous veins
Flows his brave blood who challeng'd and o'erthrew
In single fight Gonzalo's three strong sons
That back'd Vellido,¹⁵ and 't was thy prompt arm
That lopp'd the audacious Haro's at the wrist
And made thy King thy debtor.¹⁶ Slay Ferrar,
And let me once more owe thee.

Luis. O my lord,

In the poor deed you honor me to mention,
Promptness was passion. I had done the same,
Were the vile ingrate twenty men in one,
Or the great Champion ¹⁷ himself. But now
In cooler blood to venture were to imperil
Your interests and my honor ; for Don Ferrar
Stands, save one hero, first in skill and strength
In all this kingdom.¹⁸ It is not my life :
That is your Highness' : but 't were not to serve you
To fling myself against a rock.

King. Then hire
Some villain to perform the deed.

Luis. My lord
Forgets it must be instant. In broad day
Who durst assail him ? There is but one man,
I have said, in Seville, who can measure swords
With Don Ferrar. It is *the Cid of Seville*.

King. The intended husband !

Luis. Either way, my lord,
Killing or kill'd, Don Ruy wins for you : —
Alda remains unwed.

King. That were a stroke
Of subtle policy, but lawless-cruel.

Luis. Is treason then less lawless ? Shall the King
Not strike when he is injur'd ? Must he wait
The law's long trial like the meanest churl ?
He who is master makes and unmakes laws ;
And cruelty lacks not sanction where the act
Is one of pressing need. Whereto might serve

Your royal sire's example.¹⁹ In that fierce day
Of sudden justice when De Haro fell,
Your own hand smote Diego Lopez dead.²⁰
Now, by another's hand, and at one blow,
You strike down treason and break through all let
To your heart's longing.

King. But will Ortiz act
Against his friend, his lady's brother?

Luis. Against
Any or all, to serve his King. Exact
Obedience from him, ere your Highness names
The foe you dread.

King. But thou art sure, Luis',
Of this man's treason? thou canst bring me proofs?
Luis. Not open, nor varied, for I had the tale
At second hand, but in themselves complete.
Might I, to one inur'd as is my lord
To personal danger, who has fac'd unshaken,
Arm'd and unarm'd, in palace and in camp,
Treason and mutiny,²¹ venture to suggest
A thought of peril, I would say revenge
Might make Montoya's dagger more to dread
Than Dolfos' javelin or the unsheath'd sword
Of the ungrateful Haro.

King. Bring thou proof,
The insolent traitor shall not live an hour.

*The KING retires by the door above, and
the Drop falls.*

ACT THE SECOND

Scene I. An apartment in the house of Montoya.

RUY. ALDA.

Ruy. Truly, thou art so, Alda. Though at times
I have seen thee thought-weigh'd, never was as now
Thy fair brow shadow'd, nor the cloud came back
So often. What bears on that gentle breast?
Which should not have a sorrow hid from me,
And was till now so open that it seem'd
To have a window where the sun shone in,
That all men might behold what was so good
And beautiful, nor lattice-bars shut out
The tell-tale ray.

Alda. When we are wedded, Ruy,
Thou shalt not need a window to look in.
I had a dreadful vision in the night, —
Outrage and blood, a gulf between us two
Bridgeless for ever, and the fathomless deep
Of darkness over me: and that starless sky,
With blackness which is felt and air that stifles,
Hangs o'er me now; nor will the dawn break forth
Till we are married. On that happy day,

Ask me, and, hiding on thy breast my eyes,
I'll tell thee all, and never more be sad.
Thou art my sunshine, Ruy. In thy light
And warmth my soul shall bask by the hour, and know
Never more chillness and no gloom as now.

Enter FERRAR.

Ferr. I come from the Court. Lov'st thou my sister, Ruy ?
She loves thee better than she loves aught else
Save me, whom she has spoil'd, and better still
I think than me. The King has given consent.
Ye shall be wed on the instant.

Alda. O Ferrar!

So sudden!

Ferr. I have had a hideous dream.

Ruy. Why so hath Alda!

Ferr. 'T is belike the same :

Dishonor, ruin, the Devil in Paradise,
And two souls blasted by a serpent's guile.
Alda is beautiful : she needs an arm
Stalwart as thine, Don Ruy, and a heart
As true as thine, a husband's heart and arm,
To guard her treasure. Wilt thou take her now ?

Ruy. Take her ! I have no breath to speak. O brother ! ——

Ferr. So get thee ready, Alda ; and thou, Ruy,
Make what dispatch thou canst. An hour or two
Should be enough, and ere the sun goes down ——

Alda. But why this haste, my brother ?

Ferr. 'T is not alone
What the dream orders. I have on my mind
A sad foreboding, — vague, yet black as death.
I would see Ruy's arm about thee thrown
Ere my own withers. — Here is from the King.

Enter PAGE.

Page. His Majesty commands Don Ruy Ortiz.

Alda. To honor and wish thee joy.

Ferr. I hope it is.

Ruy. Assure the King of my obedient homage.

I come on the instant. [*Exit Page.*

O Ferrar! my friend!

How shall I thank thee? Alda, looks this change
Too sudden to thee? Let thy brother's love,
Which tenders thee so dearly, speak for mine,
And, giving him contentment, bless thou me.

Alda. [*to Ruy.*] Has not the shadow vanish'd?

Ferr. Hasten back.

And make thou no announcement more than needs.
Till thou and Alda are one, I shall not know
What is contentment. [*Exit Ruy.*

Alda, listen. Briefly,

Know'st thou who stole into the house last night?

Alda. I tremble to suspect.

Ferr. And dost suspect

Because I slew him not. 'T was He. I saw it
But now in his reddening visage, as I heard it

Last night in his hurried voice. I need not name him :
We must not speak dishonor of the King ;
A bird of the air shall carry it. He knows
I am not blind nor deaf, knows by whose will
The slave was butcher'd and her carcase laid
At his palace gate.

Alda. O brother !

Ferr. It was just,
If cruel: a warning to home-traitors. Thus,
I have cause for dread. A king's hand reaches far ;
His sword is in a thousand scabbards. But more
My peril from the favorite's secret spite.

Alda. What hast thou done ?

Ferr. What every man should do
When time and place serve, spoken out my mind.
I warn'd him from my door. 'T is like he comes
On the part of the King. Pledg'd to Eléna Guzman,
He scarce would court, I think, Eléna's friend.
Why turn'st thou pale ?

Alda. Ask not, not now, Ferrar.
But O beware ! De Lara has the ear
And heart of the King.

Ferr. For the time, alas, as had
A greater favorite, and will fall as he.
Honors and gifts when lavish'd on the unworthy
Breed vanity, not gratitude, and kings
Strangle, sometimes in blood, the o'erweening pride
Born of their own indulgence. But, this day,
Let omens vanish. It is so great a joy

To have thee Ruy's wife. How well I love him !
As well I think as thou, albeit indeed
In other wise. Henceforward when in battle
I help to ward the javelin from his breast,
As I have done, I shall be shielding thee,
Dear child, as well. Now, get thee to thy bower,
And dight thee out as well as time will let.
How fair thou art now ! [*kisses her.*] I go to call the priest.
Until this knot be tied, my foot rests not.

As he turns to withdraw,

Scene changes to

SCENE II.

As in Act I. Sc. II.

KING. DE LARA.

*A Citizen of Seville, at a little distance,
standing before the King.*

King. 'T is confirmation more than proof. There, go :
And be thou ready, when thou shalt be call'd
To make the assertion good. [*Exit Citiz.*]
I like him not ;
And but Ferrar's bold act, and insolent words

Tell their own tale, should doubt. Here comes Don Ruy.
Leave us so long. [*Exit De Lara, as*

Enter RUY.

Come nigher, Ortiz.

*The KING extends his hand, which RUY
puts to his lips.*

I have sent for thee as best of all my knights,
Don Ruy Ortiz. Thou art stanch and brave
As thy fam'd namesake, true to mother-land
As was Pelayo, and, as I have heard,
And love to think, so faithful to thy King,
That thou wouldst snap all ties of blood and love
That fetter'd duty, so he enjoin'd.

Ruy. A king,
Who is himself surnam'd the Strong and Brave,²²
Finds easily valiant warsmen. For my love
To country, I would pour my mother's blood,
Were she now living, life-drop after drop,
On its broad altar, so I could make it great,
And free as it was ere gluttony and lust
Let in the Moor.

King. Well, well! And for thy faith
Unto thy King?

Ruy. Let but the King command.

King. What merits he who is faithless to that King?

Ruy. Death.

King. If he were thy heart's twin, or thy brother?

Ruy. Still, death, — though he were my sire. Duty knows

No qualification, but is in herself
Absolute, looking neither right nor left
In the path before her, which she treads the same
Though it cross the hill-tops or go down steep gulfs;
And treason parts at once the false and loyal
By space as vast as yawns 'twixt Heaven and Hell.
He who to king or country is forsworn
Is not my brother, nor could be my father.

King. Wouldst thou then slay thy father or thy brother,
If false to me?

Ruy. No, I would hand him over
To the law's vengeance.

King. Law sometimes draws-in
Her unsure talons, and delays her clutch
Till the prey 'scapes her. If a sudden blow
Were needed to crush treason, wouldst thou give it?

Ruy. For my lord's welfare, at my lord's behest
I would.

King. In secret?

Ruy. No. The King calls not
To murder, nor would make the man he honors
A vile assassin.

A pause, the KING looking fixedly at RUY.

King. Ruy Ortiz, hear.
A man I have honor'd, have sought to make my friend,
Would seat my brother's offspring in my place
And drench the land with blood. This very day,
To wrong he has added insult, my strong claims,

Vouch'd by the Cortes and my people's will,²³
Scoff'd at as false, and at my house's gate
Wrought scandal and done outrage. At thy hand
I look for vengeance. Wilt thou wreak it?

Ruy. Yea,

So be it openly.

King. Thou wilt this do,
Whoever be my wronger?

Ruy. Though he be
My heart's sure friend, my brother, or my sire,
In public place, in palace-yard, church-porch,
Wherever I shall find him, will assault,
And with God's help will slay him in fair fight,
For my King's sake.

King. Swear that upon my sword.

Ruy. [*kissing the hilt.*]

By my lord's head, I swear. Who is the man?

King. It is thy friend, and brother that should be.

Ruy. Ferrar! —

King. Ferrar Montoya.

Ruy. O my lord!

Is the crime proven? I had thought as soon
Myself could be a traitor. Who avers it?

King. Luis' de Lara, and brings forward one
Who ply'd between my enemies and Ferrar.
There where thou stand'st the traitor fac'd thy King,
And with word-insult pluck'd him by the beard.

Ruy. 'T is my life's death, the blasting of all hope.
Would I had died ere this!

King. Dost thou repent?

Wilt thou too be forsworn?

Ruy. Not now, nor ever.

But might some other hand ——

King. No hand but thine

Is able. Saving thee, Ferrar Montoya

Is the best blade and body in all my realm.

Here, take this writing, Ruy, and know beforehand

Sancho is not ungrateful. Read aloud.

Ruy. [*reading.*

Know all who see this deed, how we, Don Sancho,

By Grace of God King of Castile and Leon,

Galicja, Sev'ille, Cor'dova and Murcia,

Of Jaen and the Algar've, for the service

Done us by Don Ruy Ortiz, give to him

And covenant the tower call'd of Baiez,

With its broad grange ——

Returning the parchment.] Your Majesty will pardon;

I cannot take reward for such a deed:

It were the price of blood.

King. No, in nowise,

But guerdon of self-sacrificing faith

And valor prov'd before. Be it as thou wilt.

[*King lays down the parchment.*

This service done, thou shalt be plac'd in honor,

As fits thee, on the frontier next the Moor.

Till then, bear thou this letter of protection:

It shields thee from the law.

Ruy. Nor that, my lord:

It were to doubt your honor. I serve the King :
He will not see me suffer by the law
For doing his bidding in my heart's despite.

King. Keep it for thine own honor.

Ruy. I obey, —

To use it only when my lord commands.

King. Be secret ; and be wary. Brave and true,
Where should I find another like to thee ?

KING extends his hand,
which RUY raises to his lips as before.

Drop falls.

ACT THE THIRD

Scene I. A public square near Montoya's house.

Enter

RUY and FERRAR, *encountering ; the latter
moving quickly and gayly.*

Ferr. Ha, friend and brother! — St. Francis' monk is toward.
Art thou too ready? Why, what a mien thou wear'st!
Thou look'st not like a bridegroom, not like one
O'erjoy'd to take what I so joy'd to give.

Ruy. I can take nothing from Montoya's hand.

Ferr. 'Fore God! it is a noble hand. A king
Might take from it what I give; and what I give
Is worthy of a king.

Ruy. Not from thy hand.

Ferr. Mine! Art thou mad? Or wouldst thou drive me so?
I am thy equal at thy best, Don Ruy,
And, talk'st thou thus, I am thy better too.

Ruy. Never my better, and, take men's report,
Scarcely my equal.

Ferr. 'T is a baseless boast.

Thou owest thy popular title's short-liv'd sound
More to thy forename's accident than sword.

My sword and lance have done as valiant work
As thine.

Ruy. They are a traitor's sword and lance.

Ferr. Ah! [*drawing. Then, putting back his weapon:*

But thy senses wander.

Ruy. They are home,

And tell me thou art perjur'd, — false to king,

To country, and thus false to Alda and me.

Draw, if thy sword is not a coward's. And quick;

There comes thy useless friar.

Ferr. His cord, this time,

Shall make no distaff of Montoya's blade.²⁴

Ruy. Beware the nettles in the Ortiz' hand! ²⁵ [*They fight.*

Enter, hurriedly,

several C. TIZENS; among them the one who was before

the KING in Act II.; a Franciscan FRIAR;

and finally the Alcalde PEDRO.

Friar. Part them! [*running up to them, with his cross extended.*

Pedr. In the King's name!

Ferr. [*falling.*] Dead. Poor Alda! ²⁶

RUY is arrested, gazing continually on

the body as they lift it,

and

Scene closes.

SCENE II.

*As in Act II. Scene I.**Enter ALDA**Attended by her maidens. She is in her wedding-robes.*

Alda. Leave me, my maidens, now. And thanks to both;
Ye have deck'd me skilfully. [*Exeunt Maidens.*]

I will but add

One flower which Ruy gave me. [*Takes a white flower
from a vase and places it in her hair : then comes down.*]

Dear, dear Ruy!

How I do love him! Love him? Poor Ferrar,
He has almost shut thee out from this weak heart
Where thou once stood'st a god. All loves I have lov'd,
To father, mother, to my childhood's friends,
All seem concentr'd and made one in him,
All but thy share, Ferrar, and that made less.
Yet him! yet Ruy! If my whole heart's strength
Could at a wish swell out a thousand fold,
'T were not enough for him. What did he see
To admire in such as I? I am too small
In the world's eyes, in all eyes but Ferrar's,
For one like him. God, make me grow more fit;
Let me catch some reflection from his brightness,
Inbreathe some essence of his great heart's worth,
To make me more his mate. What there shall lack

I must make up in duty and in devotion,
Serving him as the angels worship God.
Will the time come when I shall worship not,
Or do as many, who with their wedding-robcs
Put off their smiles, and by indifference lose
The prize of their heart's labor? Not with me.
My soul would pine should Ruy love me less,
But still I should love on. — Ere many minutes —
(I wonder that Eléna is not come.)
Ere many minutes, the rites — O my poor heart,
How shall I hush thy beatings? But to think
I shall in a little while be his, be Ruy's,
And all for life, and he be mine, mine only,
Nor any but me have any part in him;
That I may be with him all alone, for hours,
Day after day, may gaze upon his face,
Nor be ashamed to tell him how I love!
Then shall his broad breast shield me, and 'neath his arm,
As under its mother's wing the callow bird,
My heart shall fear not. Then the King — Ah me!
The shadow comes again that Ruy saw.
I was too happy. Who shall foretell the morrow?
We go to sleep with the stars above us shining,
And wake to clouds and rain.

Enter the FRIAR and
the Alcalde PEDRO ; afterwards,
the two MAIDENS.

Is it the priest?

But who is with him? And where is Ruy then?

My women! and terrified! O my foreboding!

Friar. Daughter, prepare for sorrow.

Alda. I am prepar'd.

Frighten me not too much. Let me sit down.

Friar. From Heaven flow out the springs of life and death.

Alda. [*starting up.*] Is Ruy dead?

Friar. No, daughter.

Alda. Is 't Ferrar?

Pedr. Sit again, Donya Alda. I am the Alcalde,

Pedro Loriguillo.²⁷ A grievous crime ——

Alda. Keep me not tortur'd. Tell me all at once.

Pedr. [*facing the door.*]

Bring in the body.

*The MAIDENS go to the support of ALDA,
who stands aghast. Enter CITIZENS with the corpse
of FERRAR, uncovered, on a bier;
his naked sword beside him.*

Alda. Ferrar! Dead! Not a pulse!

No breathing! O my brother! [*Kneels beside the body,
and kissing the face bends her own over it for some moments.*]

*All around stand with various looks of sympathy, the
CITIZEN who was witness before the KING appearing
discomposed. After this pause, ALDA rises.*

Warm! and bloody!

What means his unsheath'd sword? He has been fighting.
Where was his friend, my husband? where was Ruy?

Where is he now ? What keeps him from me ? ²⁸

The ALCALDE makes a sign, and the Citizen-witness opens the door, whereat he remains with evident trouble, while

Enter RUY, guarded.

ALDA, seeing his position, stands as if stupefied, till he speaks, which is after some moments, and with eyes down.

Ruy. Alda.

Alda. Art thou the assassin ?

Ruy. I am.

Alda. What had he done ?

Ruy. Nothing to me : I lov'd him.

Alda. And he thee.

He would have given his life for thee. And thou

Hast taken his. Was it murder ? Or did ye fight ?

Ruy. We fought. He was unwilling ; and I provok'd him.

Pedr. Take heed, Don Ruy, nor speak against thyself.

*Ruy. What matters it ? It is the truth. I sought
To slay him.*

Alda. Yet lov'd him ? It is past belief.

Art thou gone wild ?

Ruy. I am in my senses. I know

My duty, and I did it. Ask no more :

The seal is on my lips, nor shall be broken.

Alda. I shall grow mad myself. [Putting both hands to her forehead. In so doing, she touches the flower, and takes it out.] This is the flower

Thou gav'st. I press'd it to my heart and lips

Before I plac'd it where I meant it should be
My only jewel. Now that my bridal is made
A funeral, I would lay it on the dead
But that thou gav'st it. So let it deck the dust. [*Drops it.*
This is my bridal robe, with one red spot
Taken from the wound thou mad'st. Thy eyes drop tears,
And make mine flow, which have been dry till now.
Will either cleanse that stain?

Ruy. My sword is dimm'd
With the like spot. They have taken it away,
[looking round.

Or I should bid thee turn its point on me,
Or do it for myself. 'T is only blood
Will wash out blood so taken.

Alda. Even so.
Therefore I hand thee over to the law,
For that blood's sake. Remove him.

Ruy. [*raising his eyes to*
her for the first time.] *Alda!*

Alda. O God!
[sinks into the arms of her maidens.

Drop falls.

ACT THE FOURTH

*Scene I. As in Act I. Sc. II.**The KING. DE LARA.*

King. What can I do? I cannot stretch the law,
Even for equity, while its servants hold
The meshes close, nor let aught out or in.

Luis. Has Your Grace try'd the levers of self-love;
The tongue of flattery and the bribes of place?
The Northwind made the traveler draw his cloak
The closer for its blasts; the subtil Sun
Pierc'd serge and lining, and he cast it off.

King. It is that I have play'd the Sun, have tried
The tongue of flattery and the bribes of place,
That I am wilder'd. Ortiz gasps for me
In the law's net, nor can I draw him out
Except by rupture. Himself betrays me not;
And silence is his death before such judges.
One of them haply saw the deed perform'd.
The other tells me proudly to my teeth:
"The law hath more of majesty than kings:
The sceptre of a king may stretch o'er all,
Save Justice only; for her throne is higher

Than all the mountains, and on its unseen top
The Spirit of God with never-folded wings
Hovers to form its cope." I should be proud,
That three such men as Ruy and my Alcaldes
Honor one city; yet their emulous worth
Makes me perplex'd of purpose. Thou Luis',
Who hast plung'd me into the pit, now lift me out.
Luis. 'T is not Airón.²⁹ My lord may let the law
Pronounce on Ortiz: then his grace steps in,
Changing the death to exile.

King. With dishonor
To him who would not tarnish by a word,
Even for life's sake, mine. Wouldst thou then put
Thy King below his subject?

Luis. Who, my lord,
Compell'd him to the assumption of the guilt?
I hear, the Alcalde warn'd him.

King. When too late;
Thus giving substance to what else were void.
Luis. Since then the arrested has condemn'd himself,
Your Majesty has but one choice, between
Ortiz' dishonor and your own; and this
May not be thought of.

King. Ah, behold, Luis',
The well thou hast plung'd me into.

Enter USHER.

Speak, Varalba.

Ush. May it please Your Majesty, the lady Alda

Montoya, with two maidens, craves access
To my lord the King.

King. Admit the lady, but not
Her servants; or no, (that were not safe for me)
[*aside to Luis.*

Let them in also. [*Exit Usher.*

Luis. Suffer me withdraw.

King. But to return.

Enter ALDA

with her MAIDENS, who remain at the door.

*She wears only the temporary mourning of a black mantle,
and a long crape vail falling on both sides of her
head.⁹⁰ DE LARA, in passing, salutes
her formally, but is not noticed, and Exit.*

Bend not the knee to me,
Fair Donya Alda. Rather I should kneel,
Were worth and beauty worship'd, as behooves.
Alda. My lord, I have left the body of my brother
Scarcely yet cold.

King. Forgive, that in the sun
I reck'd not of the shadow. What can I do
To stead you, Donya Alda?

Alda. Let my lord
Have patience with his servant, while she speaks.
My brother is yet unbury'd, but the people
Already talk of rescue for — for him
Who was his murderer, whose great popular name
Stands in the light of justice, and by its bulk

Shuts out the law. If this is so or not,
 If — he who slew him, has had cause or not,
 I know not, but shall know. To me belongs,
 Who am sole of his name, to avenge my brother's death.
 I pray my King will not then with the law,
 Always uncertain and most often slow,
 Leave the assassin, but give him unto me.²¹

King. What wouldst thou do, O lady ?

Alda. What is fit.

King. I can refuse thee nothing. Take this ring.

But O, be merciful.

Alda. I shall be just.

King. For my sake !

Alda. Was Your Majesty then by,
 Urging the assassin, when my brother fell,
 Pierc'd by his stronger sword ? [*King shows confusion.*]

King. There. As thou wilt.

*He extends his hand, which ALDA, lifting it toward
 her lips, bows over, but does not kiss.*

Thou shouldst breed heroes. When thy weeds are gone,
 Some *Rico-O'me*²² shall be glad to take thee
 From Sancho's hand.

Alda. I never now shall wed. —
 With the King's leave. [*Exeunt Alda and Maidens,*
and

Enter DE LARA.

King. The knot is cut, Luis'.

What dost thou think she came for?

Luis. To implore

Mercy for Ruy.

King. That would scarce divide

The entangled cord. No, Donya Alda pray'd,
The assassin, whom she seem'd to fear to name,
Might be surrender'd to her.

Luis. Not for vengeance?

King. What else? Thou shouldst have seen her. Why, Luis,
She paragons Urraca.³³

Luis. Not in life.

King. That understood, or how had come this coil?

Even could such win favor. No, I meant
In mettle. 'T was a tigress' eyes that glar'd
Under that mask of beauty.

Luis. And my lord

Surrender'd Ruy?

King. I gave my signet-ring,

Which lets her in his prison. Had she ask'd,
I should have given my poniard. Well for me,
That we were not alone! Why look'st thou grave?

Luis. The woman may o'ercome the sister. If mov'd
By love for Ruy, in vain the tigress' claw
Opens upon her prey: the scent of blood
Fresh on his hand will vanish, and the fur
Covers the nails again. What then might pass
Between them, when the prisoner's mind is sooth'd
And weaken'd to confession! It may be
She goes to him to entice it.

King. Thou forgett'st
She has had no time for thought. And saw I not
The fire in her eyes? no flickering glare,
But steady and wrath-kindled.

Luis. Will my lord
Have me forgiven, if I dare suspect
That fire of wrathful purpose threw its light
On its true object?

King. Which it would consume?
Meaning ourself, ha?

Luis. With my lord's forbearance.
I fear she has stumbled on the hidden spring
Of Ortiz' deed and dumbness, and now seeks
To lay it open.

King. That should be thyself,
Who didst suggest the deed, though thou meant'st us,
For whose sake he is dumb. I heard her speak,
And know she has no thought beyond revenge.
Besides, it is too late.

Luis. She cannot yet
Have reach'd the Castle.²⁴

King. What then! the lady bears
Our signet. Shall I call it back? the King!
Not for a thousand fears. And these are vain.
Thou look'st perturb'd. What though the fact were told,
The deed was just, and traitors may be crush'd
By the King's heel, where law suspends her sword
Over their necks too long. Let Ortiz speak,
'T is but a short-liv'd shame, and throws me off

My burden of gratitude, should his throat escape
The tigress' blood-clutch.

Luis. May it prove no worse. —
Commands my lord no further?

King. Learn for me
What rumors stir the town. Then come again.

DE LARA *retiring,*
*with an anxious look,*³⁵ *as the*
Scene closes.

SCENE II.

*A prison in the Castle of Triana.*³⁶

RUY *is seen*
walking to and fro, with arms folded and head deject.
He pauses, and comes down.

Ruy. I will not think it. 'T was the King that spake.
Would the King lie? It may be that Ferrar
Believ'd Alfonso's rights by natural claim
Better than are the King's, and, so believing
Gave secret aid — No, that were not Ferrar!

But in eclipse myself have caus'd.

Enter ALDA.

O Alda! [*aloud, as she approaches.*]

Alda. No nearer.

Ruy. No, I meant not. With these hands —
Scorn me not, Alda!

Alda. Does this look like scorn?
I hated thee — I thought so — till I came :
Now I behold thee, even my brother's blood
Cries out in vain, and thou art Ruy still.
But no, my brother, who lov'd thee, sent me hither.
Hear. I was on my knees beside his bier.
My face was on his breast, and my wrist touch'd
The cross hilt of his sword, which lay beside him.
Then, of a sudden, it seem'd I heard his voice,
Which whisper'd : " Treachery. Ruy will tell all."
A light shone in me, and made clear my path.
I rose, as if inspir'd, and as I rose
One of my maids came in. She had pass'd the crowd,
Which still bethrongs our door, and heard them say
Thou wouldst not suffer ; for one was there, maintain'd
Thou hadst pleaded duty, and he knew thy sword
Was not drawn willingly. Then I too recall'd
Thy words, and hasten'd to the King ; thence hither,
To free thee.

Ruy. Not to free me. In the law
Alone, is death or freedom.

Alda. In the law

Is death. The Alcaldes are determin'd. Think
The people what they may, thy great renown
Will not redeem thee, save thou shalt speak out
And prove thy innocence, as I feel thou canst.

Ruy. My innocence? Yet I slew him.

Alda. Not of hate;
For he had honor'd, had lov'd thee, past all count.
In sudden ire?

Ruy. Oh no!

Alda. For what cause, then?

Ruy. Ask not. I have said, a seal is on my lips.

The power that plac'd it there alone can break it.

Alda. That power then is above thee. 'T is the King.

Thou art the victim of thy simple faith
And o'erstrain'd loyalty. Either of himself,
Or mov'd to it by some villain's arts, the King
Drove thee to crime, that thou and poor Ferrar
Might not be in his way. Art thou still dumb?

Ruy. Touch not the King, O Alda! Of himself

Never Don Sancho — [*Stops abruptly.*

Make me not untrue:

Not even for thee should faith be broken. Enough,
There was need Ferrar should die. I would have laid
My life down for him else.

Alda. Know I not that?

Had I not known it, think'st thou I were here?

Here for the purpose which has brought me hither?

Listen, unhappy. Oftentimes the King

Sought, by high promise, flattery, office, wealth,

All which Ferrar disdain'd, to bring him over
To his own shame and mine. —

Ruy. That cannot be.

Our lord has honor for his virtuous spouse,
The mother of his children.³⁸

Alda. As he had

For his illustrious sire, and Absalom
May err where David stray'd with meaner kings.³⁹
Must I pursue? Last night — Recall the gloom,
Which scarce an hour now gone —

Ruy. Ay me! O God!

That was thy vision!

Alda. I had none, nor he.

Each took that way to symbol to thy thoughts
What neither durst reveal.

Ruy. I had divin'd it,

Even as thou enter'dst. But I deem'd, another
It was that — not *he* — not our — Oh, oh, God!

Alda. Tears again, Ruy? on those bold mans-cheeks?

I may not kiss them off, as late I thought
'T would be my right to do for all thy tears.
Dry them with indignation. Keep'st thou faith
For such a king?

Ruy. For any king. My faith

Is perfect in itself and self-sustain'd,
Not chang'd by others' un-faith, nor my word
Null'd by their undeserving.

Alda. But thy life?

Can it be safe with such? Thou art free to go;

Free by my act, not his. 'T is Alda saves thee,
The sister of thy victim, who through me
Pardons and pleads with thee to go, for me.

Ruy. 'T were to dishonor. Life were nothing worth,
My good name gone forever. Here I bide,
Till I be call'd to acquittal or to death.

Alda. 'T will be to death. Think'st thou thy lord will save
thee?

Ruy. If it be his will.

Alda. If it be — Who was that other
Thou saidst thou thought'st of?

Ruy. Don Luis' Gonza'lez.

Alda. Luis' Gonza'lez! 'T was well thought. Twice traitor;
To his king, to his lady. It was he that came —
This day high words pass'd 'twixt Ferrar and him. —
No, touch me not! [*as, in his emotion, Ruy appears about
to grasp her wrist.*] What makes thee turn so pale?

Ruy. Why, it was he! —

Alda. Thou wilt not then speak out?
Thou need'st not. Spirit of my dead Ferrar,
Thou didst well prompt me! Thou shalt be aveng'd
Of thy true murderer, and before thy gore
Is fully dried. Wo, Ruy, to us both,
Who are the living victims, of the three!
He is least unhappy. Bide here, since thou wilt,
Mute and devoted: I go to do my duty. [*Turns to the door,
while Ruy stands motionless; and the*

Drop falls.

ACT THE FIFTH

Scene. As in Act I. Sc. II.

The KING. DE LARA.

King. This thou hast heard?

Luis. It is the common talk.

King. And the stout knight prefers his prison-wall,
With Death at the window? nor betrays by word,
Or sign, his spring of action? 'T is *my Cid!*⁴⁰
He brings the King to himself. *My* tongue shall speak.

Luis. [*in alarm.*

Beware! (Forgive, my lord, my warmth!) No good
Can come of this generous frankness. 'T will be still
Pardon at most for Ruy, or change from death
To honorable exile, while the evil
Of giving life to the Infante's claims,
Even here, where toil'd my uncle for your sake "
To bury them out of sight, and, let me add,
The shame to my lord of baring to the gaze
Of popular mistrust his secret act,
Sure of harsh misconstruction —

King. By St. James!

'T was thine own act; and thine will be the fault

If 't be misconstru'd. Bring thy evidence out,
And show the dogs his treason.

Luis. Even then,
My lord would find, to stir the half-quench'd fires
Of popular discontent, at all times smouldering
Somewhere beneath their ashes, and to stoop
The ermine of his pride to violent chafe
Of vulgar hands, were detriments no thought
Of generous right to Ortiz could repay.

King. Thou art a graceless counselor, Luis',
To warp thy King from good; and much I doubt
Thou art pleading from thy fears.

Enter USHER.

Varalba, well?

Ush. May it please my lord the King, the two Alcaldes,
Don Pedro Loriguillo and Don Diego
Alfonso de Ribilla: with whom come
A brother of St. Francis, and, besides,
Don Ruy Ortiz, under guard. They are here
By my lord's summons.

King. By our summons, ha!
We gave none. And for what?

Ush. They pray
For audience. Likewise, hath return'd the lady
Alda Montoya, with her maidens.

King. Give them
Instant admission all. [*Exit Ush.*

I could have wish'd

For nothing better. Now, this coil of care
Shall be at once unwound, come good or ill.

Enter

*The two ALCALDES; RUY, without the guard;
and the FRANCISCAN. Then, ALDA,
without her MAIDENS.*

What have to say our well-esteem'd Alcaldes?

Pedr. The King has summon'd us. —

King. No. But let that pass.

We are glad that you are come. What would you say?

Pedr. 'T is our grave duty to complain, my lord,

Of slight to our office, and intended wrong

To the law, whose majesty we represent.

The Alcáyde,⁴² reverencing Your Highness' signet,

Gave Donya Alda entrance to the prison,

Who thereupon would break Don Ruy's chains.

This she avow'd. Was it then your royal order?

King. Not to release him. Did she do so?

Pedr. No,

The prisoner refus'd to flee.

King. Behold

The enforcement of our plea. We have sought of both

Forbearance for Don Ruy. Now of both

We ask for absolute justice. Would a man,

Conscious of crime deserving death by law,

Choose to abide the sentence of the law,

His prison-house set open? Free him, then.

Pedr. My lord, the act was recent. Justice waits

To give a patient hearing. I myself,
Likewise this holy friar, and many more
Saw the completion of the deed.

King. 'T was then
Without concealment. Murder is not done
I' the sunlight before witnesses.

Pedr. The King
Will suffer me again. The intent to kill,
Put into action, makes at all times murder,
Where neither warfare, nor the law's behest,
Nor the King's service sanctions or exacts it.
In my own hearing, and of the friar here,
And others, in presence of the newly slain
And his wrong'd sister ——

King. See! thou mak'st her weep.

Pedr. The eyes of Justice, blind to outward things
That would distract her judgment, see no tears,
Her ears are shut to suffering and the appeal
Of simple pity. — This the prisoner said:
His victim fought unwilling, and he provok'd him,
Meaning to slay.

King. But not without a cause.
Don Ruy Ortiz is not mad. He stands
High among men for sense as well as valor.
What did he plead, then?

Pedr. Vaguely, this alone:
He knew his duty, and did it.

King. [*turning to Ruy.*] Is this true?
Speak, Ruy Ortiz.

Ruy. I repeat, my lord:

My duty I did, and I have kept my faith.

King. Seest thou, Don Pedro? seest thou, Don Diego?

This killing had some cause. Behold, 't is Ortiz,
Foremost of all men in our people's hearts,
Who know his valor and his love of truth,
And honor him therefore, as I do. Is 't likely,
A man of such repute, our Seville Cid,
Would set upon his friend, his lady's brother,
And kill him without cause? Himself hath said,
He did therein his duty. What means that?
Don Ruy is known to us our loyalest knight;
His duty was to his king; and, for some cause
Which duty to his king would keep conceal'd,
Has for his king, in sudden, secret need,
Done this bold action. It can not be else.
Therefore we pray you, honoring you ourselves,
To find it right to free him for our sake.

Dieg. The King has done us honor. We aspire
To show ourselves deserving of that honor,
Refusing at his request to strangle justice
And bind the hands of law. If it is his will,
My lord may free the prisoner; but, that done,
We give to his hands again our lofty function.
We cannot keep the body, its life once out;
And this the Sovereign will have taken away.
Let us inearth the corpse.

King. 'T is nobly said.

But has that function fully been discharg'd?

Did you bid search the prisoner?

Dieg. No, my lord.

The crime has just been done, the guilty doer
Scarcely committed to abide the law,
For which we were preparing when hurry'd hither.

King. Then, search him now. But no, the knight we honor
Should not be so abas'd. Don Ruy Ortiz,
What bear'st thou with thee that regards this crime?

Ruy. Only one paper.

King. Let it be surrender'd.

Ruy. My lord commands. [*Bowing over it, he is about to bring
it to the King.*⁴³

King. No, not to me, — the Alcaldes.

Pedr. A letter from Your Highness.

King. Read aloud.

Pedr. [*reading.*

“To punish treason, and for offences given
Mortal unto our honor, we have chosen
And hereby order our valiant and true servant,
The cavalier Don Ruy Ortiz, to slay,
By open assault or otherwise, wherever
He shall be first encounter'd, Don Ferrar
Montoya, cavalier, and for the same
Command all judges, officers and servants
Of justice, in this our faithful town of Seville,
To have him free and protected.

I the King.”⁴⁴

The law resigns the prisoner.

Dieg. And acquits.

King. What! feel'st thou, Donya Alda, no surprise,
Nor pain?

Alda. My lord, the facts, though not the paper,
Were known to me before. Will it please the King
To let me speak? I sought to free Don Ruy.
Why not? his was the weapon, not the crime.
But strong in his pure heart he would not yield,
Unwilling to ransom even life itself
At cost of shame. Your Majesty will pardon,
If, seeing this, and well assur'd the law
Would have no pity, I avail'd myself
Of what I now restore, [*returning the signet.*
to summon hither
Don Ruy and the Alcaldes.

King. We are bounden
To Donya Alda, — ourself, and all around.
Alda. I had found a plot against the royal honor
And my poor brother's life. (Let Don Luis'
Remain, my lord.)

King. Nor he, nor any here,
Shall leave till I command.

Alda. When Don Luis',
Time after time, came to my brother's house,
To court me in another's suit, his faith
To him alike and his own betroth'd forgotten,
He woo'd but for himself.

King. [*turning rapidly to De Lara,*
and half-raising his sheathed sword, with his right hand
on the hilt.] I see the lie

Work in the traitor's face. Proceed.

Alda. This day
Met 'neath the Alcazar's roof, my brother told him
Sharply his mind.

King. Yes, yes! 'Fore God! —

Alda. A man
Who had sought me at the house, and trac'd me thence
To the Castle gate, and waited at the bridge ⁴⁵
My coming-out, compunction-mov'd, avow'd
He had taken a bribe to swear against Ferrar,
Not knowing 't would touch his life. He waits without.
There stands his employer.

King. I know it. Let the wretch
Be brought in to confront him.

Luis. It needs not.
Lust and revenge have push'd me to this crime.

King. Hear'st thou, Don Ruy? If thou cutt'st him down,
It will not anger me, even on this floor.
I'll lend my sword to do it. But no, thy looks
Are sharper, and a brave man's death fits not
Traitors like that. Ho! drag him to the block.

Ruy. My lord! permit me. Let the miscreant live.
Will his death fill again the veins he has open'd?
Make whole the hearts he has wounded and made twain?
Stain to thy name! look on that vail and mantle:
There is a deeper mourning in my heart:
And all of thee, to whom I ne'er did harm.

King. I render him to your justice, grave Alcaldes.
This time, the King's ring will not come between.

GUARDS enter, and DE LARA unbuckles his sword.

Lady, forgive me: I can say no more.
But pardon him also, who is scarce more guilty
Than by an accident had he slain Ferrar.
Let the King see you take him by the hand,
Or hope one day to do it.

Alda. Not now, nor ever.

My lord, my brother's body is scarce cold.
Let me return to it. When the rites are over,
I shall withdraw for ever from the world,
The bride of Christ alone.

King. And thou, my Cid?

Ruy. She is right, my lord. The blood-spot on my hand
Will never off. For that upon my sword,
Let the Moor cleanse it.

King. Be it to thy wish.

Thou shalt to the frontier, to our valiant Captain,
Perez de Guzman.⁴⁶

Ruy. [*bowing to retire.*] With your Highness' leave.
Alda! — Forgive me.

Alda. God be with thee, Ruy.

Ruy. And thee for ever, Alda.

Alda. Go in peace.

Curtain falls.

NOTES TO THE CID OF SEVILLE.

1.—P. 187. *And let these dainty walls, etc.*] Seville was first taken possession of by St. Ferdinand (grandfather of Sancho IV.) less than fifty years before this period. The delicate ornaments with which, in the peculiar taste of the Moorish people, the walls of the Alcázar were profusely decorated, and of which traces still remain, may be supposed to have been intact. See Conca — *Descriz. Odeporica della Spagna* (Parma, 1795, in 8°.) Tom. III. p. 259, sqq.: Cuendia — *Spanien und die Spanier* (Brüssel u. Leipz. 8°. 1849) s. 335. The Alcazar was built by the Moorish king Abdalasis sixty-seven years before the occupation of Seville by the Christians. Ar. de Varflora — *Compend. Hist. Descrip. de Sevilla* (Sev. 1790, in 8°.) p. 77. See *ib.* p. 78.

In that excellent work, *History of the Mahommedan Empire in Spain* (Lond. 1816, in 4to.), one of the four principal characteristics of Arabian architecture is made to be: "The prodigious quantity of ornaments either in relief or in *creux*, the composition of which is extremely varied."

2.—P. 189. *By a traitor's stroke Your royal foresire fell, when off his guard.*] Sancho III., under the walls of Zamora, by the hand of Vellido Dolfos. . . "estando descuidado y sin recelo do

semejante traycion, Vellido Dolfos le tiró un venable que traia en la mano, con que le pasó el cuerpo de parte á parte" . . MARIANA. *Hist. Gen. de España*. lib. IX. c. ix. Tom. VI. (ed. de Sabau: Madrid in 8°. 1818) p. 67. There is a particular applicability in the example to Don Sancho IV.; for the murdered king is said to have declared, that he owed his fate to his filial disobedience and his violation of his oath not to deprive his brothers of their dominions: JUL. DE CASTILLO. *Hist. de los Reyes Godos* (Madr. in fol. 1624.) Lib. IV. Disc. II. p. 203.

It is this treason which forms a main incident in the 2d Part of *Las Mocedades del Cid*, — where we have the siege of Zamora, the assassination of Sancho, the triple duel fought before the walls (v. Note 15, *infra*.) and of which the Cid is umpire, and finally the expurgation by oath of Alonso, as mentioned on p. 181 above (*Pref. to C. of S.*) subnote *a*.

3.—P. 189. *I dropp'd my sword, but told him that he lied, For never king would stoop to act so base.*] This is borrowed from *Sancho Ortiz*. where the *King*, in that fine passage I have cited on p. 155 (*Pref.*) *Dige quien soy*, &c., tells to Arias what here Ferrar relates to the King, and what in the *Estrella* is directly said by Busto to the King in their encounter at the former's door.

4.—P. 189. *In the name of King, Though fulsely worn —*] Don Ferrar, speaking but a generality, and applying it to the event he mentions, does not allude to the King's rebellion when Infante, nor yet to his actual usurpation of the rights of his brother's son, although Don Sancho, conscience-smitten, so interprets him.

In the sentiment itself there may seem to be an imitation of Lope's "Que un vasallo está, &c.," cited on p. 162. But my piece was completed and copied before I met with the *Estrella*.

5.—P. 191. — *as he had thrown already At the Alcazar's gate,*

etc.] This incident is from *Sancho Ortiz*, where it is well related by the King to Arias :

“ Del alcázar á la puerta,
Ya supiste que hoy estaba
La desventurada esclava
Con tres puñaladas muerta.”

In *La Estrella*, as I have shown, the King and Arias find the unfortunate hanging. See, back, p. 163. *Busto* tells his sister that he inflicted the punishment himself:

. . . “camino
Al alcázar, y en sus rejas
La colgué por su delito.”

This would have been a difficult act, at the window of any house ; but it passes probability as alleged to have occurred at the palace. The transaction, as related by Trigueros, is, though audacious and dangerous, yet within the bounds of verisimilitude.

6.—P. 192. — *and moral texts* Come handier still to me than thee.] Sancho IV. wrote a book of admonition and instruction for the use of his son and successor. Some extracts from its chapters are gathered, we are told, in Castro's collection, T. II. pp. 725-729. See Ticknor's *Sp. Lit.* I. 55. (Bost. ed.) *note*.

7.—P. 192. *When King Rodrigo In the lock'd tower beheld the arrow'd Moor And redd the warning —*] After Roderic had set aside the children of Witiza (*v. infra*, Note 10.) and caused his own election as sovereign, he made Toledo his capital. There was there, the story runs, a house that had been shut for ages and was forbidden to be opened. Whenever a king was crowned the custodians of the house asked him for a lock, and added it to all the others. Roderic refused to give one and removing those that were already there, entered in the hope of finding treasure. But he saw within nothing but a single chest also locked, on opening which

there appeared the likeness of an Arab* equipped for battle, and an inscription intimating that when the locks should be removed, etc., a figure like that would enter Spain, subdue it and possess it. This account, which purports to be after the Arabian historians, is given in the *History of the Mahom. Empire in Spain* already cited, p. 55 sq.

The fable, which is probably of Arabic invention, is found with much amplification of imaginative detail in Julian del Castillo, *Hist.*, &c. as above, Lib. VI. Disc. xi. p. 113. After describing the site, and so forth, of the *enchanted tower*, about a mile from Toledo, he proceeds thus in very good style:

. . . “y abaxo en una muy linda quadra della estava una estatua de bronce de grande fiereza y estatura, con una maza de armas en las manos, con la qual heria al suelo cruelmente, dando en el muy grandes golpes, y moviendo el ayre causava grandissimo estruendo.” — The king enters; and, in the middle of the night afterward (which by the by is anticipatory, and out of the order of the Arabic original) were heard “grandes voces y alaridos, que parecia genero de batalla: y estremeciendose toda aquella tierra, con un bravo estruendo se hundio todo el edificio de la torre.” — The tower had many locks: for it was common fame that the king who should open it would ruin Spain: wherefore, instead of opening it, each successive monarch added a lock. But Roderic, *etc.* . . . “y en medio della un hermoso pilar, y una arca arrimada a el, y en el pilar unas letras Griegas, por donde se entiende ser el encatamento de Hercules el Griego Alcides Thebano, y dezian las letras bueltas en nuestra lengua: Quien esta arca abriese, maravillas hallará.” Roderic opens the chest . . . “y hallò dentro della un lienzo cogido entre dos tablas, y descogiole, y parecieron en el pintadas muchas figuras de hombres a cavallo, de vista y semblantes fieros, espantables, vestidos de muchas colores, y todos a la manera que andan los Alarabes, con espadas y ballestas en las manos, y vanderas y pendones alzados de diversas invenciones y pinturas, y encima de las pinturas avia otras letras Griegas, que bueltas en lengua Castellana dexian: *Quien este lienzo extendiere, perderà las Españas, y ganarlas han tales gentes como en el estan pintadas.*” They shut up the tower, when behold, in sight of the King and all who were with him, an eagle descended with a brand of

* The Arabian historians tell us that the army of Târik was “almost wholly composed of Barbars [any other people than mere Arabians, and particularly those of Barbary.] but very few Arabs being among them.” *Hist. Mahomm. Emp. in Sp.* as above, p. 59, *note*. This also is the popular notion; and consequently, I have used in the text “arrowed Moor”, as more directly intelligible than “pictur'd chief” or “Arab chief”, which were among the readings.

fire in his beak and placed it at the foot of the tower, “y aleando fuertemente con sus alas la encendio en vivas llamas, y se quemò al punto, sin quedar señal della mas de las cenizas; y luego se levantò un gran viento que las llevò por muchas partes de España, y donde caian se convertian en sangre.” pp. 113. 114.

The writer goes on to tell us, with admirable simplicity, that the prediction would seem a fable, if it was not known that, besides Hercules, many persons and some saints had prognosticated the same, and that Merlin also foretold that Spain would be destroyed by the Arabians; and the Venerable Bede likewise said it, and St. Isidore and others. p. 115. He does not decide himself, for though the stars, planets, etc. etc.

There is another detailed account of the wonders of the enchanted palace of Hercules in Lozano: *Reyes Moros de Toledo* (Madr. 4to. 1674) p. 9, sqq. But I have only glanced over it. — Mariana tells the story, but more briefly, and without so much of marvel in the detail: *Hist. Gen.* ed. c. IV. p. 327. — The same narrative, mainly, as that of Castillo, with even in part the very language he uses, will be found in a translation of the Arabian historian *Abuleacim Tarif* by M. de Luna, under the title: *Hist. Verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo* (Madr. sm. 4to. 1676.) c. VI. p. 24. But the opening of the enchanted tower is made to have taken place after Roderic heard the news of the disembarkation of Târik and Count Julian, in his hope to find therein treasure to support the coming conflict. The romantic conclusion of the eagle, which fanned into flame the enkindled tower, and of the great wind that arose immediately after the tower was destroyed and carried to many parts of Spain the ashes, which as they fell were turned to blood, is not there. It may have been, for aught I know, the invention of Archbishop Rodrigo, and is a good one whoever was the author.

8.—P. 193. *The emerald had been broken all the same.*] The story of Florinda, surnamed *La Cava*, discredited (I think on insufficient grounds) by the editor of Mariana, and by others, is one of the

most familiar in history. According to the account in Bleda (*Cronica de los Moros en España* — 1618, in fol. — p. 127,) the girl informed her father of her misfortune figuratively by an emerald ring, which, she said, as it lay uncared for, the king's sword (*tuck* — "estoque") split in two, *dividing the green stone*.

"La Reyna . . . criava en su casa por sus damas . . . las hijas de los principales del reyno. Era muy hermosa entre ellas una hija del Conde llamada Florinda, y por mal nombre la llamaron la Cava. — . . . Cometio el Rey el adulterio, segun Vasco, en Pancorvo villa cerca de Cambria, en la provincia que agora llaman Bureba entre las ciudades de Burgos y Victoria. — . . . Florinda . . . determino de escribir a su padre una carta, en la qual por circunloquios le dio a entender la desgracia que le avia acontecido con el Rey: la qual carta dize assi. 'El gran deseo que me causa la ausencia de padre tan querido (y con razon) por carecer de su vista, junto con mi soledad, me haze escribir tan larga y enfadosa carta: y avisando de una nueva, harto nueva para mi, aunque vieja en España, entre muchas que ay dignas de memoria en este Palacio, sola esta contare por mas notable, ni jamas acontecida a Rey: y es que teniendo yo esta sortija, que va dentro desta carta, con esta engastada esmeralda, sobre una mesa suelta y descuydada (joya de mi, y de los mios tan estimada, como es razon) cayo sobre ella el estoque Real, y desgraciadamente la hizo dos pedazos, partiendo por medio la verde piedra, sin ser yo parte de remedialla.'"

Mariana, who gives no other name throughout than *Cava*, makes the king to have become enamored in somewhat of the same fashion as David of Bathshebah. He makes the letter to Count Julian tell without concealment, though with sufficient delicacy, the outrage done her. *Hist. Gen. de Esp.* (Sabau) T. iv. pp. 314, 315. A note in this edition says:

"Todo lo que Mariana refiere en esto capitulo debe reputarse por fábula pues las *Cronicas* de Isidoro, de Dulcidio, el Emilianense y el del Rey D. Alonso, que son los mas antiguos, no hablan una palabra ni de la Cava ni del Conde D. Julian."

Setting aside the fable of the "palacio encantado" after "Arzobispo D. Rodrigo," which is probably, as I have said, an Arabic invention, expanded and decorated or developed by the fancy of various Spanish writers, this want in the Chronicles does not seem to me sufficient to condemn the whole story of Don Roderic and Count Julian's daughter. Indeed, by a parity of reasoning, if we

are bound to reject as fabulous all that the chroniclers do not give us, are we to accept as veritable all that they do? I have no doubt that there was some such affair, although whether the damsel was dishonored against her will as well as in violation of the king's implied trust, or yielded without resistance, is a point that will admit of a twofold conjecture. It is to be hoped, if only for the romance of the story, that the more charitable supposition is the truer. As for the letter, it must be equally a fiction in Mariana and in Bleda: and the figure of the broken jewel is more agreeable, if not more probable, and, allowing that concealment would be prudent as well as decorous, is in better keeping with the rest of the narration.*

It must be acknowledged, however, that modern historians are in general incredulous of the story as a whole, or of that part of it which is connected with Florinda. Conde, ascribing the invasion of the Arabs wholly to the dissatisfaction of the people, rejects the name of Julian entirely, and says: "Los nombres de la Caba, de su doncella Alifa, y toda la série de este cuento descubre que fué ficción morisca, fundada en las hablillas y canciones vulgares que corrian entre Moros y Cristianos." *Hist. de la Dominación de los Arabes en Esp.* Tom. I. (Madr. 8°. 1820) c. viii. p. 25, *note*. But from what did these *idle tales and popular songs* arise? Like the ballads and romances of the Cid, they had a foundation. It seems to me, that the mere dissatisfaction of the *Christians* with Roderic [*ib.*] could not of itself lead to such a treachery; nor do I find it alone in the disappointed ambition of the sons of Witiza and the jealousy of the chieftains. There needed to be some concentration such as was afforded by the single yet terrible outrage done to Count Julian; or let it have been merely insulted jealousy, not even the dishonoring of a wife, as some would have it, but the abstraction or appropriation of a mistress; some personal and violent offence, I say, is

* The letter, as Bleda gives it, will be found almost word for word in the translation, before-named, of Abulcacim, *Cap. IV. p. 16.*

needed beside the dissatisfaction or the ambition which Don Julian had in common with others, to account for his putting himself at the head of that fatal movement. But his name is omitted altogether,* and one reads with surprise of a body of men, rather than an individual, so despicably base, so irreflective, as to invite a foreign people, of a faith hostile to their own, to take possession of their kingdom.

M. Morey, in his able *Hist. d'Espagne* (Paris, 8°. 1839.) Tom. III. p. 29, *note*, says well, that the silence of contemporary chronicles as to Julian does not decide anything against the testimony of a great number of Arabic authors who all speak of Julian. He might have asked, how comes it that the Arabians themselves ascribe the movement to revenge? It had been more to their credit, to have given no other ground for the invasion than their own spirit of valiant enterprise and the glory of carrying into new and nobler realms the standard of their prophet, — that prophet who himself enjoined the propagation of his faith at the edge of the sabre.

As for Julian, the French historian says (*ib.* p. 30,) *he was of the family of the sons of Witiza, and that explains all.* “ Il ne fit que ce que firent les fils de Witiza et leur oncle Oppas, métropolitain de Séville. Pour relever leur famille, ils appelèrent les Sarrasins en

* Dozy (*Recherches sur l'Hist. et la Litt. de l'Esp. pendant le Moyen Age*, 2d ed. — Leyde 8°. 1860) in an ingenious section (V. — Tom. I. p. 64, sqq.) examines this question of *Count Julian*, and finds him named in Isidore as *Urbanus*, which he considers an error of transcription for *Julianus*, and, turning the *ex-ortus* (because of bad Latinity in the grammatical construction) into *Eearchus*, remarks: “ nous voyons qu'un auteur beaucoup plus ancien que les chroniqueurs arabes parle déjà de Julien, ce qui met hors de doute l'existence de ce personnage, et nous arrivons en outre à ce résultat, que Julien n'était pas vassal ou sujet du roi visigoth, comme on l'a cru, mais gouverneur, pour l'empereur de Constantinople, de ce petit coin de l'Afrique que les Arabes n'avaient pas encore arraché aux faibles successeurs de Constantin-le-grand, c'est-à-dire de Ceuta et des lieux circonvoisins.”

On the treason of the sons of Witiza, *v. ibi* § VI.

qualité d'auxiliaires, et demeurèrent enveloppés dans la défaite commune."

I have not the least doubt myself, that the Arabians had long looked upon the Mediterranean coast of Spain with an eye to conquest,* and that the discontent of the Gothic chieftains, the dissatisfaction of the people, thence arising and fanned by them, and more than all the defeated ambition of the family of Witiza, including its connections, among whom was Count Julian, were the indirect causes of the invasion: they suggested it and rendered it feasible. But the treasonous co-operation of the Christians, — if we reject the actual incitation ascribed to them by historians, who make them, self-exiled on the Moorish shores, paint to the Mussulmans the riches of their native land and the ease with which it might be conquered, — a treason so peculiarly repugnant under the circumstances, so shortsighted as to be almost if not absolutely blind to the plainest of the results which must inevitably follow, how are we to explain this except by that which has often been the spur to treason everywhere and is so still, the passion namely of revenge, whether for insult, slight, or injury? And whence came the woman? The name *Cava* is shown by Lembke (*ubi infra*) to be clearly an Arabic word signifying *meretrix*. She may have been, as I have just suggested, a mistress of Julian's, and at all events was looked upon by the Arabians with contempt. It does not follow that because that tale of the bringing-up at the court of Roderic may be, or is, pure invention, the story in all its parts is absolutely without a basis. — The acute historian last mentioned, while admitting as an inciting cause personal hostility on the part of Julian, argues as a matter of chronology the unlikeli-

* In subnote p. 249, it will be seen that seventeen years before the battle of Xeres and the fall of Roderic, there was apprehension in Spain of an invasion from the neighboring coast of Africa. In fact, this was inevitable, considering the position of the two countries, and the power and warlike character of the Saracen monarchs.

hood of such a crime (that is, in the manner recorded) as is ascribed to Roderic: —

“Denn wenn Roderich erst im Jahre 711 den Thron bestieg, wie war es dann möglich, dass Julian in demselben Jahre nach Toletum ging, wieder zurückkam, sich mit dem Musa in Verbindung setzte, dass Letzterer an den Walid schrieb, dieser demselben antwortete, und dass dann endlich, wie nicht zu bezweifeln, die Eroberung noch in dasselbe Jahr fiel? Die Feindschaft zwischen Roderich und Julian scheint also einen früheren Ursprung gehabt zu haben und muss noch in die Zeit Witizas falten, gegen welchen Roderich vermutlich sich empörte.” *Geschichte v. Spanien* (Hamb. 8o, 1831.) 1r. Band. Ss. 257, S. *Aum.*

This, it will be seen, is no argument against the probability of the wrong itself to Julian (of whatever nature that might have been), but of its occurrence in the same year with the successful invasion by the Mohammedans.*

I think it not improbable that the day will come when even Don Roderic will be lightened of much of the abuse that through many centuries has been laid upon him, heap after heap, but always of one material. It appears likely to me that whereas the people were happy under the lax and beneficent rule of Witiza (see sequel to

* Ordinary historians do not make the conquest to have occurred till 713, or even 714; and we find with some that the outrage is imputed to Witiza. Mariana himself puts the battle in which Roderic was routed in the y. 714. The note by Sabau (IV. p. 325) corrects him thus: “El Marques de Mondexar prueba con argumentos no despreciables, que la famosa batalla en que fué derrotado D. Rodrigo se dió el día 3 de Octubre del año 711.” The Arabic historians fix the year also as 711 of our era, but they make the precise period two months earlier. v. *Mohamm. Emp.* p. 61. The date of the imputed letter of Florinda is thus given in the *Historia Verdadera* after Abulcacim: “de Toledo á tres de Diziembre de la era de Cesar de setecientos y cinquenta años:” in the margin, “Entiendese este data 38 años antes del nacimiento de N. S.”; which would make it therefore 712.

However, for the propriety of the allusion in the play, it is enough to remind the reader, that the story of Julian comes down especially from the Chronicle of SANCHE'S own father, *Alonso el Sabio*. “Debió de ser esta ofesa la de los amores del Rey D. Rodrigo con la Caba, hija del Conde D. Julian, como se refiere en la crónica general que mandó escribir el Rey D. Alfonso el Sabio.” Conde: p. 4 n. *supra cit.*

next note), they found in his successor, obliged to defend himself against the jealousy and insubordination of his rivals and to crush intrigues among his people, a sterner and less generous master. Hence the occasion furnished Bishop Oppas and his coadjutors of maligning him ; and if, besides, he made himself the object of personal hatred and revenge to one of the dethroned monarch's connections,* it is not to be wondered at that one act of imprudent, or say criminal, passion should come down to us multiplied into a thousand indulgences of bestial sensuality. History abounds in misrepresentations, and is sometimes nothing else where princes are concerned ; but, of all, the most unscrupulous and inveterate are those invented and repeated by a bigoted or vindictive priesthood.

9.—P. 193. *The royal Goth was mark'd by many traits That fit a monarch —*] Had he not been, he never would have obtained supremacy, or found acquiescence and submission among his peers as well as the people. Castillo (*ubi s. c.* p. 112) says, that immediately after he had procured his election he seemed to lay aside these eminent qualities, as if no longer of use, and abandoned himself to what must have been his natural passions. Mariana gives the same account, for and against, lib. VI. c. 20 (Tom. iv. p. 312 ed. c.). From any historian it is improbable. Men do not put off good habits, or assume them, so easily. See concluding paragraph of Note 8.

* Count Julian was married to Witiza's sister. (*Mar.* iv. 307.) Between Rodrigo and the sons of Witiza the rivalry was in this wise. Ervigio, who, by what might be called a romantic act of treason, had superseded Wamba, endeavored to give a kind of legitimacy to his usurpation and to make through a quasi-political atonement the crime which preceded it overlooked, by marrying his daughter to Egica, a chief of Wamba's family. Witiza was the offspring of this marriage. Rodrigo was of the rival race of Chindaswinth, being son of the second son of that prince, as from Favila, another of the sons, came the famous Pelayo.

The fact of Roderic's having by a sort of usurpation, as commonly assumed, become king to the exclusion of the sons of Witiza *

* Witiza himself is described by Bieda (*u. s.* p. 118) as abominable in all sensual pleasures, especially with women, and the *padre* makes the corruption thence arising, first in the court, and then spreading to the clergy, to whom Witiza, in revenge of the interference of his prelates and to neutralize their influence, gave permission to have as many wives and concubines as they pleased, to have been the first among the causes to which he ascribes the ruin of Spain. He makes Archbishop Oppas (*Bishop*: there were no Archbishops in Spain at that time,) King Witiza's brother, an accomplice in the treachery of Count Julian. (This, which is acknowledged by better historians, and is from all the circumstances one of the most probable of facts, furnishes a clue to the chief motives of the perpetrators of that act of consummate folly as well as turpitude.)

Salazar (*Monarquía de Esp.* lib. I. c. xii. — Tom. 1. p. 80. Madr. fol. 1770) repeats this story, and recounts that Witiza ordered under capital penalty that *no obedience should be rendered by the clergy to the Pope of Rome, that the Jews should return to the kingdom, and that the walls of certain cities and towns should be demolished.*

According to Ferreras (*Hist. Gen. d'Esp.* P. IV. Siècle VIII. — T. II. p. 415, *sqq.* *Trad. d'Hermilly.* Paris et Amst. 4to. 1751) Witiza was a perfect monster of libertinism, — a beast rather in every carnal excess. The story, of the demolition of the walls with three exceptions, he disproves, but credits and relates with emphasis the sanction to the clergy of concubinage. He rejects the story of his throwing off pontifical authority. He maintains the tradition of Count Julian, argues why it should be true, and concludes by asking if it is credible that Don Julian, who had defended Ceuta against Muza, would have solicited the aid of the Moors except from powerful motives. The sum of which is this. Ferreras assumes, with the early ecclesiastical writers of Spanish history, that the corruption of Witiza, whom he calls *tyrant* as well as *monster*, paved the way for the ruin of Spain, and through the dissatisfaction of the people caused the first invasion of the Moors, which however he considers to have been inspired by ambition and lust of conquest.

It is to be observed that these unfavorable accounts of the Gothic king are primarily the composition of churchmen. If now we look at the main charges against him, we are startled instantly by strong suspicions, (a) which, not easily

(a) These suspicions, which flashed upon my own mind even while reading the two allegations I have particularized, I have the satisfaction to find confirmed by the arguments, or rather the critical examination and comparison of F. W. Lenzke (*u. s.*) pp. 118 124.

gives point to the example; and Don Sancho, seeming to have felt it, says below :

Or dar'st thou make my paragon of him,
Because like me he vaulted to a throne
Whereon the natural claimants could not sit?

See Note 10.

entertained by earlier writers, become in our more liberal and enlightened and wisely distrustful times one of the commonest suggestions caused by all such wholesale and vehement denunciations, especially on the part of ecclesiastics. Of the four public acts which are charged against Witiza, one, which would be that of a madman, is disposed of by Ferreras as unworthy of consideration, and is probably founded on a politic dismantling of some outworks either useless or likely to fall into the hands of an invader and thus to become a source of danger to the towns themselves. The accusation of licensing and enjoining marriage and even concubinage to the clergy is as little tenable; for we know that marriage was at that time not forbidden to ecclesiastics, and we may see therefore how the concubinage, which at a later day, when restive under the unnatural restraint newly put upon them by the Pope, they indulged in, to the scandal of religion and the demoralization of the laics, became easily mixed up with a charge which in itself could have no foundation. But we are told that this "tyrant" wished to have the Jews return to his dominions. His father Egica, probably prompted by the bishops, had had the cruel impolicy to propose in the last Council of Toledo (y. 694) the most tyrannical measures with a view to the *extirpation of the Jews from every part of the kingdom*, on the absurd charge, to which *he testified in a memorial presented by him to the Council* (easily concocted by the prelates who were to act upon it) *that they had agreed with their brethren of Africa to revolt and deliver up Spain to the Moors!* Unhappy people! that for their own bigotry and narrowminded adherence to antiquated uses have been, through all ages and in every country, the victims of religious intolerance or unreflecting prejudice. *This proposed the King: The Prelates will resolve that all the Jews surrender themselves for slaves, and in order that with poverty they may be more sensible of toil, that all their goods be confiscated: in addition to which, that their children be taken from them so soon as arrived at the age of seven years and delivered to Christians to be reared and instructed.* Mariana. IV. 201, sq. After this accursed proposition, followed by the Act passed by the Council: "Que los Judfos que despues de bautizados perseveran en su religion, ó conspiran contra el Rey ó contra el estado, sean reducidos á la esclavitud y sus bienes confiscados, y que les quiten sus hijos para educarlos en la religion cristiana:" (Aguirre, *Actas de este*

10—P. 193. — *the natural claimants* —] I do not therefore mean to say, that they were the legal and absolute ones. In those days the monarchy was elective, and the sons of Witiza could have no other claim than a natural one, the claim arising from their eligibility, if such it should be conceded, as sons of the deceased monarch: “porque en aquellos tiempos no eran Reyes propietarios, ni herederos, sino que el Reyno elegia su Rey libremente en muriendo el que Reynava.” Sandoval, *u. s.* fol. 40.

Nevertheless, as the sovereignty had been in their family for several generations, the sons of Witiza would naturally, and had probably come to look upon it as their prescriptive right. And indeed, but for such a result, there could have been no rivalry be-

Conc. ibi in annot. cit.) — after these abominable measures, can any one doubt that Witiza was prompted by intelligence and by indignant justice to undo what was at once the foulest tyranny and the most despicable folly? But along with this impious expression of an infidel liberality, he had the hardihood to set his kingly face against the supremacy of the self-styled successors of a Hebrew fisherman. To this latter point Sandoval alludes in a way that makes it credible, saying that Witiza refused to *recognize Spain to be a kingdom of the Church*, and to *obey the Pope of Rome*: (*u. s.* fol. 40.) We accept them both. Was not then this unfortunate Gothic king in advance of his benighted age? Do we not find here, in these combined and kindred allegations, one of the main causes of his defamation by the Romish clergy? What in our own day, supposing we had nothing but two such facts to guide us, should we pronounce of such a monarch? and at such an epoch? Undoubtedly, that he was a true patriot, a bold assertor of his own and the right of his people to national independence, a man who was not fettered by narrow prejudices, but, doing justice to all men, set nothing by creeds and found in no variance of religious customs a cause for exclusion from equality of political rights, or else, with a statesman's view, saw the impolicy of expatriating or disfranchising an industrious and wealth-producing, if not wealthy class of his subjects. All men who are before their time are crucified by public opinion during life, sometimes for long ages after it. and the seed of truth, when, after it has lain so long buried in the rot of their obloquy, it germinates at last, throws out so small a shoot and of so slow and feeble growth, that few even of those who seek it find its verdure, and the mass behold it not at all, unconscious of nor caring for its existence.

tween two races, each of which had furnished monarchs to the Gothic throne. See, above, p. 247, subnote to Note 8.

11.—P. 193. — *the mighty river*—] The Guadalquivir; which name is said to have that sense, being scarcely altered from the designation originally given it by the Moors: *Kwad al keber* (*Rio Grande*.) — Mendez Silva: *Poblacion General de Esp.* (Madr. fol. 1645) p. 85. Pedro de Medina: *Libro de Grandezas &a. y cos. mem. de Esp.* (Madr. fol. 1568) fol. xlviii.

12.—P. 194. *For scarce so much, my brother lost his head.*] This was one of those acts of violence that were characteristic of the age, and one that especially disgraced *Alonso el Sabio* as well as *Sancho el Bravo*, and was by its consequences the cause of great trouble to both. At the same time that the Infante D Fadrique was beheaded (some say suffocated, others again, burned in his own house), D. Simon de Haro was burned to death by order of Don Sancho, and both without being heard in their defence. It was after the Cortes, assembled at Segovia in 1276, by Alonso, had decided, and mainly under the influence of D. Lope de Haro, a relative of D. Simon's, in favor of Don Sancho for the succession, setting thus aside the sons of his deceased elder brother. The queen Doña Violante, dissatisfied with this wrong done to her grandchildren, and fearing for her own safety as well as theirs, managed to get with them under the protection of the King of Aragon, her brother. Alonso, greatly enraged, vented his despite on all who had aided her, and seized at Burgos the Infante D. Fadrique and D. Simon Ruyz de Haro, with the results just mentioned. See Mariana: *ed. cit.* VIII. pp. 162, 163, with *note*.

13.—P. 194. *He favors the pretenders to your throne, &c.*] These were the King's nephews, mentioned in the preceding note. Sancho,

having by his rebellion, alienated the favor of Alonso, that unhappy monarch, correcting his injustice just before his death. (1284), named in his will the eldest of his grandsons as his successor and after him the second. These, the *Infantes de la Cerda*, as they are known in history, were under the protection, as already said, of the King of Aragon, and all the artifices of Sancho to get them into his possession, and all his advantages in valor, prudence, and experience as a ruler, and the resources which actual sovereignty put at his command, could not prevent them, with the support of that king and occasionally with the favor of France, from giving him trouble more or less throughout his reign. For they were the focus where met all the latent fires of revolution, and at the date I have chosen for my play, which was just a year before the death of Sancho, intrigues in their behalf were, if not as active as they had been, yet by no means quiescent. In fact, Sancho IV., through the whole of his reign of eleven years, was either struggling, more or less earnestly, with the many-handed demon evoked by his misdeed, or tormented by its phantom. He labored not merely for himself, but for his succession, determined to shut out forever his brother's heirs, against whom he seemed to have conceived that antipathy which is not uncommon with men against the victims of their wrongdoing. Hence when crowned in Toledo (1284,) he caused the oath of allegiance to be taken to his daughter, a child of two years, providing thus anxiously against the two contingencies, of his own premature death and of his never having male issue. Nor, with all his real ability, were his fears, any more than those of other usurpers, without foundation. Mariana indeed considers, that but for mismanagement, a want of promptitude and zeal, the Cerdas might even so late as 1290 have regained their rights. But their forces were weakened by delay, which not only chilled their ardor and added animation to the King's, but tended materially to increase these latter, while it gave him time to gain over powerful adherents and to strengthen himself by alliances: *Tom. VIII. p. 276.* Which is but to say, that

the two forces were pretty nearly balanced, but that Don Sancho was the better soldier and more capable statesman.

14.—P. 195. *Laws take What course the King directs. So said, etc.*] “Allá van leyes adó quieren reyes” (*Laws go still whither kings will*): a proverb which is said to have had its origin in the reign of Alonso VI. of Leon and Castile, in this manner. The whole body of the people of Toledo, including not only the military but even the clergy, were strongly attached to the ancient Gothic forms of their faith. The King, under the influence of his spouse, a Frenchwoman, daughter of Robert of Burgundy, was determined on introducing the Romish ritual. It was agreed to have the question decided by judicial combat. The champion of the Gothic ritual came off, to the great delight of the Toledans, victorious. Thereupon the King declared that the trial was not conclusive, and ordered the books containing the two forms to be thrown into a large fire. Of course, the decision of Heaven was solemnly invoked; yet, when the Roman book was burned, while the Toledan leaped forth uninjured (“illacus prosiliit”), the King, despite the tears and supplications of his people, ordered that the Romish forms should be everywhere adopted, threatening the disobedient with death and confiscation. *Ross. de St. Hilaire*, after Roderic of Toledo: *Hist. d’Espagne* (Paris 8°. 1839) IV. p. 251, sqq. Archbishop Roderic was of the same mode of thinking with his flock. The *padre* Bleda, while relating the duel on the same authority, is silent as to the fire-ordeal. It is Mr. Ticknor, III. p. 201 (Bost.) *note*, — who gives, after Sarmiento, the particular of the King’s action, mentioned in the text. It is a good trait in an interesting story. It is not impossible that Alonso, finding that the Gothic ritual did not burn so fast as its rival, caused it to be pushed farther into the flames, or pushed it himself, that, the results being equalized, he might have the casting-vote himself. But when one reads of such an act of sudden tyranny as the royal ordinance, one is tempted to

doubt the Archbishop's assertion of the unanimity of the Toledan people. It would have required an astonishing amount of moral courage and no little physical audacity to face such a universal outbreak of distressful feeling and outcry of supplication as the monarch is said to have defied and disregarded.

Mariana, however, attributes no such unworthy or impolitic conduct to Alonso; and apparently with reason. He says, the King pronounced that *both the breviaries were pleasing to the Almighty*; and the contest was decided by an arrangement that the ancient forms should still exist in the ancient Mozarabic churches: a compromise even now observed in certain annual festivals, when in those temples the offices are performed after the manner of the Mozarabians. He adds the remarkable statement, that there is a chapel in the principal church, where, by an endowment of the Cardinal Ximenes (in order that the memory of so signal an affair and of rites so ancient might not be lost,) certain Mozarabic chaplains pray and say mass conformably to the ancient missal and breviary. In the recently erected churches of Toledo, it was ordered that the offices should be celebrated in accordance with the Roman forms. "De aquí nació en España aquel refran muy usado: Allá van leyes do quieren Reyes." Hist. &a. lib. 9º. c. xviii. (T. VI. 124-7.) The occurrence took place in the y. 1088.

15.—P. 195. — *who challeng'd and o'erthrew, etc.*] Don Diego Ordoñez. This incident forms a chief, if not the chief part, and certainly the most interesting, of the sequel or second division of *Las Mocedades del Cid*. The Cid is the umpire in the triple duel, and decides it in favor of Arias Gonzalo, whose last son, though he falls, had by a prodigious stroke in true paladin-fashion split the head as well as divided the reins and saddlebow of Diego's steed, which, instead of dropping dead, carries his rider beyond the barriers.

"Urr. . . . De un tajo
Le partió de arriba abajo

Cabeza, riendas y arzon
 Al caballo de don Diego.
 Huyendo á los vientos sigue,
 Y Rodrigo le persigue
 Sangriento, turbido y ciego.
Nu. De la estacada ha salido.
Garc. El caballo le sacó.
Nu. Y Rodrigo Arias cayó
 Del suyo."— *Jorn.* III. *Esc.* 2.

The comment on p. 68, Tom. VI. of Mariana (*ed. cit.*) shows that the story of the challenge and D. Diego's combat with the three sons of Arias is not founded on any real account, and adds from Ferreras: "Los retos que hubo despues de don Diego Ordoñez y los hijos de Arias Gonzalo los dexo á la credulidad del lector, pareciendome cuentos de libros de caballeria." Why so? If not true, the tale is well invented. It was the age of the Cid ("El Campeador" — the Defier), and very soon after the threefold duel, occurred the judicial combat mentioned in the last note, not to establish the guilt or innocence of parties charged with complicity in treason and king-murder, but to decide between two rival forms of church worship. Ferreras swallows with greediness the absurd impossibility of Witiza's sanction of clerical concubinage, yet turns with repugnance from a fact so natural and characteristic both of the age and of the nation.

16.—P. 195. — *'t was thy prompt arm That lopp'd the audacious Haro's at the wrist—*] Sancho had repaid his obligations to D. Lope Diaz de Haro, lord of Biscay, by loading him with honors and possessions to a degree that swelled his natural arrogance and excited the dissatisfaction of other nobles, especially those of Galicia and Leon, who said that De Haro was the actual ruler, while Sancho wore the crown. Among other causes that increased the vanity and presumption of the favorite, he had succeeded in espousing his daughter Mary to the Infante Don Juan, the King's brother. After various acts of ingratitude and insolence toward his benefactor,

when he was finally sent to mediate with the King of Aragon, whom Sancho was soliciting to deliver up the Cerdas, Don Lope purposely embroiled everything. Sancho returned to Alfaro, on the confines of Aragon and Navarre. Here the Infante D. Juan and De Haro came to do him reverence, without sufficient guard for their personal security. There was present a large assemblage of men of rank, including prelates, such as the Archbishop of Toledo, the Bishops of Placentia and Calatrava, and others, all called to council. The King orders the Infante and Don Lope to surrender their castles and other places, to release the garrisons from their oaths, etc. On their excusing themselves, the King commands their arrest. Don Lope, transported by passion and uttering (it is said) abusive language, enveloped his left arm in his mantle and, sword in hand, made toward the King with intent to kill him. So at least it is asserted by the historian; but it seems far more probable that he sought but to protect himself and make good his escape. But the nobles rushed upon him, and his right hand being cut off at the first blow, he fell easily a victim. These are the words of Mariana:

"D. Lope de Haro, puesta mano á la espada, y revuelto el manto á brazo, con palabras muy injuriosas, y llamar al Rey tyrano, fementido, cruel, con todo lo demás que se le vino á la boca y que el furor y rabia le daban, se fué para él con intento de matarle. Locura grande y demasiado atrevimiento, que le acarreó su perdición: los que estaban presentes pusieron asimismo mano á sus espadas, y del primer golpe le cortáron la mano derecha y consiguientemente le acabáron." T. VIII. p. 247.

See Note 20, where the part the King himself took in the affair, -- which occurred in 1283, -- is related from the Chronicle of Don Sancho.

17.—P. 196. — *the great Champion himself.*] *El Campeador*: a well-known popular surname of the Cid Ruy Diaz, sometimes annexed to the more usual aftername or forename of honor, as *el Cid Campeador*. Dozy (*Recherches*, &c. ut s. Tom. II. p. 65) shows that *Campeador* is not rightly explained by the usual sense of *cam-*

peon, but that it is derived from a chivalric usage of the time with both Moors and Christians, but adopted by the Christians from the Moors, and signifies more truly *defier*. Our word *champion* in its ordinary sense, and its application rather to the challenger and martial assertor of a right than to the challenged and its denier translates it well.

18.—P. 196. *In all this kingdom.*] Seville, not Spain.

19.—P. 197. *Your royal sire's example.*] See, above, Note 12. The allusion is to the assassination (it was nothing less) of the Infante Don Fadrique.

Alonso X, surnamed *el Sabio* (the accomplished — full of *knowledge* — “wise”, as it is usually rendered) was (a combination not unfrequent) imprudent throughout his reign, and therefore unhappy more or less to its close. It may be questioned whether the severity with which he is reproached by the chief Spanish historian, and especially the precipitate cruelty which stained him in the present instance, were not more the result of a fatal facility in following the suggestions of others, than of any real inhumanity.

20.—P. 197. *Your own hand smote Diego Lopez dead.*] The Chronicle of Don Sancho, *Cap.* 5º., gives in detail the tragic scene at Alfaro. The King's part therein is thus recorded (I quote from the comment, vol. viii. p. 250. Mariana):—

.. “y luego diéronle [sc. á don Lope Díaz] con una maza en la cabeza que cayó en tierra muerto, non lo mandando el Rey.* Y tornó el Rey contra Diego Lopez que estaba aí, que le corriera á ciudad de Castil-Rodrigo, y dixo: Diego Lopez, qué vos merecí, por qué me corriades la tierra mia, seyendo mi vasallo? y él non supo razon ninguna que le decir; y el Rey dióle con una espada en la cabeza tres golpes en guisa que fincó muerto.”

* This is most likely, especially if De Haro's action was believed to be aggressive. But the obscure historian cited in Note 21 (below) says that the homicide was by the King's order, and presents it as an illustration of his cruelty: “Cum

21.—P. 197. — *who has fac'd unshaken, Arm'd and unarm'd, etc.*] Rodericus Santius (*Hist. Hispanicae* Part III. C. vii.—in *Rev. Hisp. Script.* Tom. I. (Francof. fol. 1579) p. 379.) relates, how, on the occasion of a mutiny in his army, Sancho went before the soldiers, *clothed only with his shirt* (“*nudus sola indutus camisia,*”) and desired them to turn their swords against him, not their fellows. This not answering, he seized a lance and struck therewith two of the ringleaders. — Previously (*ib.*) it is said, in illustration of the cruelty which marked his conduct at times: “*Saepe . . pro parva inobedientia milites virgis caesi, manus amputavit, inobedientesque in mediis castris securi jussit percuti, nonnunquam propria manu cecidit.*”

Mariana gives more than one instance of a cruelty which in Sancho seems to have been something more than an indifference to human life common to the age and, as its own historians say, to his country. Thus, in the affair at Badajos, when the party known as *Bejaranos* surrendered on promise of their lives, he *put them all to the sword to the number of 4000, both men and women.* T. VIII. p. 261. So at Talavera, to impress terror on the partisans of Alonso, 400 of the noblest *were publicly executed and quartered.* (*ib.*) He adds however, that the story is one of tradition and not of authority; and we may believe with assurance, that whatever the foundation, there is great exaggeration in every such account.

22.—P. 203. *Who is himself surnamed the Strong and Brave —]*

enim apud oppidum de Alfaro moram traheret, celeri judicio et irato ac turbato animo pariter et vultu, occidi jussit nobilem virum Lupum Comitem et dominum Vizcaiae.” *Rev. Hisp. Script.* T. I. p. 380. The King would not need to give an order. His look would be sufficient, when the violence and audacity of De Haro had reached their height; and his own part in the scene shows that if the tragedy was not of his direct designing, its catastrophe was not to him unwelcome. It is a noticeable trait of the time, the King's taking upon himself the execution of an audacious or troublesome subject. — It is therefore in character, that I have made him put his hand to his sword in *Act V.* p. 233.

In addition to the usual surname *el Bravo*, Sancho had the analogous one of *Fuente*. "Era sin duda osado," adds Mariana, "diestro, astuto, y de industria singular en qualquier cosa á que se aplicase." VIII. 200. He had also the highest kind of human bravery, namely what is called moral courage. For example: when the king his father obtained against him (1283) the excommunication of P. Martin IV., with its attendant interdicts, the closing of the churches, etc., the rebel *strong and brave* did not hesitate, but threatened with death the papal agents and all who should act against him in conformity with the edict. *Mar.* VIII. 195. The note there (p. 196. ed. cit.) tells us, after the *Chronicle of D. Alonso el Sabio*: . . . "el infante D. Sancho mandó que matasen al que traxese estas cartas, apelando al Papa futuro, ó para el primer concilio que se tuviese, ó para delante de Dios, del agravio que se hacía á su tierra." Garibay tells the particulars very neatly, c. xvi. lib. xiii. *Comp. Historial de España* (Barcel. 1628. in fol.) Tom. II. p. 222.

23.—P. 205. *Vouch'd by the Cortes* —] The establishment of the Cortes begins with the Gothic monarchy, and the Kings of Leon and Castile always held them to be the grand ornament and support of their thrones.

. . . "bien léjos de desconfiar ó de recelarse de estas grandes juntas ó de reputarlas por contrarias al órden ó depresivas de la Real dignidad, ó indecorosas á la majestad, y mucho menos por inútiles y perjudiciales, las miraban como fuentes de luz y de verdad, como el mas bello ornamento del trono y firmísima columna de la justicia, del sosiego y prosperidad pública.

"Así pensaba el Rey don Fernando IV [son and successor of Sancho IV.], cuando en las cortes del Valladolid del año 1298 aseguró haberlas convocado — 'porque sabemos que es á servicio de Dios é nuestro é muy grande pro de todos los nuestros regnos é mejoramiento del estado de toda nuestra tierra.'" *MAR. MARINA. Teoria de las Cortes.* (Madr. 8º. 1820.) Tom. I., p. 57. The heading of the Chapter (Cap. IV.) expresses briefly: "En los reynos de Leon y Castilla se observó inviolablemente la práctica de los Godos. Los reyes y los súbditos miraron siempre las cortes como una de las instituciones mas útiles y ventajosas al estado."

In the second Chapter, will be found an account of the Cortes as they

existed during the Gothic empire.

It need not be said that these national assemblies, having their origin in public freedom and being its best, if not sole guardian through so many ages, yet sometimes were the surest agents the kings could find in the execution of decrees that were contrary alike to justice and to liberty. All legislative and functional bodies are liable to corrupt influences; and when the Junta at Segovia, under the instigation of Don Manuel the King's brother and Don Lope de Haro, made the Infante Don Sancho heir to the throne, they furnished an example of the facility with which the right arm of political freedom and justice might be used to put forward and sustain measures that were inimical to both.

24.—P. 209. *His cord, this time, Shall make no distaff of Montoya's blade.*] In a note to p. 66, Tom. II. of the sumptuous work of D. Francisco Piferrer, *Nobiliario de los Reinos y Señoríos de España*, 2d ed. (Madr. imp. 8° 1857), it is told, in relation to the bordure of the arms of *Tabera*, that a cavalier of that house had a single combat with one of the house of *Montoya*, but a religious of the order of San Francisco threw his cord over the swords, entangling them, and put an end to the fight without dishonor to either. In commemoration of which event both the families assumed the cord in their escutcheon, either as a bordure directly (*Tabera*), or within a bordure (*Montoya*.)

Montoya. "El antiguo solar de este noble linage fué en la provincia de Alava. Sus armas son: Escudo de azur y diez panelas de plata: bordura de sinople con el cordon de San Francisco de plata." *Nobil. ut s.* 119.

25.—P. 209. *Beware the nettles in the Ortiz' hand!*] In Tom. I. p. 104, of Piferrer, I find two families of Ortiz: one from Garcia Ortiz, in 1014, of Navarre, the other from Ortun Ortiz, 1214, of Castile, *ricos-hombres*: whose noble descendants passed to Andalusia among other provinces. *It is thus seen*, he adds, *that the lineage of*

Ortiz is very ancient and of quality ("calificado") *in Spain.* So Castillo (*Hist. &c.* ut s. p. 409): "Ortiz es apelido noble en estos Reynos, y ay muchos dellos hijosdalgo con notoria hidalguia, y Cavalleros, &c."

On p. 257 of the same vol. of Piferrer there occurs still another Ortiz, a valiant warrior who distinguished himself against the Moors. He bore, *Or*, a hand dexter proper grasping a maniple of nettles vert : a pregnant bearing and allusive to the name (*Ortiga* — *Urtica*, *Lat.*)

Ortiz. "Un esforzado guerrero del apellido Ortiz se señaló en las guerras contra los moros en tiempo del rey Don Jaime. . . Traia por armas : Escudo de oro y una mano teniendo un manojó de ortigas."

26.—P. 209. *Part them! — In the King's name! — Dead! Poor Alda!*] This verse, though of proper length, according to the usual licentious mode of accenting the final unaccented syllable, really ends with a half-foot. Yet is the rythm exact, an emphasis being put on the word *King's*.

27.—P. 212. *I am the Alcalde Pedro Loriguillo.*] Among the Alcaldes of Baeza, *temp. Sant. IV.*, are enumerated *Diego Alfonso de Ribilla* and *Pedro Loriguillo*. Arg. de Molina : *Nobleza del Andalusia* (Sev. in fol. 1588) fol. 164. I have placed them in Seville. What their virtues were, I know not : I borrow but their names.

28.—P. 213. *Where is he now? — What keeps him from me?*] Omit, on the stage, the latter half of this line. It did not belong to the piece as written. But coming to copy, I found the verse defective. Such a scene when finished is not to be altered with impunity. But in this instance there was no way of avoiding it. Hence the addition, "What keeps him from me?" or (as addressed more directly, and with a start, almost impatient, to the Alcalde) "Where is Don Ruy?" Neither is of advantage, except to the completeness of the versification : but if either be used upon the

stage, let it be *Where is Don Ruy?* said in the manner just indicated.

29.—P. 216. *'T is not Airón.*] There was formerly in Granada a well so called, of very great depth, and from which escaped continual blasts of air; whence its name. Hence arose the proverb, *To fall into the well Airón* ("Caer en el pozo Airón": *In profundissimum puteum demergi*;) signifying, of anything that is lost, that it will be difficult to find it, or to take it out from the place whereinto it has fallen. *Dicc. de la R. Acad. Españ.* 1726. — "*Pozo Airón.* . . un pozo que hai en Granada en la falda del Albaicín á espaldas de la calle de Elvira, y que se creído fué abierto por los moros con el objeto de dar salida y respiracion á los gases subterráneos y precaver la violencia de los terremotos [a gratuitous and absurd popular notion.]" *Don Quijote*. Com. por CLEMENCIN (Madr. 8º. 1835.) Tom. IV. p. 238. There is another *Pozo Airón*; in the province of Cuenca; a lake however, circular in form and of great depth, and whose water is so salt that no animal will drink of it. *ib.*

30.—P. 217. *She wears only, etc. etc.*] Let not the actress make the mistake of assuming here full mourning. *Doña Alda* would have no time for such a change. She has quit the house on a sudden impulse, not half an hour after her brother's death.

31.—P. 218. *I pray my King will not then with the law, . . . Leave the assassin, but give him unto me.*] In *Sancho Ortiz*, Estrella claims this as a right, according to the ancient law in such cases:—

"Fijad alga á vos me humillo
Como quien soy, y no espero
Que me disputeis el fuero
Antiguo del homicidio." *Ac. III. Esc. 4.*

32.—P. 218. . . Rico-O'me . . .] *Rico Hombre*. Equivalent to the more modern *Grande* (Grandee.)

"La voz *Rico-Ome*, algunos la entendieron por la Riqueza; y otros decian,

que significava *Grandeza* con *Riqueza*, y *nobleza* con *dignidad*; y esta disputa, entre eruditos escritores, cessó por la declaracion que hizo el Rey Don Alfonso el Sabio (Ley 6. tit. 9. part. 2.): á saber, *Rico-Ome* por *Linage* y por *Bondad*, *Entendido* y *Valoroso defensor del Rey*." Berni: *Creacion, Antig. y Privilegios de los Titulos de Castilla* (fol. s. a.) § 22. p. 84.

" . . el titulo de Grande de España, que equivale á Rico-Ome en lo antiguo." *ib.* § 26. p. 85.

33.—P. 219. *She paragon Urraca.*] This princess, mother of the "Emperor" Don Alonso VII. of Castile, was of a daring and irrepressible spirit, and of a warmth of temperament that did not add much to her reputation. She figures in *Las Mocedades*, and is the *Infante* of *Le Cid*, where nothing is preserved of her character but its amativeness, and that made imbecile. She is said to have suddenly died (*burst*) while robbing a church, *one foot within the door and one without*: a story in which the retributive mode of death, perhaps altogether and certainly in part, is probably the creation of popular superstition, if not invented directly by the priests, but the intention of sacrilege may have been reality. Some historians deny it altogether (Ferrerias, for ex., Tom. III. p. 365 of the Fr. transl. see too Jul. del Castillo p. 231) and vindicate her memory in other respects. The more reasonable account of her death makes it to have occurred in childbed; Zurita says, in the Castle of Saldaña, of a son: *Anal. de la Corona de Aragon*, 1. I. xliv (Zaragoza. 4to. 1669) I. 48. See *Cronica del Emp. D. Alonso VII.* por Sandoval: C. XV. p. 40. (Madr. fol. 1600,): where the popular account is detailed, but with evident distrust. She entered the monastery of S. Isidro de Leon, to take the treasure of the sacristy, given to it by her father and by her grandfather, the founder, and *was going out loaded with the rich spoil* [an absurdity] when, just as she set her foot without the door of the church, "rebentó en el umbral della, cayendo subitamente muerto, quedando el un pie dentro del templo, y el otro fuera."

The Bishop of Pamplona attributes, to her intelligence and ca-

capacity for government, the consideration in which was held Alonso VI. (her brother), whom he makes to have been inspired by her in his policy: "que fue Princesa de tan buena cabeza, que don Alonso, guiado por ella, fue tenido por uno de los mejores Reyes de España." *Hist. de los Reyes de C. &a.* u. s. p. 39.

She may have had a share in the assassination of her brother, Sancho III. Ross. de St. Hilaire (*Hist. d'Esp.* u. s.) plainly implies it, and Castillo says figuratively, that the assassin took refuge *under her mantle*: "El traidor Vellido, entrado en Zamora. se fue a meter debaxo del manto de la Infante doña Urraca." (*Reyes Godos* u. s. p. 203.) This would make her an accomplice *after the fact*; satisfied with the result, for the sake of her favorite, Alonso.

34.—P. 220. *She cannot yet Have reach'd the Castle.*] It will have been seen in the *Preface*, p. 174, that Arias in the "Tragedia arreglada" suggests the arrest of Estrella. It is a mere coincidence, arising naturally out of the situation. Besides, the intention and the motive are different with De Lara. He desires merely to have Alda intercepted and recalled; and this, in order to save his own audacious double-dealing from a detection which must result in his death or ruin.

35.—P. 221. DE LARA retiring, with an anxious look —] I have here, in the margin of the Ms., "Would the courtier not suppress it?" It is a nicety that I think worth noticing for the reader's sake, as well as for my own. But before an audience, which has not the time to consider such minutiae, it is one of those slight divergences from absolute truth-likeness that are not only unimportant in themselves, but often greatly useful.

36.—P. 221. — the Castle of Triana.] The Moorish fortress in that suburb, which is separated from the city by the Guadalquivir. It was made, at the close of the 16th century, the residence of the

Inquisition, and Conca (*Descr. Odepor.* &c. 1790. T. III. 280) speaks of it as still occupied by that body, which within a few years has had its offices in the stately edifice formerly occupied by the Jesuits. Ford tells us (*Handbook of Spain*, 2d. ed. Murray, 1847) that the Moorish Castle, ruined by an overflow of the river, has been taken down and its site is occupied by a market.

37.—P. 222. *Gone back to his Castile, and like a man Fought for the cause he favor'd.*] The claims of Don Sancho's nephews were at one time supported materially by the King of Aragon, by means of hostile enterprises in the kingdom of Castile.

38.—P. 225. *Our lord has honor for his virtuous spouse The mother of his children.*] This he evinced in 1286, when, after the failure of the interview which was to have taken place between him and the newly crowned monarch of France, Philip *le Bel*, it was proposed as a basis of treaty that the former, because of his affinity to Doña Maria, should repudiate her, and take one of the two sisters of Philip. The historian says: "D. Sancho sintió esto gravamente. Parecía cosa pesada dexas una muger tan esclarecida, y en quien tenía un hijo y una hija." Mariana. VIII. 226.

When, to Don Ruy's words above, *Alda* replies:

As he had

For his illustrious sire :

it is severely, not in irony. Sancho had so much respect for himself, or so much sagacity, looking to the influence he wished to acquire with all classes of the King's subjects, that he never spoke of his father but with reverence, even while in his ambition he raised armies against him and intrigued hourly against his crown. See again Mariana, *ib.* 197.

39.—P. 225. — *and Absalom May err where David stray'd with*
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meaner kings.] I have marked in the margin: "Out of character and situation." I am afraid that it is, but feel doubtful, because indignation might give that nerve to Alda which would stimulate her for the moment into forgetfulness of the situation and make her speak with masculine energy. Indeed she is more or less vigorous throughout the Scene, and at all times since impassioned by her brother's death. However, either of the following readings would be unexceptionable in both particulars:

The mother of his children.

Alda. As he had

For his own father. A revolted son

May have the vice which sullies virtuous kings:

OR:

The mother of his children, and has shown it
More than one time.

Alda. Yet, as with other kings —

Must I pursue? *etc.*

40.—P. 227. 'Tis my Cid!] The *King* is quoting, allusively, from the old ballads. But the style *mio Cid* was not confined to the ballads. See Sandoval: *Hist.*, &a. u. s. fol. 60, p. 2. "'Mio Cid semper vocatus', dit l'ancien biographe d'Alphonse VII." Dozy: *Recherches etc.* u. s. p. 68. I hardly need repeat, after that scholarly critic, that the phrase is Arabic, and signifies *my lord*. But though derived from the Moors, I doubt that it had the origin ascribed to it in story.

41.—P. 227. *Of giving life to the Infante's claims, etc.*] The title of *Infante* is properly confined to the second and other junior sons of the King. (BERNI: *Creacion*, &a. u. s. § 19, p. 83.) Don Alonso, or Alfonso, de la Cerda, was the eldest son of Don Sancho's elder brother and had already styled himself King of Castile. "El Infante don Alonso de la Cerda, hijo del Infante d. Fernando, se llama en estos dias Rey de Castilla y Leon, y siendo favorecido de los Reyes de Francia y Aragon y aun de Sicilia, entró en su liga

en estos dias Mahomed, queriendo favorecer al Infante Cerda."

BLEDA: *Cronica*, &a. u. s. p. 501. Therefore Don Luis used this title artfully in depreciation. The distinction however is not always observed by historians. Thus the *Padre*, in the passage just cited, gives it not only to the Pretender as well as to his brother, but to their father, who was the actual heir apparent of Alonso X.

By "uncle", Don *Luis* (who is a fictitious personage) refers to Don Alvar Nuñez de Lara, who headed the people of Seville in their opposition to the claims of Sancho's brother Juan to that city, founded on their father's will, — thus insinuating the services to which, by a reasonable inference, the fabulous *Luis* may be supposed to have owed his first steps in the King's favor.

42.—P. 229. *The Alcayde.*] Governor of the Castle.

43.—P. 232. — he is about to bring it to the King. *etc.*] This supposes Ruy to be unwilling still to expose his sovereign. — Otherwise:

My lord commands. [*Hands the paper to Pedro, who is next him.*

Pedr. It bears the royal seal.

A letter of safe-conduct.

King. Read aloud.

44.—P. 232. *I the King.*] *Yo el Rey.* This is the only mode in which the Spanish monarchs give their signatures, as may be seen, for example, in the *Privilegio*, or grant of exclusive rights, prefixed, as was the custom a century or two ago, to newly published books.

45.—P. 234. — *the bridge* —] sc. of boats: which primitive and inelegant mode of passage continued down to a very late day.

. . "el qual [Guadalquivir] se passa por encima de una puente de madera hecha sobre diez y siete barcas grandes travadas con gruessas vigas y tablazon." Pedro de Medina, u. s. c. xlv. fol. li.

There is a fuller description in Varflora: *Hist. Descr. de Sevilla* u. s. p. 93.

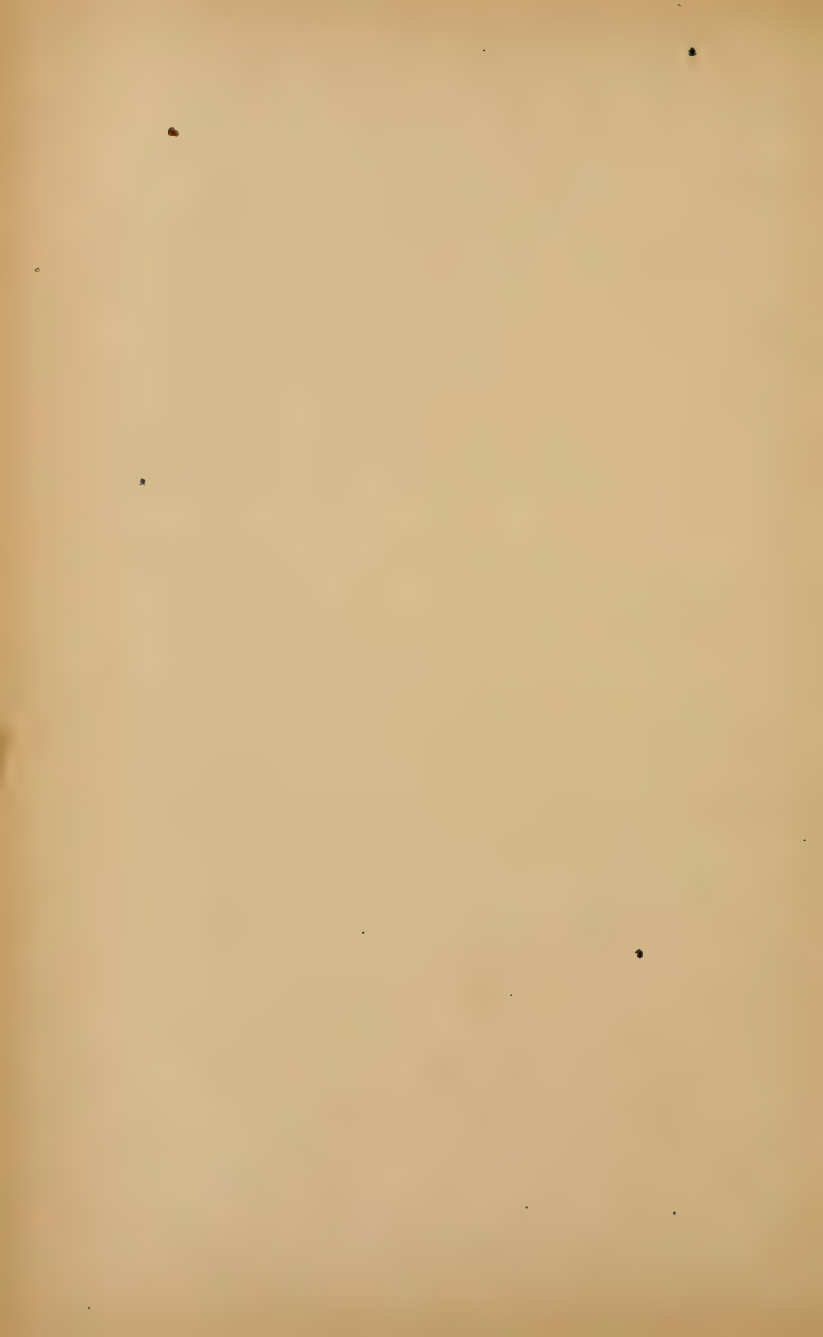
46.—P. 235. *Perez de Guzman.*] The celebrated ancestor of the Dukes of Medina Sidonia. In the year preceding the date adopted for the play, the Infante Don Juan, Sancho's brother, always more or less in rebellion against him, having again revolted, and being forced by the King of Portugal, with whom he had taken refuge, to leave his kingdom, received aid from the King of Morocco, who sent him troops to enable him to besiege Tarifa. Alonso Perez de Guzman, an experienced commander, who had served in Africa the King of the Moors, was governor of the place. It so happened that the invaders got possession of his only son, and taking him before the walls, threatened to put him to death before his father's eyes unless the city was surrendered. The governor, apparently unmoved, declared that if he had a hundred sons he would risk them all rather than violate the trust reposed in him. And therewith he threw from the ramparts a sword with which they might execute their threats, if they chose. *This done, he went to dine.* The Moors did as they had threatened. The soldiers on the walls uttered a cry of horror. Whereupon Guzman came out, as if to see what the matter was, and remarking coolly, he thought the enemy *had entered the city, returned to eat with his wife.* (Mariana. VIII. *ed. cit.* 285, 6.) A piece of affectation, which, if it really was practiced, was carried too far. One may well admire the heroism of the sacrifice, but its greatness is tarnished by a show of indifference, where mute sorrow had more become him, in his soldiers' eyes as before the world which would have one day to pronounce upon his action. The story, with or without its romantic accessories, is characteristic of the time. As for the barbarous deed itself, our abhorrence of it is increased by the fact that it was countenanced by the Prince, if not directly commanded by him, as is said in the Chronicle of Don Sancho, (note to Mariana *u. s.*)

"Y el Infante D. Juan . . . envió á decir á este D. Alonso Perez que le diese la villa, si non que le mataria el su hijo que él tenia. Y Don Alonso Perez le dixo, que la villa que la tenia por el Rey, y que non gela daria: que quanto por

la muerte de su hijo que él le daría el cuchillo con que le matase : y lanzóles de encima del adarve un cuchillo, y dixo que ántes quería que le matasen aquel hijo, y otros cinco si los tuviese, que non darle la villa del Rey su Señor de que le hiciera homenaje. Y el Infante D. Juan con saña mandó matar al hijo ante él ; y con todo esto nunca pudo tomar la villa."

It will be seen that the simple chronicler adds none of those extravagant particulars which the historian, fond of romance and not always regardful of the substantiality of his adornments, thought proper to insert in his detail. Conde relates that the governor's son was in the service of D. Juan, which is more probable, while it adds to the atrocity of his murder, and that, when the proposition was made to surrender him for the fortress, with a threat of his death in case of refusal, *the Alcayde made no reply* (which too is more probable, — though one regrets it, for the sake of the story) *other than by baring his sword and flinging it to the plain ; whereupon he retired. The Moslems, infuriated by the expression of this reply, beheaded the youth, and lanced by a catapult his head upon the wall, that his father might see it. After this useless act of barbarity, they raised the siege and retired to Algesiras.* Dominacion de los Arabes, u. s. P. IV. c. xiii. Tom. III. p. 79.

About three months before his death, namely, in January 1295, the King wrote a letter to Perez de Guzman, in which, praising his loyalty and constancy, he compares him with Holy Abraham, and commands him to put among his titles the surname of *Bueno* (Good) which he had already gained by his virtues and the popular regard for his ample charities. This letter is preserved by the Dukes of Medina Sidonia : *a treasure of more estimation than gold and pearls of the Levant.* Mariana, u. s. 287.



THE LAST MANDEVILLE¹

MDCCCXLVII

CHARACTERS, ETC.

JULIAN MANDEVILLE.

SIR RICHARD MANDEVILLE, Baronet, *his Uncle.*

ARTHUR, Viscount CAPEL, *Son of the Earl of Esser.*

HUBERT CARL, *Servant of Julian.*

FRANCES MANDEVILLE, *Julian's sister.*

ELINOR MORTON, *a girl in humble life.*

EUPHROSINE DE BEAUFFREMONT.

The Countess BEAUFFREMONT DE SENNECY, *Euphrosine's Mother.*

SERVANTS of Sir Richard Mandeville.

Madame de Beauffremont's SERVANT.

Swiss GUARD, &c.

SCENE. *Chiefly in London, and at Julian's villa in its vicinity. In Act II. in the Pays (Canton) de Vaud, in Switzerland.*

TIME OF ACTION. *With the license of the romantic drama, it includes a period of over a twelvemonth.*

EPOCH. *The reign of Charles II.*

THE LAST MANDEVILLE

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I. *A room in the house of Julian's mother.*

JULIAN. FRANCES.

Jul. And now, sweet sister, that we be alone,
Say on.

Fran. But — I — O, Julian, think! our mother —

Jul. Timid, remember.

Fran. But from love alone.

Jul. Yet thou too lov'st me?

Fran. Brother!

Jul. And thy heart

Is gentle like thy mother's, if more warm.

² Then, when thou camest in, with cheeks all flush'd,
And eyes that shone like flame, and trembling lips,
Was it from fear, that cheek's augmented bloom,
And thine eyes' brightness? And those innocent lips,

Did the brief ague of a womanly dread
Alone thus make them quiver? —

Fran. But, my brother, ——

Jul. Or was it not the glow of quicken'd blood,
The fire of anger, the precipitate zeal
That trembled in its haste to utter all,
And crowded word on word, so fast, they fell
Confus'd and broken, was 't not these, the signs
Of a fond, generous, upright, candid spirit,
Rous'd to unwonted action by the wrongs
Of a lov'd brother, and an uncle's guile;
Frances, this, was it not, I saw?

Fran. Too well.

But I am young, and took too little heed.
And then — I fear — I do not ——

Jul. Love Sir Richard?

Most wondrous fault! a being so pure as thou ——
Proceed; the cause of thy emotion, all;
Quick, tell it, now our mother is away.
This precious uncle? —

Fran. Is our father's brother.

This did our mother, when she broke the tale,
Bid us both ponder.

Jul. And I have, too long.

What power lurks in the name of Uncle then,
Or kindred blood, that we, who are not debt-bound,
Should brook oppression from the one, or fear
To take in vain the other? If Sir Richard
Deceives me, let me know 't, that I may tell him.

³ Say on, my sister. [*She hesitates.*]

Fy! thou silly child!

Dost judge so meanly of thy brother's brain,
To deem a slanderer's tooth could bite him mad?

Fran. But thou art hasty; and I fear — O Julian,
If thou shouldst with our uncle come to strife! —

Jul. Why think'st thou that? Am I an idiot then
To war with every man who holds me vile,
Or speaks but slightly of my desert?
I? If Sir Richard hath his kin in scorn,
Perhaps his kin doth quite as much by him;
And thus we are quits.

Fran. But thou wilt tell him.

Jul. Tell?

'Faith! and I will. If I do not! —

Fran. Oh Heaven!

For our dead father's sake! our living mother's!

Jul. Come, come, fair sister; let us hear this tale.

Fran. No, not for worlds! I do adjure thee —

Jul. Nay,

Showing these scruples, thou becloud'st my brain
With dark surmise. Yet, what hast thou to tell,
If not some trifle? Is 't not so, my sister?

[*laying his hand on her head, and affecting to smile.*]

Fran. It is but this, no more. Thou hast had, thou know'st,
[*timidly.*]

Some credit as a bard.

Jul. Against my will;

Rank'd with the million whom half-sneering friends

And tender Saccharissas make divine,
 The petty fires that sparkle in all skies ;
 While I would keep my orb unseen, unfelt,
 Cloud-hid till at its zenith, then at once
 Blaze on the world, enlightening and ador'd.

Fran. As, sure, thou wilt. Might I but live to see
 That brilliant hour, to know thy glorious beams
 Shine on mankind as still they have shone on me,
 I should die happy.

Jul. Wouldst thou turn my brain ?

Thou fond idolater ! [*kissing her.*] — What of the bard ?

Fran. As thou hast heard, I have been at Essex' House,
 And I had told thee, when our gentle mother,
 Through tenderness for thee, broke off the tale,
 I found there Uncle.⁴ "O," said Lady Ellen,
 "Thou comest in time. Here be some verses, given
 By good Sir Richard to a friend of ours,
 Written at her suggestion. I pronounce,
 They read like Julian's, and Sir Richard here
 Would pass them for his own." — "With pardon, no,"
 Our uncle interpos'd. — "Would have me then
 Infer so much ; for whose the parent brain
 He will not tell. Come, Frances, lend thine eyes
 And more accustom'd sense, and sit our judge."

Jul. How were they nam'd ?

Fran. "A Vision of Queen Mab."

Jul. The folly that, a se'nnight since, I wrote
 At his great instance ! Well ?

Fran. I said they read

A little like thy style, albeit the hand
Was certainly not thine. "There!" Ellen cried,
"The verdict hear, Sir Richard Mandeville!
The work is Julian's, but the transcript thine.
Besides, my good Sir Richard, know we not
Thou never wast warm'd by spark of poet's fire,
While thy hot nephew glows with it alone?"
"Tut!" quoth our uncle, seeming not to like
This raillery, "Julian yet is but a boy,
Scarce knows to tell the stamp and ring of verse,
Let alone coin it. Still, he showeth some parts,
And, when he shall have conn'd a little more,
And seen much more the world, will do right well.
But now, what sounds to you the throstle's song
Springs from the chirp-pipe of a fledgeling sparrow,
And every thatch is dissonant with like music."

Jul. By Heaven! [*between his teeth.*]

Fran. Soon after this he left. And Ellen,
Turning to me with that sarcastic look
She wears at times — But, Julian, that strange smile!
T were better not continue.

Jul. Pray, go on.

A poet's vanity makes indeed his life:
Who stabs at that, strikes at his heart: and more, —
In the one other passion that divides
My spirit, O my sister! I have been
Of late so deeply wounded! — But of this
Thou knowest nothing. Mind me not. Go on, —
I pray thee, Frances: I am not a child.

Fran. No, and thou art too gallant-soul'd and good
To be so fraud-deluded, as thou hast been,
Most frontlessly, my brother !

Jul. Ay ? Go on.

Fran. "How odd," quoth Lady Ellen, "Sir Richard never
Will listen aught in Julian's praise ! " "'T is like
He was not in the mood to-day," I said :
"He has I know for him much good will." "Display'd
After a quite new fashion," she rejoin'd ;
"For, did I hold his portraiture well-drawn,
When my own senses mark its lame design,
Your brother must seem a schoolboy, overgrown,
And self-conceited."

Enter SIR RICHARD MANDEVILLE.

*He glances alternately from JULIAN to his sister, and
at last fixes his eyes upon the former, who looks
full at him, while FRANCES holds her
head down in confusion.*

Sir R. What has happen'd now ?

Jul. You had better dip for knowledge in its source,
With Lady Ellen Capel. Thence I draw
The draught I have swallow'd.

Sir R. Julian, thou art pert.
What 's to do, Frances ? Thou, methinks, hast lost
Thy natural quiet ; and Julian has shot up
Six inches since I saw him.

Fran. Uncle — Julian —

Oh Heaven! dear Julian! —

Jul. I will make reply.

Frances, release my arm: this arrogant man

Shall have from me his answer, as is fit.

This is to do, Sir Richard Mandeville: —

Why wear you here among us a saint's mask,

Warping my mother's over-pliant heart

By lip-praise of her son, that you may flout,

In your own visage, and gibe at him abroad?

Fran. Julian! my brother! Oh, what have I done!

Think of our mother. —

Sir R. Stop not his brave breath.

I prithee, Fanny, let thy brother rant

Till the fit spend itself. I have not thriv'd

For eighteen thousand suns, to shake to pieces

At a mere cockerel's crowing, or be ruffled

By the swollen insolence of a braggart boy.

Jul. By Christ's death! Sister, pardon me. For you,

Sir Richard, have a care! the boy may prove

More than your match, for all your boasted years.

[*Exit.*

Sir R. Indeed! [*smiling.*] — But lo, my sister!

Fran. [*running to the side of the scene, as to meet her.*

Oh, my mother!

Scene closes.

SCENE II.

Julian's Study, or Library.

Enter JULIAN.

*He walks to and fro for some minutes in silence,
but in apparent agitation.*

Jul. Fool'd ! fool'd — past thought ! my open temper made
The dupe of — But I did not trust him all !
How many covert sneers, how many taunts,
Veil'd in the semblance of a lying praise,
Rise naked now before me ! Yet, 't was wrong,
Wrong to give way to passion, if alone
For thy sake, Mother, — wrong, and most unwise.
But who that sudden had awoke, and seen
The death-fang'd adder coil'd beside his couch,
Would turn to sleep again ? Who durst ? Who could ?
° I 'll not forgive him. — Yes, yes, well I know
My strong self-love alone it is that 's stung,
Hurt that I stand so low-plac'd in his eyes
Whose false thought-weighing I affect to scorn.
I have burrow'd in darkness, and my vision smarts
Turn'd to the daylight. Yet — Why it is well !
I would not be at peace with one I hate,

Nor ever valued. I will not forgive him !

He sits down. A gentle tap is heard at the room-door.

Is 't Frances ? Has she come to mourn to me
Her fond imprudence ? with her seraphs-voice,
To lay the billows of my storm-toss'd pride ?
And I too will console the gentle spirit
I have griev'd, and, as I kiss away the tears
That rain for me, and on my heart make still
The throbbing of her bosom, lull to sleep
My vehement nature, and in a sister's love
Find the relief and reason moral lore
Knows not.

Aloud, but gently.] Come in, if it is thou, my sister.

The door opens directly, and

Enter SIR RICHARD.

JULIAN rises and stands upright.

Sir Richard Mandeville —

Sir R. Soft, softly, Julian.

Not to renew a senseless strife I am come,
But to implore it be forgotten. Of thee
I ask no exculpation. For myself,
If I have done thee wrong, there, — I am sorry.

[offering his hand.

Jul. [drawing back.]

I do not want your sorrow. Go back, and say,
To my mother who sent you hither, that for her care

I am duly grateful, but now am old enough
To act alone and choose myself my friends.

Sir R. This I had not believ'd from other lips,
Nor could have look'd for, Julian, in a heart
So generous as thine.

Jul. Am I inept,
That you affect this style? Is 't not enough,
My youth to have deceiv'd and forward trust,
By feigning interest in my weal and feeding
My pride by praises that your heart disvouch'd?
Would you my senses mock, as nurses coax
Some peevish child? I would be left alone.

Sir R. Fy, fy! I see where thou art gall'd, but know
The hurt is nothing deeper than the skin.
What! shall thy father's son deny his brother
Impartial hearing? Come, come, set thee down,
And let us reason. [*Sits down and draws Jul. gently to a
seat beside him.*] I have heard the tale
Brought by thy sister from Lord Essex'. Now,
The Lady Ellen, thou knowest, is a plippant —

Jul. I know it not, sir. Lady Ellen Capel
Is a most excellent, right-thinking girl.

Sir R. Well, as thou wilt. But never story lost
By being told. What motive could I have
To play thee false? Ask of thyself; thou 'lt own
Thou wrong'st me. What advantage could I draw
By feigning interest, as thou sayst? And sure
Thou 'lt not pretend the Devil himself would feign
But for some purpose?

Jul. Ay, sir; and I do:

And many men are devils; and for no end
But being so.

Sir R. Well, well; thou yet are young.
But say, is not thy father's and my blood
Sufficient cause of interest in thy weal?
Do be a man, and leave these phantasies,
Childish and mischief-fraught, to weaker minds.

Jul. Why there it is, sir! *Childish — weaker — man!*
Reminded well. I ask again, why here
Build you at home, to tumble down abroad?
Speak to the point, sir, — if you really would
Explain your doubleness.

Sir R. Speak to the point!

How can I, when thy talk is but a riddle?

Jul. So solve it, then. Among our friends abroad,
Sir Richard Mandeville, you laugh to scorn
My *boyish* talents, whensoever made
The theme of idle converse, and take pains
To undervalue me where favor'd most.
I am asham'd, sir, this to say myself;
But you would force me to 't. And now, explain
Your conduct, if you can. [*Rising.*] Though I not ask it,
And rather would you 'd leave it as it stands.

Sir R. [*Rising, and after a brief pause in which he looks attentively at Jul.*

My words thou hast haply heard, but not their tone.
I say, as I said then, in the same mode
And with the selfsame feelings, kindling meaning

To be of use : thy talents, nephew mine,
Are more than common. Thou wouldst make them steps
To thy aspiring. It is well. Not well,
That, in thy over-haste to climb, thou plantest
Thy ladder in the sand, and in thy tasks
Beginn'st where thou shouldst end. Thou art too vain —
Forgive me — of thy genius, whose great strength
Thou feel'st, unconscious that its efforts rude
And ill-directed are the uncouth pranks
Of a young giant, liker far to harm,
Than profit, others or thyself. Why, think,
Thou art not yet three-and-twenty ! Being so young,
Nor mixing in the world, what canst thou know
Of men ? When yesterday thou didst return,
A twelvemonth gone, from France, thy wings then tried
For the first time, thou hadst thy primal course,
Thy first year's pupilage, gone barely through,
In the great study of mankind. Till then,
Thy hours were spent in solitary thought,
Not even the poets handled that should be
Tutors at once and models : such thy pride.
Burst from thy monkish solitude ; one day,
One hour, with men who mingle in the world,
Will stead thee more than weeks of musing lone.
The princes of the line thou hast made thy walk,
Them study as thy masters. And perhaps,
With perseverance, when thou hast attain'd
To perfect manhood, say some seven years hence,
Thou mayst aspire to lay the corner-stone

Of the great pile thou 'dst raise, and doubtless will
Do very well.

During this harangue, which, especially towards the close has been accompanied with sneers more or less covert, JULIAN has appeared to be smothering a violent emotion. He now speaks with studied calmness, and in a soft, smooth voice : —

Jul. Sir Richard Mandeville,
Frances, I see, and Lady Ellen, both
Knew scarcely more of you, than you of me.
My father's brother has license ; but such prate,
Thrust on me by another, were held, as it is,
Impertinent and insulting.

Sir R. [with indifference.] And no doubt,
With such occasion, thy fool-hardy humor,
Or wouldst thou christen it valor, Master Julian ?
Had prick'd thee to defy him on the spot !

Jul. By Heaven, you have said it ! We will make at once
The occasion actual you have well conceiv'd.

Takes his sword from a couch, where it lies with his cloak and hat, and flings aside the sheath.

Uncle and nephew now no longer, one
Alone of us shall leave this spot alive.
Draw ! draw, I tell you : ties are at an end :
We now stand, man to man.

Sir R. Not quite, unless
Thou stand'st as madman ; which I am apt to think.

Jul. Liar and villain! Draw, or like a dog

I'll slay you.

Sir R. Boy and fool! thou dar'st not, lest
Thou hang as one. [*Sir R. as he speaks, strikes down suddenly, with his stick, the blade of Jul. and disarms him.*]

Enter

FRANCES, hurriedly.

Fran. For mercy! stop! oh stop! —
No wound? Nor thou? Thank God! — What — what
is this?

Sir R. [*putting on his hat.*]

Thy brother, Frances, has been drinking deep
At Helicon. The sacred fount is strong,
More than I thought. [*Exit — Jul. springing at him. The
door closes between them.*]

Fran. [*falling on Julian's neck.*]

O Julian! oh my brother!

What hast thou done?

Jul. Hush! sister — nothing.

And Mother — where is she?

Fran. In her own room.

She heard thee not.

Jul. How happy! Leave me now:
I have need of thought.

Fran. But —

Jul. Fear me not: 't is past.

Fran. You did not fight?

Jul. No, no, thank Heaven! but — I —

His lips — his eye — his cold insulting speech —
I could not brook it: I — I — would have fought.

There, [*kissing her on the eyelids.*

dry those eyes; there, go. I'll walk awhile;

The open air will help me to myself.

Fran. For God's sake! brother! No, no, no, thou canst,

Thou canst, not mean —

Jul. Mean what?

Fran. O do not go!

Think, Julian, 't is thy uncle: O, for pity! —

Jul. Nay, on my word, which yet I never broke,

I have no thought, no wish to meet him. I will —

Avoid him. Let that satisfy thee: there.

Fran. But such a night! Thou wilt not go.

Jul. Why not?

Fran. It is the dreariest gloom of black December.

The fog is dense, and through the unwholesome air

A cold fine rain is drizzling, and the walks

Are coated, in the uncomfortable streets,

With a thin, slimy mud.

Jul. 'T will suit me well:

Darkness and rain and I are consorts meet.

Fran. Alas! — Thou 'lt come back to thy sister soon?

Jul. To her unmatchable love, her virtues, ay.

[*Exit Fran.*

Pure being! who hast thy mother's tender soul,

Without its weakness. Would, would I had lov'd but
thee! —

O Elinor! — That woman should have writ

Her faith with water ! Twelve, but twelve brief months !
And so complete a change ! Her heart alone,
Why that were monstrous ! but, to give up all !
All ! all ! and in twelve ——— Death and Hell ! the work
Is scarce the half that old. Six months ! And I —
For three whole years ——— But I — derision ! I —
I lov'd her purely, lov'd her with my soul :
I would not wrong her, and — O fool ! for this,
Left home, and country, tore my heart away,
That some less scrupulous lover ——⁶ Madness ! Down,
Thou swelling heart ! why should —— But no ! rage on :
I fled the house, and left the door ajar,
That thieves might in and strip the unguarded wealth ;
I set a trap and left it, that, when sprung,
They who had neither plann'd, nor watch'd, might stop
And laughing snatch its spoil ; abhorr'd delict !
I brought the tree to bearing, nay, shook down
Its mellow'd fruit, and let it strew the ground,
For chance to gather. Cursed be the fears
Of heart-pale righteousness, the stumbling virtue
That turn'd me from the field of my long tilth,
That one who had not toil'd —— No, Julian, no !
Parley not thus with conscience ; let thy heart
Swell with disdain or sorrow, not the throbs
Of frustrate passion ; be not so deprav'd
To thirst for the polluted stream, whose draught,
When bubbling free to thy parch'd lips, and tempting
With sparkling freshness, thou didst timely shrink,
Shrink honestly, from tasting. Oh ! polluted ? —

Elinor! Elinor! And it was I,
I, with my friendship, that was love scarce mask'd,
And treacherous caresses, who arous'd
The sleeping passion in thy innocent breast,
And in thy unus'd veins the venom pour'd
Whose prurience no medicine, alas!
Of reason will allay; I, that broke down
The rampire of thy chastity, and laid
The city open to the spoiler; I!
What! do I weep? 'T is well. But, wo is me!
Oh Elinor! the tears Remorse distils
Fall like the rain upon the rivel'd flowers,
When a long drought has wither'd leaf and stem
And burn'd into the roots that gave them life!

*He buckles on his sword, wraps himself slowly in his
mantle, and takes his hat.*

At this — this hour, — how often! — I'll not think
on 't.

What's Elinor to me? I now to Elinor?'

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A retired street in the better part of London.

A dark and misty night.

Enter JULIAN, muffled in his cloak and walking slowly.

Enter, directly after him, ELINOR.

She grasps his mantle timidly.

Elin. [softly and tremblingly.

Julian!

Jul. [drawing his mantle closer round his face.

Ah!

Elin. [imploringly and grasping his cloak more boldly.] Julian! Wilt thou leave me then

To [voice choked with sobs.] — die in the streets?

Jul. [shuddering, and to himself.

Can it be Elinor,

That touches me, and speaks such words as these?

aloud.] Elinor!

Elin. Yes: dost — do you not then know me,

Jul — Master Mandeville, I mean. Has then

A twelvemonth so much chang'd you?

Jul. No, — not me;

I am the same; but, oh God! Elinor!

How has it changed thee !

[She smites her hands together and hides her face.

Unhappy girl !

How is it we meet here ? Why art thou out

Alone, and at this hour, on such a night ?

What, what have *I* to do with thee ? What *now* ?

Elin. Have I no claim to your compassion then ?

None ? No — no ! I have none. Good night, sir ; God

Forgive you ; I can die like other creatures

Wretched like me ; I — I can live like them.

Jul. Stay, Elinor ! What means this ? Speak to me !

Elin. Mean ? Julian ! Oh ! I am a poor, unhappy —

Why didst thou leave me ? Why refuse my prayer

To follow thee ? *[Bursting into tears. She clings to him,
and hides her face in the folds of his
mantle.*

Jul. Poor girl ! *[He puts his arm, covered as it
is with the cloak, about her, and draws
her like a child to his bosom.*

Speak, Elinor.

What is 't distresses thee ? Why hast thou come

To seek me such a night, when all the day

Is open to thee ?

Elin. Let me hide my shame

In — in thy mantle, — and — and I will tell thee. —

My mother died this morning. The last friend

I had on earth lies cold there *[pointing behind her, but with-
out raising her head.*

— in the house

Where I no more can dwell. I kill'd her ; my —
 Dishonor broke her heart. She has left nothing.
 Our little all must go to pay our debts.
 To-morrow — oh, oh, oh ! — to-morrow, Julian,
 Elinor is without a roof to shelter her,
 A bed to lie on, or a crust to eat.
 Believe, believe her, she would not appeal
 To thy compassion, were it less than this :
 But — but — I cannot live the life of shame !
 Indeed I cannot, Julian ! *[sobbing.*

Jul. Lift thy head.

Thou hast a right to my compassion, Elinor :
 And it is thine. Thou need'st not quit thy home, —
 Save for a better. I will see, to-morrow,
 That all thy wants are answer'd.

ELINOR raises her head, looks up into his face for a moment, then turns and walks away.

JULIAN stands a moment as confounded, then follows her quickly. She breaks into sobbing, and before he touches her, sits down at the door of a house, on the opposite side of the scene.

What means this ?

[trying to raise her.

Didst thou not hear me ?

Elin. *[motioning him away.*

Go — go ! Leave me, sir.

I will not tax your charity's forc'd aid.

I'd starve and rot first; and I will, I will.

Go away, Master Mandeville; go, go!

Leave me alone; I may as well begin

[with a frightful levity, and wringing her hands.

My trade now as a month hence.

Jul. Elinor!

Elin. Leave me, I say, directly; go, sir, go!

Unless *[with same unnatural levity.*

you'd buy the first fruits of my shame?

You do not wish to purchase, do you? *you?*

[attempts to laugh, but bursts into tears.

Jul. [endeavoring to raise her.

Elinor! Elinor!

Elin. [with angry vehemence.

Leave, leave me, sir!

Jul. Never! — Dear Elinor!

Elin. [looking up.

Indeed! And tears?

Tears, scalding tears, from *your* eyes, on *my* cheeks?

My wicked cheeks! Oh Julian!

[burying her face in his lap, as he leans over her.

*Jul. [raising her. She hides her
head on his breast.] Elinor,*

We both are wicked. But for me, oh God!

The villain, that has wrong'd and left thee thus,

Haply had ne'er assail'd thy virgin heart,

Or left it whole, thy mother were alive,

And thou still happy, for thou wert content.

Alas! But come; the night is deadly damp,

And the chill rains will pierce thee to the bone.

[*puts her arm through his.*

Poor orphan, we will seek thy desolate home,
The home my crime has darken'd of its sunshine,
And vacant left of all things but despair.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A naked and poor chamber in Elinor's lodging.

*A farthing-rushlight burning in the
empty hearth.*

Enter JULIAN and ELINOR.

Jul. [*looking round him with horror.*

Good God!

Elin. Speak lower: my poor mother lies
In the next room.

Jul. No chair? no table? not
A spark of fire?

Elin. Nothing: seiz'd on all, —
Save the straw pallet where I us'd to lie;
And that — *she* lies on, now: they tore her bed
From under her, — although, upon my knees,
I pray'd them leave it for a single night.

I could not bear, though well I knew that she
 Could feel no more, to let her body lie
 On the bare floor, — she too, who was — who was —
 So good, so —— Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

Jul. Hush, Elinor:

Give not this way to sorrow. So. Poor child! —
 This is too horrible: and all alone.

I'll send, straightway, some persons of thy sex,
 And all that will be needful for the time.

And there; [*putting his purse on the chimney-piece.*

thou wilt have want of it. Hush, hush!

Thou wouldst not grieve me further? So. To-morrow,
 When thy poor mother —— Do not weep again —
 When all is over, — thou shalt lodge elsewhere.

Elin. Thou — thou'rt too good for me! What shall I say?

Jul. No, no! Say nothing: 't is thy due from me.

Thou shalt be shelter'd elsewhere, where strange eyes

Alone can scan thee. Thou shalt want for nought.

But — let me plainly speak — not while the mark

Of thy mishap deforms thee wilt thou oft

Behold me: 't were a sorrow to thyself,

And a sore trial unto me. Perhaps —

I cannot say — perhaps dislike might come. —

*ELINOR bows down her head and crosses her
 hands upon her bosom in resignation
 and submission.*

After a brief pause, JULIAN resumes:

And thou 'lt not tell me who thy wronger was?

Elin. Tell thee? **THEE?** Never!

Jul. Well — It is as well.

Yet thou couldst take this serpent to thy breast?
Methinks, the heart, that was for Julian gone
Sick even to death, recover'd wondrous-well,
To learn a new love in six little months.

Elin. Speak not so bitterly! Indeed, indeed,
I am not light of faith. My heart has never,
Even in my ruin, for one moment swerv'd
From its first, its sole love.

Jul. And this to me?

To me? [*looking on her fixedly and scornfully.*
while on thy —

Elin. [*with great vehemence.*

By the corpse

Of my poor murder'd mother! her whose heart
I broke by my dishonor! [*falling on her knees.*

By the abus'd

And wounded spirit, that even now is kneeling
To Heaven for vengeance on my guilty head! —

Rising abruptly.] But thou wilt not believe me:

't is no matter.

*Appearing to weep silently, she hides her face
against the mantlepiece.*

Jul. I will forgive thee, *Elinor.* [*taking her hand.*] That is much.
Take courage. I will send, as I have said.
We meet, to-morrow. Until then. [*Exit.*

Elin.] 'T is just.

My God! my God! I have deserv'd it all;
Much more from him, much more. Yet comes it hard.
Ah, did he know! — Oh horror! that were death:
I then indeed — 'T is agony to think on 't.

[pressing both hands on her heart, and gasping.]

He never will suspect him — him: no, no!
The traitor, hypocrite! — What wiles, what lies,
To make me his! while Julian — Julian — Oh,
How could I be so blind! Alas, dear Julian!
Why didst thou leave me, when I begg'd and pray'd? —
Ah, hadst thou yielded! — But thy heart was pure,
Was noble, was too loving: thou didst not
Dream the poor Elinor could prove so frail.
Thus didst thou say — 'T will do me good once more
To read his feelings: it will spare, the while,
The agony of thoughts I dread to meet
Alone with thee, O mother! — 'T is still here:

[taking two letters from her bosom.]

Poor Elinor has no place to keep it else. —

Reading.] “I have been the fool of fancy and a dream.”

So have we both. But 't is not that. *[refolding the letter.]*

That — that, —

The first, — *that* warn'd me of our danger, bade
The adieu, which ruin'd me. Why did my words,
The passionate words I wrote him in return,
Not move his nature? But, he answer'd thus. —

[opening the second letter and kissing it.]

Endeavoring ineffectually to read it over, weeping.

I cannot read it now: I have no eyes.

But oh! the words are ever on my brain,
 Where he so passionately bade farewell,
 Yet spoke of change, of change for both of us,
 Which time should make, and he would know to reckon.
 Yes, thou didst say so. Then thou wouldst come back.
 A change? 'T is come: but how unlike to that
 Thou thought'st to calculate! And thou art back;
 And thou — thou art unchang'd — unchang'd, thank God!
 No, no! it is my hopes speak: would he else
 Have quit me thus? so lone? so — O, my mother!

*Looking in terror toward the room where
 the body is supposed to lie.*

Heavens! what was that? The dead — they hear not! No!
 Else were the silent grave no place of rest.
 There! — [*starting again.*]

— 'T is the people Julian sends. Dear Julian!
 Ah, let my hopes speak still! He must, he shall,
 Shall love me, or I'm wretched — past all thought!

*Knocking at the door. ELINOR puts up the
 letter, first kissing it passionately. — As she
 moves to the door, taking the rushlight
 with her,*

the Drop falls.

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I. *The foreground represents a footpath on the declivity of a mountain (in the Pays de Vaud, in Switzerland.) On the far side of the path, a rough rail supported by rough posts — both appearing to be of the limbs of trees with the bark still on. The Lake of Geneva seen behind. To the back of that, the menacing mountain of Meillerie. On the Right, the Dent du Midi, crested with snow; on the Left, the Jorat and the Jura; the lake spreading off in the distance, between its mountain-banks, which soften, as they recede.*

JULIAN

*is seen, leaning over the rail. After a time,
he comes slowly down.*

Jul. Beautiful Nature! — Nature, only thou;
Man is but art, — sop' istication vile. —
Here, goddess, is thy most magnificent seat:
Thy throne is on the never-lesse'n'd mountains;
Thy voice resounds in thunder 'mid their caves:
The sempiternal snows thy coronet;
The purple forests, thy imperial robe;
The broken cataracts, the ceaseless base
That, with thy multitudinous other sounds,

Of wood, and flood, and, in their season, birds,
 Makes up the music that attends thy state.
 Though awful, yet thou smilest; and the tints
 That deck at times thy coronal; the vine,
 Whose tendrils, round thy throne's unshakable base,
 And clustering fruit present a contrast sweet,
 Fragility with firmness, grace with power;
 The mirroring water that reflects thy charms,
 Nor less thy majesty and seat divine;
 All these are lovely, soft, seducing, bright.
 Gladly am I thy worshiper: for man,
 With man disgusted, weary, heartsick, spent,
 Finds solace in thy silent intercourse,
 Thy tongueless eloquence. Thou, unkind Elinor,
 Thy wayward fancies, and reproachful frowns,
 Are here forgotten. Nature nought to thee,
 Thou hast no portion in these wondrous scenes,
 And Switzerland is to thee but change of place.
 Ah well! I'll look once more on Meillerie,^s
 And on thy waters, Leman: then, for home;
 To love — ay, but exacting — and to gloom.

He retires up the stage, and leans over the rail.

Enter, on the path,

MADAME and EUPHROSINE DE BEAUFFREMONT,
in conversation, — followed by a footman.

JULIAN starts, turns, bows, and makes way for them, by pressing
 closer to the rail, when they pass him singly, — EUPHRO-
 SINE acknowledging his courtesy by a slight inclination,

but showing confusion at his evident admiration. JULIAN follows her off the scene with his eyes, and continues gazing long after they have passed. He then turns, with a sigh, and Exit in the opposite direction, but still in the path.

SCENE II.

The Souterrain of Chillon Castle.

*Enter JULIAN,
followed by HUBERT, who bears a campstool
and a portfolio. At Julian's beck, he places the stool,
and handing the portfolio to his master,
the latter sits down and begins to
sketch the scene.*

*Enter
the COUNTESS and EUPHROSINE, attended
as in the Scene preceding, and a Soldier of the Castle
as their guide. JULIAN and EUPHROSINE's eyes encounter. She
evinces slight embarrassment. JULIAN looks pleased, but
bends his head and affects to resume his task, watch-
ing however, from time to time, the figure of
Euphrosine, while the ladies examine
the place.*

Euph. ° And this is where St. Victor's aged Prior,
For Freedom and for Truth, his limbs resign'd

To fetters. And the heroic martyr's tread
Has worn the vault's rock pavement, as they tell.

Coun. Ay, so the poets, guides, and travelers say.

And so this Swiss would teach, but not our eyes.

Yet, in this column gray, lo where the ring

That kept the good man to his weary round

(If chain'd he was indeed) for six long years !

Hideous monotony ! Yet, oh my child !

How many, that conceive themselves at large,

Live worse confin'd, and in worse cells than this !

Euph. But that conception, Mother, makes them free :

The fetters, that are self-impos'd, fret not

Into the spirit : as we think, we are.

But is 't not strange, that in this castle old,

Where crown'd Savoy once aw'd his little realm,

This only is to see ?

Coun. Strange, were it so.

It is the keeper's secret, who, his ease

Consults in showing the least may earn his fee.

Jul. [*coming forward.*]

Pardon the freedom : will you condescend

To look these sketches over, where I have taken

All the old Castle boasts of any mark,

You will at a glance be able to pronounce.

This, [*pointing, while the ladies hold the book between them*
and turn over the leaves.]

this, I think, is the sole part that may

Repay a visit ; a saloon of old,

For banquets haply, or the council us'd.

Its marble columns, ceiling quaintly carv'd,
And antique windows well may claim regard.

Coun. What say'st thou, Eu'phrosine?

Euph. O, by all means!

JULIAN speaks to the guard, slipping privily into his hand a piece of money. Exit GUARD. JULIAN consigns his portfolio and pencil to HUBERT, who folds up the camp-stool, and falls with the other servant into the rear, and the whole party Exeunt.

SCENE III.

[*The middle court of the Castle.*

In the foreground, the inhabitable part of the Château, with a narrow entrance in an angle facing the right of the scene. On the left, a large arched opening in a rude wall, leading from the interior to the outer court, drawbridge, etc.

JULIAN, COUNTESS, EUPHROSINE,

conversing :

HUBERT and the other servant behind.

Jul. [to *Coun.*] 'T is, as you say, a rude and ugly place.
But who can tell? perhaps, in after time,
Some mighty bard may visit where we have been,

Lend fiction's hue to color these blank walls,
Through the old dungeon pour a deeper gloom,
And make its thrall immortal as the skies.
But lo, the guard.

Enter

through the Arch, the Soldier with the keys.

I'll bid him, with your leave,
Show you the chapel, cemetery, all
That may amuse you, then no more intrude.
Coun. O sir, we thank you warmly : in a stranger,
This gentle courtesy —

*Jul. [looking at Euph., whom he has not failed
to regard from time to time, while addressing the Coun.*

Repays itself.

My deepest recollections of this place
Will not be of its vault nor moated walls.

*Bowing profoundly, while the ladies acknowledge the
civility. — He turns and gives directions to the
Guard in dumbshow, then Exit on the right with
HUBERT, while the rest proceed up the stage through
the Arch, and Exeunt at the left.*

SCENE IV.

The exterior of Chillon Castle.

Enter
from the bridge of the Castle, JULIAN,
followed by HUBERT with the draw-
ing-implements, &c.

Jul. Go on : I 'll follow slowly. [*Exit Hub.*

— Euphrosine !

Sweet name ! And what ? Hark, Hubert ! Stay !

Re-enter HUBERT.

How is that lady nam'd ? thou hast doubtless learn'd.

Hub. Madame de Beaufremont, so please you, sir.

Jul. The younger lady ?

Hub. Her sole daughter, sir.

Jul. Not married ?]

Hub. No, sir.

Jul. English, as 't would seem.

Hub. The elder : but the Count de Beaufremont

Was French.

Jul. Was ?

Hub. Yes, sir; he is some years dead.

'T was so, at least, I understood their man.

Jul. Thank thee. Thou need'st not wait. [*Exit Hub.*

Pensively.] De Beauffremont?

Methought there was an accent, slightly foreign,
That seem'd to sweeten more her honied speech. —
Euphrosine de Beauf — I could have sworn
Her name was Euphrosine! 'T was made to suit her. —
What grace! what gentleness! — I never saw,
I think, a form so perfect, yet so slight. —
Her very motions seem'd to woo support;
Yet unaffected — wholly. O, to shelter
So fair, and seeming delicate a creature,
And guard her, with one's own broad breast, against
The rains, the frost, the driving pitiless winds,
Of this so wintry and ungenial world! —
Ah! I had quite forgotten, — there is one
That needs all my protection. Shame, O shame!
Let me shake off this daydream; 't is dishonor. —
“*The fetters — that are self-impos'd — fret not —
Into the spirit*”: what a birdlike voice! —
Why this is madness! I am not in love!
No, no; nor shall be. — But I must see more
Of this bewitching sylph. — And then, her soul!
What purity! what gentle, winning grace! —
“*The fetters, that are self-impos'd*” — By Heaven!
'T is a false sentiment: I feel that well:
What know I of her soul? — Poor Elinor!
“*But is 't not strange that in this Castle old?*” —

Vexation! — Euphrosine. [*Moving on, musingly.*

— “*By all means.*” —

Repeating the name with increased soft-
ness, and still musingly.] Euphrosine.
[*Exit.*

[SCENE V.

A mountain-path, leading up to the
Village of Montreux, which is
seen upon the right.

Enter JULIAN.

The pastor of Montreux should know these dames.
In his position, persons of their rank
Must — I will ask him. Stay! what do I do!
Since Elinor is with me, were it well? —
No; and, as yet, I have acted on that plea,
And shunn'd to visit him, that good old man.
So let me still: 't were vile; 't were — Ah, by Heaven!

The COUNTESS and EUPHROSINE are seen to
enter the Village from the left at the top of the path
and turn toward one of the houses.

And toward the very house! They knock! They enter

Is it fatality that sends her thither?

I know not. *Her I must know.* Euphrosine.

[*pronouncing the name softly and tenderly.*]

*He ascends rapidly, yet with apparent
labor, the mountain-path,
and Scene closes.*

SCENE VI.

A room in a Swiss Cottage.

ELINOR is seen seated at a window, with her eyes fixed
vacantly on the glass, over which her fingers
wander as if she was unconscious
of her occupation.

Enter,

with an air of happy animation and of triumph,

JULIAN.

He observes Elinor's gloomy abstraction and changes countenance.

Jul. My fault! my fault! How could I so forget?

Poor orphan! [*He approaches her softly and kisses her cheek.*]

Elinor, art thou not well?

What ails thee?

Elin. [*turning from him and answering with asperity.*]

Nothing; nothing that is strange:

Thou hast us'd me to neglect. [*She rises haughtily and Exit.*

Jul. How! Is 't for her

To show resentment? her, who my affection

First slighted, then dishonor'd? her, to whom

No tie unites me that I may not sever?

Whom, at this very moment, I could — No!

No, no; I must not think so: I am bound

Still to protect her. Yet, it is unwise,

This peevish humor; ay, if not ingrate. —

Haughty, dull Elinor! I will fly to Euphrosine:

She has no eye of fire, to kindle rage,

No frown of ice to chill me to neglect. —

Ah, let me pause! why should I visit Euphrosine!

This day I have seen my danger; and I thrill, —

But not with terror. O, delicious day!

The lake before me, and herself beside,

The sky all beauty, and the air all balm,

How could I but be eloquent! Love breath'd

Upon my lips, and Rapture shap'd my words.

She listen'd, Euphrosine, — in silence deep,

And knew it was her presence mov'd to all.

Voices heard within, in violent altercation.

What now?

The door is suddenly thrown open, and

Enter ELINOR,

in a transport of resentment, followed by HUBERT,

who is earnestly imploring her.

Hub. But, madam! —

Elin. Villain! —

They see JULIAN. ELINOR retains her look of passion, but with more of dignity: HUBERT looks confounded and terrified.

Jul. [after looking from one to another for a moment in silence.] Hubert Carl,

Thou art no more my servant. On the morrow,
Come to my chamber for thy due, with means
To take thee back to England. Go, sir. [*Exeunt, Elin. and*
Hub., — Elin. by the door, Hub. at the side scene.

— So.

I do conceive this villany much more
Than marvel at it. She has lost, poor girl,
Her right to be thought pure ev'n toward the base.
Yet, for my menial! [*lapsing into musing.*

thus on Euphrosine! —

Fy, this is dotage! Be it; 't is relief.
And why not think on her? Delicious day!
I saw the blush upon her virgin cheek,
When our eyes met, and my heart fill'd responsive.
She 'll love me, Euphrosine! for I shall make her:
I see it now. And I will love her more.
But then, I 'll not avow it: my fate is fix'd;
Body and soul I am tied for life to Elinor.
But I will have a holiday and dance
Till my chains rattle — will their weight permit.
Why not? What harm can come thereof? Once parted,
I shall be swept from Euphrosine's young mind
By newer conquest, while for me this beam

Of summer beauty and joy, forgotten never,
Will help to make life's winter seem less drear.

Re-enter ELINOR.

Elin. Julian, I would — a favor ask.

Jul. I, grant.

What is it, Elinor?

Elin. Thou 'lt pardon Carl?

Jul. What! Is it thou that ask'st it? and of me?

Elin. But only in his words he gave offence.

Jul. Enough. What wouldst thou have? The same respect
I myself claim, I have bid him show to thee.

Elin. But I am hasty, and 't was his first grave fault,
And verbal, as I have said; and then, poor wretch,
He is so repentant, and pray'd me, as for life,
To intercede. I know thou 'lt not refuse,
Thou, who art generous, and kind, and just,
To Elinor this act of mercy and grace.

Jul. Not when she smiles, and pleads without a frown.
As thou wilt, Elinor. I hope, one day
I have no cause to wish thou hadst not prevail'd.
For never yet my head obey'd my heart,
Or my will follow'd those it should have led,
That I not rued it. 'Faith! 't is strange; but —
Could I be superstitious, I should deem
This now were some presentiment of ill
Whose shadow darks my vision. Let it pass:
My word is given. Only, this observe:
Thou hast not blinded me; and Hubert's fault

Is more presumptuous than thou dar'st admit.

[*Exit.*

Elin. Thou art wiser than thou think'st. But wast thou more,

[*Rings a handbell.*

Thou shouldst not blind my jealousy. Come in.

Re-enter HUBERT.

I have bought thy pardon with an aching heart.

There, go. No words. Our compact bear in mind.

[*Exit Hub.*

O Julian, Julian! and can this be true?

Inconstant? — But, oh me! what, what am I?

Yet, this detested — woman! — Mercy, God! [*gasping.*

O, that these Alps would fall together now,

And crush us both! — De Beauffre — Noble! —

Death!

[*Rings bell again, violently.*

Again Re-enter HUBERT.

And is this — Is she — Is she then so beautiful?

Hub. Not as some others I have seen. [*bowing significantly.*

Elin. [*passionately.*] Don't trifle.

Is this a time, or am I in a mood? — Speak: answer me.

Hub. [*maliciously.*] Beautiful as an angel; with a voice! —

Elin. Go, go!

Hub. My master's gone there now.

Elin. Begone! [*passionately.*

[*Exit Hub.*

Insolent villain! — Cursed Switzerland!

What brought us to this execrable place!

Beautiful? It is false! I 'll not believe it :
 The wretch beheld my agony, and spoke
 To torture me. I 'll see her: I 'll — I 'll see her :
 I 'll — Beautiful! Eu — Euph — My heart! my
 heart! [Exit.

10 SCENE VII.

*The mountain-path, with the background, &c.
 as in the first Scene of the Act.*

Enter,
from the right, JULIAN and EUPHROSINE.

Euph. [looking back.] My mother and the Dean are far behind'.
 Let us await them here.

Jul. As you shall please. —
 'T was here — on this same spot — by yon rude rail, —
 My eyes first saw — your mother and yourself.
 I never shall forget it. [*with deep expression.*]

Euph. [*after a pause of embarrassment.*]

Yet there be
 Scenes near us, of much greater charm than this.
 What is the one you pictur'd to my mother?

Jul. Ah, 't is a toil to reach it few would like. —

Behind the sunny village of Veytaux,
There winds a footpath, broken, steep, and scant,
Up to the summit of the Jaman peak,
Where peeps the cheese-hut dimly through the mist,
And the strong herd their glistening pasture crop
Through snows whose thin drifts never wholly melt.
Surpassing is the view, to him who climbs
That path at early dawn ! The minish'd lake,
From horn to horn of its crescentic course ;
Towns, villages, and hamlets ; ridge on ridge
Of mountains, — tufted here, even to the peaks,
With giant firs, — there, rearing their bald heads,
Stern and unblenching, in the face of heaven ;
All seen below his feet — before his breast —
Softly remote — sublime in vastness near !
Lo ! scuds the vapor 'twixt it and his eye ;
Ascends the mist, from vale and mountain's side,
And wraps him like a mantle ; he sees nought, —
Nought but the spot whereon he stands, — the while
The driving shower wets him to the skin.
Sudden, forth bursts the sun ! before it rolls
The gray and billowy haze, and, like a veil
Rais'd slowly from the face of beauty, shows
In dazzling brightness all the landscape wide.

Euph. You fill me with great longing. Could I see ? ——
Should I be able to ascend so far ?

Jul. 'T were cruel to permit you : 't is a toil
Even for a man ; but you ! — so softly made —

[*looking at her admiringly.*]

So — Pardon me. A brief way, it is like,
You might go up. —

Euph. No, no, I will fix here.

It is my mother's scene ; and — it is mine.

*They look over the rail, for a brief while
in silence.*

Jul. [suddenly pointing with his left hand forward, and to the
right of the stage.

See, see, how beautif'llly the setting sun
Tinges the white top of the Southern Peak!

Euph. Most beautiful! the very tenderest tint
That decks the petals of the new-born rose, —
The inner side o' the leaf!

Jul. You soon return
To England, I am told?

Euph. [turning as with surprise at his abruptness.

Yes; for some time
We have waited a relation from the south.
His coming is now look'd for, every day.

Jul. And, as the rose-tints we but now admired,
So will your recollections be of me,
If at all pleasing. Mark, even while I speak,
They are vanish'd; and the scene is left all cold,
And hueless as before. — But I [looking to the right, where
the Countess is expected, and speaking
quickly.] — but I,

If I may dare to say it, I am like
The sun which gives those evanescent tints :

In a brief moment, he will disappear ;
But 't is to bear with him, to other climes,
The aspect which he show'd in this.

Euph. [confused —

turning to the right.] Our friends :

They are nigh us, now : let us go back, and meet them.

[*Exeunt, to the right.*

SCENE VIII.

The sandy shore of the Lake, near Villeneuve.

*The water is partly bounded by the mountain Meillerie. The
moon in full splendor, just above
the mountain.*

*Enter JULIAN and ELINOR —
walking slowly.*

Jul. It is a lovely evening.

Elin. Yes.

Jul. The sky

How beautifully tranquil, and the lake !

Elin. Very.

Jul. The atmosphere, though still, most sweet.

They walk to and fro awhile, in silence.

Observe, my Elinor, that sheet of light
Within the mountain's shadow. How much less
Of beauty would it have, if narrow'd not,
And clear-defin'd, by that black shadow broad,
And blacker Meillerie himself, who looms
Grandly obscure behind its brightness!

Elin. [*stopping short, and facing Jul., while she lays
her hand upon his arm in an impressive manner.*

Yes.

And such, such even as that sheet of light,
Art thou to Elinor, — the brighter, ay,
More precious, because single and defin'd
Amid the darkness of her gloomy fate.
Thou hast made me what I am : to thee I owe
What little of refinement I possess,
The excited talents and acquired tastes
That fit me to participate thy joys,
And comprehend thy feelings. But to thee
I owe it, likewise, that I am alone.
And when the moon shall set behind those peaks
(It threatens now,) what, what will then be left
To the dark, desolate mountain ? Not its own
Dark shadow even. Such will be my fate.
'T is even so near.

Jul. Thou art poetic, Elinor.

Elin. Do not deride me, Master Mandeville.

'T is more than I can bear — or I deserve —
When my heart 's breaking ; 't is indeed.

Jul. [*putting his arm soothingly*
about her waist.] Dear Elinor !

Look on this lake. Thou hast taken from it an image :
Let me draw one for thee. See, how it lies
In beautifully even surface, catching
Not less the pale stars in its water, than
The brightness of the moon. Say, is it not
More wooing-soft, more lovely, thus compos'd,
Than broken up by storms, as last we view'd it,
Lurid and swollen, its angry waves breast-high,
Chafing and roaring, on this narrow sand,
Like Ocean on his beaches ?

Elin. Would not I
Be as yon lake, but for thy ruffling moods ?
Thou, Julian, thy caprices, are the storm
That works me into passion. Mark me now.
Think me not ignorant of what is passing,
Of what has late seduc'd thee from thyself,
If not from me. Thou lov'st another : thou
Art swearing unto her the faith that 's mine.
Julian, beware ; beware, I say ! I am
Dependent on you ; but I will not be
A slave to an unkind master. I can go,
Go from you ; I — I will — go from you — go —
Go anywhere, from —

Jul. Weeping, Elinor ?
[*compassionately and tenderly.*

Elin. Weeping, sir. You have left me nothing else

But tears. [*Then with fierceness, raising her head boldly
and haughtily :*

Were I a man, I — would not weep.

She makes a step from him, as if to walk alone,

and the Drop falls.

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ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I. *As in Act I. Sc. I. — A room in the house of
Julian's mother — in London.*

A writing-table in one corner, with a folded letter on it.

FRANCES. SIR RICHARD.

Fran. Uncle, I must not, and I will not hear
These wicked tales of Julian. If you must,
Poison my mother's ear ; but leave mine pure.

Sir R. Thou 'rt marvellously constant, and, methinks,
Of late infected with thy brother's gall :
Thy speech smacks of its bitterness.

Fran. 'T is time,
When not my maiden state, nor the dear tie
That binds me to an only brother, nor
My fatherless condition is remember'd,
To vindicate my rights myself.

Sir R. Thy rights ?
And, prithee, what be *they* ?

Fran. To be respected,
As a young maiden, sister, and half-orphan,
Should be respected by the man that claims
To be her father's brother.

Sir R. Quite his style :

High, pithy, enigmatic. Thou improvest.
Pray, Mistress Frances, is it of thy rights,
Thy virgin, sisterly, half-orphan rights,
To quote these wicked stories to thy brother,

[*pointing with his stick to the letter.*]

And lay the sin of malice on thy uncle,
Thy natural guardian?

Fran. I am no tale-bearer.

Sir R. And darest thou then to let me see that scrawl?

FRANCES hands it to him.

Quite spirited. And, treating thee in kind,
I should return the tender sheet unread.

Fran. No, since you doubt me, read it, I entreat.

Sir R. [*reading.*]

"Dear brother, it may be very bold in me,
"A woman, and so young, to dare advise thee."
How modest!

Fran. [*extending her hand for the letter.*]

If you mock me —

Sir R. On my soul! —

Ah, this is goodly stuff about his "honor"
And "fame" — Oho! — "in peril!" — and say'st thou
here —

Reading.]

"Forgive me, if I err; it is well meant."
The cozening plea of all your mischief-makers.

Reading.]

"Strange stories, Julian, reach us" — [*Reads to himself.*]

What is this?

“ A maiden should not understand, I know,
 Such things ” —— The Devil took early care of that,
 And maidens are as wise now as their dams.
 But [*reading.*] thou confessest — let me see what ’s here —
 — “ Am so far ignorant, I better see
 The extent of evil, than conceive its kind.”
 A well-push’d argument of virgin shame.
 Thou shar’st thy brother’s genius, with his gall.

Fran. Again, Sir Richard! Give me back the sheet.

I lent it to your jealousy, not scorn.

Sir R. O, thou shalt pardon me. I ’ll mock no more.

In sooth, fair niece, I ’m wondrously inclin’d
 To know if thou hast spread in brain as limb :
 When last thou wrot’st to me, thou wast a child.

Reading.] “ Can it be possible ? ” —— [*Reads to himself.*
 Ahem, ahem !

“ Unprincipled woman ” ——

“ Noble-hearted brother ” ——

And —— “ When in earlier days my little arms
 “ I flung about thy neck ” —— How very fine !
 There, take the letter. Thou art still a child.

Fran. And yet —— [*checks herself.*

Sir R. What wouldst thou say ?

Fran. I am old enough,

To know my duty, and to say no more. [*Going.*

Sir R. And dost thou dream to lead thy brother back
 To the straight path, by such a clue as that ?

[*pointing scornfully to the letter, which Frances
 takes with her.*

The labyrinth of vice is more perplex'd.

FRANCES *colors and appears about to speak, but represses her feelings, and turning her eyes again from her uncle, whom she had faced, Exit.*

Sir R. It is the accursed spirit of our race :

A Mandeville, for all her woman's heart.

I should not hate her for it ; yet I do :

For I do doubt she reads into my soul.

Let her : it is a valiant one at least,

Albeit what fools and boys would christen base.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

In a villa in the vicinity of London — a parlor.

JULIAN,

reading a letter with an appearance of deep emotion.

Jul. O Frances, Frances ! what remorse and shame

Thou wakest here. [*pressing his hand heavily on his heart.*

Thou gentlest, best of sisters ! [*Folds the letter and presses it to his lips and forehead.*

'T is worse, yet better than thou think'st. And thou,
 Thou, Euphrosine, [*pronouncing the name with great softness.*
 whom I love desperately !

The thought of thee too is a mortal pang,
 Although I bless it, — thee, whom, but for this ! ——
 Yet, hopeless, I have follow'd thee : thou gone,
 What were the mountains and the lake to me !
 I have follow'd thee, — to see thee, hear thee, breathe
 The air thou breathest, and to feed my heart,
 In secret, with a joy I dare not own, —
 A joy that wastes me even while it feeds.
 Why should I, for a —— But I 'll not abuse her.
 Yet to give all, for one who gave up me !
 One whom my pity, not my love protects !
 Ha ! this needs more reflection.

Enter HUBERT.

What, sir, now ?

Hub. A letter by express. [*Exit Hub.*

Jul. [*examining the seal, as he breaks it open and
 undoes the silk that ties it.*

These arms I know not.

He reads it to himself, with an appearance of great trouble.

Distraction ! Do I dream ? Decline my visits ?
 And then, the enclos'd ! — But let me read again.
Reading.] “ In sending Master Mandeville the enclos'd,
 “ Madame de Beauffremont the occasion gives him
 “ To evidence its falsehood, if he can.
 “ His word shall be sufficient. Until then,

“The honor of his visits is declin’d.”

Patience! I shall go mad. This billet. [*unfolding and glancing at the enclosure.*] Death!

Here branded as a libertine and known

Seducer! [*reading apparently with great difficulty and several bursts of passion.*]

Living with a ruin’d girl

In Switzerland, while! — Horror! [*again reading in the enclosed note.*] And my love,

My pure, though passionate, my religious love,

For Euphrosine, made what I dare not name!

Liar! Infamous liar! [*crumpling the enclosure together.*]

And — who? who?

Elinor? Ha! To compass their revenge,

Women will stoop to anything: she knew

My love for Euphrosine! she told me so!

Resented it! —

Enter ELINOR.

Didst thou write this? Didst thou?

[*forcing the billet into her hand.*]

Elin. [*Reading it to herself, and coloring.*]

I did not, sir.

Jul. But thou didst know of it?

Of this rich villany? Speak!

Elin. When Elinor deals

In such work, Master Mandeville, rest sure

You shall not be the last to hear thereof.

I could have wish’d you, sir, more nice of mind

Than to disclose me what I have notic'd there.

[*Exit — indignantly.*]

Jul. To read the allusion to herself might call
That blood-spot up; and her denial was firm.
Her anger? That I reckon nought: for rage,
Like the dark fluid of the ink-fish, hides
The evading conscience, chas'd by just reproach,
And haughty carriage oftener is the strut
And swell of empty show than the demean
Of innocence wrong'd, too proud for self-defence.
But then the writing. [*Considering it.*

In it is no trace

Of Elinor. My uncle's hand — disguis'd?

*He presses his hand to his forehead, and goes up the
stage to fling himself upon a couch, but starts
back and picks up something from the
cushion.*

How came this here? His signet! His! [*Examining it.*
His crest!

Deep as the Devil himself had graven it there!
*Stands motionless for a moment, as if perfectly
overcome — then rings a bell
violently.*

Enter ELINOR.

She starts at his expression and changes countenance.

Elin. [*timidly.*

Hubert just now is out. Is there aught, Julian,

That I can for thee?

Jul. Yes; 't is thou I want.

*He shuts the door behind her, and, seizing her arm,
holds the ring directly before her face.*

What is this? Look at it! Is it known to thee?

ELINOR stands as if turned to stone.

Ha! Is my suspicion just? Was — was it he? —

How came it here? How came HE here? Dost thou

Know him? Is he thy friend? Was 't he that — that? —

*He gasps, but still holds Elinor's arm grasped tightly,
while he gazes on and in her face.*

Elin. [*falling at his feet and clasping his knees.*

Mercy! Forgive me! Oh, forgive me, Julian!

Jul. [*struggling for breath.*

'T was *he* then — HE — that wrote this — this damn'd
billet? [*tearing from his pocket Mad. de B.'s letter with
the enclosure.*

Speak — if thou wouldst not kill us both. Speak —
woman —

Devil — was it *he*?

Elin. It was. My God! my God!

Have mercy on me! oh!

Jul. And here — here — *here* —

Here in my house — he plann'd this devilish wile,

That was to ruin me? with thee to abet him!

'T was he too that — was 't not? Out with it, woman!

Confess it all — all! or — my heart will break —

And thine to gaze upon me.

Elin. Julian — I —

I know not what you mean.

Jul. 'T is false ! thou dost.

Wouldst thou then have me to repeat my sense,

And blast thee with the echo of thy shame ?

He 't was that did debauch thee — in my absence —

This precious uncle ! Was it not ? Speak — speak !

Elin. My God ! forgive me !

Jul. Why, that 's true — thou need'st it. —

Ha, ha ! 't was playing the devil with a will,

And to some purpose, to befool my mistress,

When I was gone, lest I should do it myself ;

Dost thou not think it was ? to gather in ;

My harvest, lest 't should rot for want of harvesters.

O, curse him ! curses on him ! Though he were

Ten times my father's brother, curses on him !

And thou — thou ——

Elin. Do not kill me ! Mercy ! mercy !

Jul. Kill *thee* ! What should I kill thee *now* for ? If

I had done 't some eighteen months ago indeed,

It had been well for both of us. — But for thee, —

Thee, Elinor — whom I lov'd — and would not harm

Because I lov'd thee, — oh ! for thee — to — to ——

Elin. You weep ! You 'll not then hurt me ?

Jul. Do I weep ?

True ! I forgot it was my uncle, then —

My uncle, dost thou hear me ! I forgot

It was my flesh-and-blood own uncle thou

Didst wanton with. Oh ! oh ! oh ! — A last word :

That child ! — was 't his ? [*Elin.* covers.

Thou 'rt worse even than my thought!

Off! off from me! wretch! harlot! let me go.

He flings her off. ELINOR falls on the floor; and the

*Scene instantly closes, — JULIAN being seen to
go off without regarding her.*

SCENE III.

Another room in the villa.

A table furnished with writing-materials and a lighted taper.

Enter, hastily, JULIAN.

*He sits down at the table, and appears to write,
with agitation and rapidly, a letter, which folding, he drops
therein his uncle's signet, then ties the letter
with a silken thread and seals it, in
the fashion of the times.*

He comes down with the letter in his hand.

Jul. If aught will bring thee to the point, 't is this.

Thou art a Mandeville, — no dastard then:

And here is what would fire a heart of ice.

The world will term a parricide's my act.

That shall not move me: let it judge my wrongs.

The woman that I lov'd debauch'd, as 't were

Even in my arms, is injury itself
The deepest possible. What, when the injurer
Is one whose previous malice I have known,
But not forgot; whose gibe, and sneer, and smile
Still rankle in the heart! O this, for that
He is my father's blood, I might forgive.
But when this secret enemy has crept,
Like a foul toad, unto the naked root
Of my most delicate and dearest hopes,
And blasted them, it may be, for all time,
Exuding the cold poison of his malice
Where e'er my name is cherish'd most, — conspiring,
In a refined deviltry, with her
He had robb'd me of, to ruin me in the eyes
Of one still dearer, make me vile before
The simple mother that lov'd me with such trust,
The sister that ador'd me, and the friends
That honor'd me! — No! Heaven alone, or Hell,
May shake my steadfast purpose; man shall not.

[*Rings bell.*]

Enter

HUBERT, *with a letter in his hand.*

Saddle the bay, the one Lord Capel gave;
And seek Sir Richard Mandeville with this.
Bear back his answer with all speed. That done,
Let my effects be pack'd without delay;
But mine alone.

Hub. Sir, Mistress Morton's gone.

Jul. Gone? Whither? When?

Hub. But shortly since, sir; where

We know not.

Jul. Why not tell me this before?

Hub. I knock'd, sir, often at your chamber door;
You did not speak: and, sir, we were not bid
To stop her. She has left this letter.

Jul. [*to himself.*] Gone? —

Thou need'st not pack to-day. Go, where I bade thee.

[*Exit Hub.*]

Gone? Gone? Unfortunate, misguided girl!
I would have left thee with a home at least,
And means to save thee from resort to crime.
Crime! But what poverty constrain'd her first?
What now, to this prodigious sin, whose die
Makes wantonness beside it look snow-white?
And with my uncle too! O cursed fact!

Tears open the letter violently.

With his eyes on the page.] Keep me in sight? —

I never shall espouse? —

Pausing.

'T may be even so. [*sadly.*] — [*Reads.*]

“Farewell. I'd say, God bless you;
But you have planted in my heart a sting
Which will not let me pray for good on either.”
And that is true, poor wretch! and thou in mine.
My fault was weakness; thine, to me — God grant,
Its bloody fruits may not weigh on thy soul!

Takes his hat and Exit as Scene closes.

SCENE IV.

A wooded lane, near Julian's villa.

JULIAN, *with a paper folded as a note, in his hand.*

HUBERT, *booted and spurred, and dusty, — his right hand armed with a riding-whip.*

Jul. [to himself, but aloud, and looking on the note.

Writ with a crayon? No seal? Not even a thread?

Hub. Sir Richard was about to mount, to ride :

His foot was in the stirrup, and one hand

Lay on his horse's mane, when I drew near.

Soon as he op'd your missive, sir, he hah'd,

And dropp'd the ring it cover'd in his glove,

Then ran the writing o'er with troubled brow,

And, crying, "Very fine!" tore off the back,

Laid it upon his saddle, and, thus, wrote ;

Then, handing me the billet folded, said :

"There is thy master's answer. Take 't, good Hubert :

"And take good care of him ; he has it here" —

Touching his forehead, sir, in this wise.

Jul. [sternly.] Sirrah!

Hub. Pardon ; I thought 't would please you, sir, to know

All that he said, and did.

Jul. But with such zest

To make the repetition, is — What then?

Hub. He sprang into his saddle, and rode off.

Jul. Alone?

Hub. Yes, sir.

Jul. Which way?

Hub. The same, 't would seem,

I came myself; I pass'd him on the road.

Jul. Bring me Black Rupert, and take back the bay.

[Drawing tight the buckle of his sword.]

Be quick. *[Exit HUB.]*

— And to my servant, too! O rage!

[Reading the note.]

"If thou be mad, I have my senses still.

"Live sparingly, good nephew, and thy prayers

"Say oftener, or thou wilt oblige thy friends

"Take care of thee. 'T is Bedlam gives repose

"To witless bards and disappointed swains."

Malignant fiend! But I will have thee yet.

O, on one hand, a palace of delights,

And Euphrosine to share them; on the other,

A desert, and that man — that man and I

Alone in 't! Would I not choose *this*?

— Great God! *[looking*

to the left, whence a sound is heard as of a horse coming

from a distance at full speed.]

Am I distracted? 't is himself! This way?

His horse is past control, — will throw him: ha!

[Sound as of a fall.]

God ! he will drag him to his death ! I 'll save him.

[*Running out to the left.*]

Re-enter JULIAN

*supporting, with an air of great reluctance, and
even loathing, SIR RICHARD, who is
without his hat, and his dress
in great disorder.*

Jul. There ; lean against that tree : ere long, will come
One that may help you with more will than I.

*SIR RICHARD supporting himself against the tree,
JULIAN retires a step or two. SIR RICHARD passes his
left hand over his brow, and seems for a moment or two to be
gathering his thoughts, then extends his right hand
to Julian with an appearance of some
warmth and frankness. JULIAN
draws back, coldly and
haughtily.*

Sir R. Why then, at peril of your own limbs, save me ?
One minute more, my death had taken place
Without your agency.

Jul. And my revenge
Unsatisfied. Perhaps for that I thought
'T were malice perfected, to make thy life
Thy enemy's charity.

Sir R. [*impressively, after looking at him, for
a full minute, from head to foot.*]

Well, thou shalt have
The amend thou seekest, — if thou 'll take it now :

Thou hast left me without power to refuse.

Jul. [*calling to the right.*]

Fasten the horses there, and come this way.

Re-enter HUBERT.

Assist Sir Richard : help him to his steed ;
Thou 'lt find the creature tied to yon dwarf beech.
Wait on Sir Richard home. If thou should find
The beast unruly, mount him in his stead,
And lend thine own.

Sir R. [*to Jul.*] Thanks. Prithee, first, good Hubert,
See my girths tighten'd.

HUBERT, *who has looked from one to the other
with an air of inquisitive surprise, Exit.* SIR RICHARD
*takes Julian by the sleeve, comes forward,
and in an under tone, but deeply,
while he smiles :*

Thou shalt have thy wish,
Though thou wast twenty times my brother's son.

Jul. [*pressing Sir R.'s hand passionately.*]

And I — I will exact it, though my sire
Himself stood 'twixt you and my wrath. Look to it.

[*Sir R. smiles again.*]

Sir Richard ! Sir ! Sir Richard Mandeville :
Do not look so. We now know one another.

Sir R. Even so — and hate.

Again re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. All is secure, sir, now.

I'll bring him to you?

Sir R. No, go on, my friend;

I am better now: I'll follow to the spot.

[*Exit Hub.*]

SIR RICHARD, *as he moves slowly after him, turns half-way round, smiles again, and touches the hilt of his sword significantly.* JULIAN *half-raises his, sheathed, with his left hand, and makes a step forward, as if to rush on him, but, by a seemingly violent effort, restrains himself.* — *Exit*

SIR RICHARD.

Jul. [*clasping his hands passionately together.*]

He hates me too at last! O blessed chance,
That I should save, at peril of my own,
The life he had rather lose than feel my gift!

SCENE V.

*An open space in a grove, near Julian's villa, —
the front of which is seen through the
intervals of the trees.*

HUBERT. ELINOR.

Elin. Thou dost with my impatience trifle, Hubert.
I came to ask thee of thy master.

Hub. Well,

And I to tell thee.

Elin. Thee? Dost thou forget? —

Hub. That treachery makes us equal? No, not I!

Besides, if I must speak so plain —

Elin. What! — No!

Thou dar'st not so insult me! But, go on;

Go on: I mind our compact.

Hub. It is well:

I thought, by Jude! you had forgot it quite.

After the note Sir Richard sent, (that scrawl,

I show'd you ere it reach'd my master's hand,)

They had a meeting.

Elin. Who? Not? — Speak!

Hub. I mean,

Sir Richard and his nephew.

Elin. Fought?

Hub. I know not.

I found them in the lane. Sir Richard's horse,

It seems, had thrown him; and, 't is like, his life

My master sav'd. If so, his thanks were odd:

For, as they parted gravely — on the spot,

I saw Sir Richard give a devilish grin,

And touch his sword-hilt.

Elin. And? — What then? what then?

Hub. Last night, there came a billet for my master.

I never saw him yet so fill'd with joy.

His eyes flam'd like two coals —

Elin. Stop!

Hub. Hear me out.

He shook his clench'd fist high above his head —
Holding in 's other hand the note. —

Elin. [*with a gasp of relief.*] I breathe.

Hub. 'T was all that then I saw ; he bade me go :

But, pausing at the door, I heard him shout,
“ *At last !* ” and then the clash and ringing sound
Of metal thrown upon a table. Soon,
He left his chamber. I embrac'd the chance.
There on his table lay a heap of swords,
A string, and — guess.

Elin. The letter ? And thou hast it ?

Hub. Ay, in my head : how should I dare to take it ?

Elin. On, on ! It was ? —

Hub. A challenge from Sir Richard.

Elin. Sir Richard ? and to — him ?

Hub. From him to him.

Elin. O God ! Say on.

Hub. 'T was more the acceptance than
The offer of a fight. It simply said,
The baronet would pass the house this day,
Soon after daybreak, and alone, his sword
His only weapon, and about him borne
A note, to certify, in case of death,
He fell in duel fairly ; and he pray'd,
His nephew would the same grace do to him.
The cord was measure of his blade.

Elin. Well, well ?

Hub. This morn, at daybreak, for an hour or more,

My master pac'd the lawn, (I rose to watch him.)
Each minute (as it seem'd,) he gaz'd the east,
Or look'd upon his watch. At length, he bade
The groom his blood-bay saddle, cursing him
For being slow : the first time that his mood
Was ever, to his servants, less than mild.

Elin. But whither did he ride ?

Hub. To town, be sure,
To meet Sir Richard.

Elin. And ? —

Hub. To fight, I think.

Elin. Thou canst not think so !

Hub. Humph !

Elin. His father's blood ?

Hub. They are both Mandevilles. At Naseby fight,
When Noll had lopp'd off, at the shoulder-joint,
Sir Julian (that 's Sir Richard's sire) 's right arm,
The tough old baronet, with his left arm, strove
To put his poniard through the usurper's throat;
And would, but Cromwell seiz'd him by the wrist,
And cleft him to the chine. His son, sole brother,
And junior of Sir Richard by a year,
Smote, with his glove, his enemy in the face,
In a church-porch, and died in duel for 't.
My master is his mother's child, 't is true,
But not the less his father's.

Elin. O my God !

And they will fight ! We must prevent it, Hubert.

Hub. I see not how. Besides, it is too late :

My master has by this time reach'd the town.

Elin. And he may perish! Stop them! save him, Hubert!

Hub. Sir Richard?

Elin. No, no! Julian — him — thy master.

Hub. What 's he to you?

Elin. No matter. O! enough,
That 't is my fault. Hast thou no feeling? none?
He never wrong'd thee: and he did forgive thee
The wrong thou wouldst have done to him. Think too,
'T is partly thy fault —

Hub. And who tempted me?

Elin. Not I! Don't say 't was I!

Hub. Thy beauty, then.

Elin. Curs'd be its fatal influence! To this,
My ruin and — But save him, save him, Hubert!
Repair thy fault!

Hub. It is too late, I say.
Nor could I, were it not, or if I would.
Is it not Master Mandeville you speak of?
My master? Are you mad? What could I do, —
His servant? Do not wring your hands. Reflect;
He ruin'd thee; and thou but payest him back.

Elin. Cold-blooded, dastard villain! it is false.

Hub. Oh! very well. [*Going off.*]

In future, Mistress Morton,
Plot by yourself. My master may survive;
And the French lady —

Elin. Ah! — Stay, Hubert! stay!
Come back: I did but jest: I — Wretched me!

Hub. [*coming back slowly.*]

But, mistress, to receive, for pay, bad words —

Elin. Thou shalt not any more. Thou must not mind me.

Hub. No, but it seems my service is for nought.

The recompence you promis'd was not this,

Nor will I longer work without my hire.

Elin. But yet the work 's not done ; nor canst thou claim

Thy guerdon, till it be.

Hub. I know not that.

I know not why I should not pay myself,

[*advancing rather quickly.*]

While it is in my power.

Elin. Traitor ! Ah !

Thou dar'st not ! [*Putting her hand into her bosom.*]

And I am not in thy power.

Advance a step, and I will strike thee dead.

[*He retreats.*]

Why so. What canst thou say, thou foolish man ?

Have I yet broke our compact ?

Hub. But, 't is hard —

Elin. To wait for thy reward until 't is due ?

No, I will keep my word : when Hubert does

All I demand, then Hubert shall receive

All he deserveth ; when my great revenge

Has taught to — Ah, my God ! yet save him, save !

I 'd not destroy him ; not by — Still there 's time.

Is there no help ? Oh ! wilt thou not take pity ?

Hub. And the French lady ?

Elin. Ah !

Hub. Young, noble, rich,
And beautiful.

Elin. No more ! thou 'lt drive me mad.
Let — let him, her, me perish, all the world !

[*Exit. Hubert follows, smiling.*]

SCENE VI.

*The house of Sir Richard Mandeville.
An antechamber. Several servants in livery whispering
together. Their manner indicates some extra-
ordinary and horrible event, of
recent occurrence.*

*Enter
Another Servant, in different livery.*

New Servt. Where is the master ?

1st Servt. [*exchanging looks with his fellows.*]

Oh !

New Servt. Sir Richard Mandeville ?

1st Servt. Sir Richard ? [*The servts. again exchange looks.*]

New Servt. Yes ; my lady is a-dying :

I cannot stop ; I must away, post-haste,

To Master Julian: wilt thou ——

2d Servt. Hush! he comes.

Enter JULIAN.

See! he has heard of it: how wild he looks!

I never saw an heir so sore-distress'd.

Jul. [to himself.] What terrible event does this imply?

These solemn and affrighted looks! ——

[*Passes on, — Servant leading solemnly the way
towards a door.*]

1st Servt. [*holding back the new comer who is about
to address Julian.*] Not now:

I 'll tell thee why. A moment, he 'll be back.

*As Julian's conductor is about to open
the door, Scene changes.*

SCENE VII.

*A room. Several persons, servants and others, standing
in a group. A couch with what, from the form, &c.,
appears to be a dead body, covered
with a white cloth.*

Enter

JULIAN, with the SERVANT.

Jul. Ha! What is this?

Servt. The body of my master.

JULIAN stands as if petrified.

The servant falls back in dismay at his expression, and the various other spectators use various gestures of affright and wonderment, as they gaze upon him.

Jul. Speak! How? By? — Dead?

He turns his head over his shoulder, and gazes thus, fixedly, on the body the whole time while the

Servant answers.

Servt. We thought you knew it, sir.

This morning, we were waken'd by a fall
That shook the house, when, coming down, we saw
Sir Richard prostrate on the lowest floor,
Expiring. As his hat beside him lay,
And by the door the groom stood with his horse, —
Waiting there by his orders, as he said, —
'T is thought the baronet, for some rencounter,
Descending when the lamps were burning dim,
Had miss'd his step, and o'er the balustrade
Of the great spiral stair, two stories' height,
Pitch'd headlong.

Jul. [now turning his face from the body, to the servant.

Spake he aught?

Servt. One word:

"Aveng'd!"

Jul. Oh! [covers his face with his hand, and averts it.

*Servt. And, that said, his head fell back,
The eyes roll'd horribly, and life was gone.*

Aside, to the rest.] His grief is sore; 't is fit we should retire.

[Exit, with the rest.

Jul. *[removing his hands as the door shuts.*

I came to shed thy blood; and there thou liest
Cold, lifeless, mangled, all incapable
Of thought or feeling. I have pray'd to be
Alone with thee ten minutes; and alone
I am with thee at last, — may be for hours,
If so it please me, and with none to hinder:
Where is my satisfaction? I have vow'd
Avengement on thee: Fate has ta'en it for me,
And wreak'd it to the utmost. Lifeless, cold,
Mangled, incapable of thought or feeling;
I might upbraid thee now, thou wouldst not hear me;
I might make mock of thee, thou wouldst not see me;
I might thy body wound, thou wouldst not feel me.
“Aveng'd”? Thou felt'st it so: but I am not.
No: Elinor — seduc'd from me — defil'd —
Made to conspire against my joy and peace —
Elinor has left me; Euphrosine
I have no more the right to visit now,
And could not, if I had, for very shame.
I am alone, alone now, — disappointed,
Dejected, wretched, — while, foul cause of all,
Thou liest at rest, on that oblivion pillow'd
Which thou hast robb'd me of, perchance for ever,
Till I shall join thee. Oh! 't will harrow me,
This thought, this thought; 't will cling around me still,
Press on my brain, and eat into my vitals.

Dead — dead — dead : but not within thy coffin
Will my revenge be buried : it will tread
The earth with me, move wheresoe'er I move,
Dwell in my heart, and there, there, at all times,
In every place, cry, ceaseless, to be sated.
Dead ! I will look on thee. [*He lifts the cloth, and looks
upon the face.*] Ha ! dost thou smile ?
Dar'st thou ? [*He raises his hand as if to strike, but drops
it, and retreats.*

'T is the mockery of fancy.

Thou dost ! [*looking again.*] Vile thing ! [*raising his hand
again, but dropping it.*

Oh God ! the lips are curl'd
And rigid with past agony. Shame ! shame !
[*covering his face with both hands.*

This demon passion ! to have sunk me thus !
[*He is about to leave the room, but, when he
reaches the door, stops, as with a
sudden thought, and turns.*

That note he was to bear on his person : ah !
'T were worse than death to leave it — to be seen,
Talk'd of, perhaps, among the fools of court !
[*He goes to the body, gazes in its face, turns down the
cloth, lays one hand upon its breast, and
thrusts the other into the pockets.*

Ope not thy sightless orbs, to blast me now ;
Let not thy blue lips curl, to drive me mad !
It is the dreadfulest act I e'er have done.
Oh God ! I feel, even through his habit's fold,

The solid flesh, all cold and stark. There — there.

[drawing forth the note and replacing the cloth.

Reads.] “In fair, though secret, duel fallen, fought,

“On my own challenge, with my loving nephew.

“Let none pursue him therefore. If he live,

“The madhouse will save justice all that pain.”

Crushing the note together, in his hands.]

O villain! villain! scornful to the last!

Malignant fiend! if that I deem'd thy soul

Hung o'er thy body and would feel the blow,

I — Wretched me! while yet I am myself,

Let me go hence; and pardon me, high Heaven!

[Exit, looking once more back, as

the Drop falls.

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I. *A room at Sir Julian's residence in London.*

SIR JULIAN, *in deep mourning. He appears
sad and abstracted.* LORD CAPEL
endeavoring to arouse him.

Lord C. Why, worse and worse, thou sullen eremite !
Where shall this end ? Wilt thou wear sackcloth, man,
Adore the Saints instead of maidens' eyes,
Set amorous strains no more to Waller's lute,
" Or force even Dryden own thy satire's nerve,
But tag King David's psalms with monkish rhyme ?
'T will stead thee much when Charles's wit is cold,
And his dull Grace of York 's our master : now,
Be more of the day, and, if thou must be sage,
Wear lace above thy camlet. But, ah me !
I did forget ; forgive my heedless vein :
These weeds are for thy mother ; and this grief ——
Sir Jul. Broods not above her sepulchre, my lord.
Lord C. Not then thy uncle's ? —

Sir Jul. 'S death ! [*walking from him, in
great agitation.*]

Lord C. I did not know
There was such love between you ; though indeed

A fate so awful —

Sir Jul. Good my lord, have done.

[*Lord C. looks surprised and hurt.*]

Pardon me, Capel, this abruptness ; more,
My seeming coldness. True, as only, friend,
If mortal could assuage my sorrow, thou
Wert call'd to minister. Ask now no more.

Lord C. How chang'd ! in one brief year. Yet, why complain,
Who have my own griefs which I may not tell ?

Sir Jul. Well have I mark'd it. We, who heretofore
Kept our hearts like an open book, for each
To read at will and comment-on uncheck'd,
Have double-clasp'd them now, like friends at court,
Where envy teaches cunning, and dissembling
Is rivalry's sole armor and chief weapon.

Lord C. Yet such wear smiling faces ; we do not.
And one of us, — which, Julian, is not I, —
Has kept aloof, and each day grows more strange.

Sir Jul. A melancholy, Capel, deep as mine,
Would come like mildew on the social hall,
Bespotting all things with unsightly mold.

Lord C. Not where all things are humid as itself
If my mood be not sad enough, my lady's
Is of a temperature to match thine own, —

[*Sir Jul. abruptly walks apart.*]

At least is grown so now, since my return.
Being so congenial, old acquaintance too,
Enamor'd both of Switzerland's romance,
Its lakes and mountains never-tiring theme

For spirits such as thine and Euphrosine's —

SIR JULIAN, *whose step has grown more and more
rapid and agitated, now turns abruptly, and,
in a voice broken by emotion :*

Sir Jul. My lord — you know —

Lord C. Thou art the strangest man !

That silly slander of a low amour

(Monstrous delict for Charles's saintly reign !)

Is no more listen'd now than Cromwell's psalms.

Sir Jul. Thanks to thee, Capel.

Lord C. To thy sister, say ;

Who loves thee, Mandeville, as men love life. [*sighs.*

And I do love thee more, that she does so.

When I was wed, thou wast again away,

Wandering, men said, in Wales, but none knew where.

Sir Jul. Flying from thoughts that chas'd, and chase me still,

Eternal hunt ! that, dreaming or awake,

Will never slacken, till the harass'd brain

Sleep — like my uncle's. — Pardon. And my sister ?

Thy wedding — What was 't, Capel, thou wouldst say ?

Lord C. [*who has been observing him with anxious surprise.*

Madam de Beaufremont being then with us,

Her prejudice against thee (Euphrosine's

Never I think had any vital warmth)

Vanish'd, like mist, before the steady day

Of truth and love — thy sister's love, I mean.

She honor'd at the time my father's roof.

Sir Jul. Which, since the desolation of our own,

Has spread its shelter o'er the orphan maid,

Shelter no other noble house can give
In these degenerate times.

Lord C. Thank then her love,
Not mine ; or, if thou owest my friendship aught,
Be oftener near my hearthstone.

Sir Jul. What to do ?
To deeper grave my sorrows, and to carve
Like lines of wo in hearts that yet are free —
Free from such shapes at least as furrow mine ?

[*He has walk'd up the scene again, and, turning
back, adds solemnly :*

My lord, there 's danger in my contact ; shun it ;
Or from one common blight God keep us all !

Lord C. Indeed ? [*looking at him with increasing wonder.*

Sir Jul. I say it, and Amen !

Lord C. Then should
The plague-spot of thy grief be well-defin'd.
But yet I see it not. Well, Julian, be 't
Even as thou wilt. Come seldom ; only come.
Or, shall I rather visit here ?

Sir Jul. [*eagerly.*] Yes, here.

Here, often as thou canst ; come every day,
Each hour, so thou have heart for 't ; for mine
Can never have enough of thee. But there,
There in thy home — where — where —

Lord C. I understand :
And though the shame or pride is overcharg'd,
'T is noble ; more so, that the age is gross.

[*Sir Jul. shows great uneasiness.*

Be that for time to lessen and efface,
¹² That equally will scar thy sorrow's wound,
 Deep though it be and hidden. Yet some time,
 If rarely, let my lady see thee. Even now
 I left her in a mood that sorts with thine.
 Go and console her while I am away.
 Thou startest. Thou 'rt the oddest man! Here I
 Urge thee myself to visit mine own wife,
 And clear the way for thee; and one would think
 I 'd bid thee court my grandmother! I would
 Thou hadst a wife, Sir Julian; thou shouldst see,
 I would not be so churlish, didst thou ask me.
Sir Jul. Thou 'rt like to other preachers, my dear lord;
 Thy practice and thy doctrine differ wide.
Lord C. Thou dost me right: albeit a cavalier,
 'T is not in morals. 'T was a false mirth, wasted
 To seek to dissipate thy heavy gloom.
 Adieu awhile. Thank Arthur's honest love, —
 Or fellow-misery, wouldst thou judge more near, —
 Mad Villiers ¹³ makes thee not, for this sour mood,
 The palace-jest. [*Exit.*]
Sir Jul. [*looking after him with sadness.*]
 'T would be at thy expense.
 Yes, I will call to see thy — [*choking.*]
 Oh! not mine!
 Not mine, not mine! though still to me but Euphrosine.
 I 'll see thy wife, Lord Capel, — tell her all, —
 Then fly forever from this fatal scene,
 Where I die daily, lest a living death

Fall on far worthier hearts.

Going, stops, and turns, as hearing something.

What have we here?

Frances? And Capel, blushing like a girl,

Steps eager after. Oh! another knot

In this entangled skein. But one at least

I go to sever. 'T is my dear heart-strings

That twine it; and, may God grant, mine alone!

[Exit, at one side, while

Enter, from the opposite,

FRANCES, followed timidly, yet eagerly, by LORD CAPEL.

Fran. [looking after Sir Jul.

What, not one word? Unkind!

Lord C. Nay, Mistress Frances,

Seest not he waves his hand? pray, stop him not.

Alas, our Julian is not in that mood

Thy converse would give joy to. *[joining her.*

Fran. Oh my lord,

What is there wrong? Time was, even from his friend

I needed not to ask what ail'd my brother.

His heart was open then; but now, so chang'd —

Pardon, my lord, I cannot help but weep;

Though vainly do I search my conscience through

To find the cause in me.

Lord C. The cause in thee!

Then were my friend, thy brother, chang'd indeed.

Why even the idle court thy love's devotion

Have learn'd to reverence, and who come more near,

To know thee, and to —— warmer hearts, I mean,
Find him worth envy even for this alone.

Fran. 'T is envy then which follows true desert.

¹⁴ When other brothers merit half the love
That Julian does, they will not lack their due.
This better than Lord Capel who should know ?

Lord C. If to be good and loving were but one,
Then none indeed. But were your brother's friend
All that your very fondness for that brother
Bids you assume, yet could not Ellen be
That brother's sister, worthy though the while,
Most excellent maid, to be that sister's friend.

Fran. Lord Capel does forget it is his blessing
His sister cannot love him with that love
I bear to Julian, orphan and alone.

Lord C. No, not alone, God knoweth ; for there be hearts
That love, adore thee, more than any kin — [*eagerly, in a
transport of admiration, taking her hand ;
then embarrassed.*]

I mean ——

Fran. [*gently disengaging her hand, and shrinking from
him, but timidly and with emotion.*]

Yet are not kin for all. Whereas
Ellen has both her parents and yourself :
And you, have you not parents, sister, — Euphrosine ?
*LORD CAPEL, visibly moved, in turn shrinks from FRANCES,
who, without looking at him, hastens to add :*
But do not mock me by this courtly parle.
My brother's gloom, his wild and absent look,

His thin, wan cheeks, his voice, and oh, my lord,
His harsh impatience, his, who to my love
Was wont to be as gentle as a child,
This makes me restless. Fill'd with fancies vague
Yet terrible, I came to try, once more,
The power that was my glory once and joy :
But, oh my lord, you saw !

Lord C. Foresaw. And 't was
That I foresaw ¹⁵ this shock to thy sweet spirit,
And would avert it, or abate its force,
That I presum'd to follow thee unbid.
O gentle lady ! even now thy brother
Repell'd my friendly urgency. In this mood,
Impracticable and averse, think'st thou,
Though thou art dear as ever to his heart,
Thy solace would be timely, thy love's quest
Meet ready answer ? Let me tend thee home.
Trust me, there is no reason for alarm,
Though much for sorrow, seeing him thus chang'd.

Fran. I will indeed withdraw ; but you, my lord,

¹⁶ Think not of me : I would beseech you wait
Till Julian come ; and let the anxious hearts
That yearn for him beneath your father's roof
Be gladden'd through your instance. Take him else
To your own home, or ——— But, alas, I see
You have no hope to move him. O my lord,
You will not leave him wholly to himself ?

Lord C. Sweet lady, no.¹⁷ I comprehend thy wish.
And is there wish of thine that Capel's spirit

Bounds not to meet, though 't were of lighter kind
Than now exalts, and makes thee in the eyes
Of God in Heaven an angel like his own ?
Go to the roof that, honor'd as thy home,
Gives me the right to feel myself thy brother ;
I will not quit this place till Julian c me.
What o'er his mood I may, though little hoping,
I will essay for thine, for all our sakes.
Rest tranquil : and now let me lead thee forth.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Twilight.

Charing-Cross. The Statue of Charles I.

ELINOR *standing in its shadow.*

To her

Enter HUBERT.

Elin. Thou 'rt faithful ; but thou 'st kept me over long.

Hub. Faithful ! Hold thou thy truth as I shall mine,
And, pretty Mistress Morton, Hubert's place
Is better than his lord's.

Elin. Wilt thou have done ?

Speak but once more in that insulting cant,
Our compact 's broken, and thy master learns
What viper he is warming in his kitchen.

Hub. Oh, if you come to vipers, what was she
My master warm'd so lately in his bosom?
Pardon! you stung me.

Elin. With a broken fang.

Go on, sir: what news bring'st thou?

Hub. Precious. Hear.

All things are order'd for a prompt departure.

Elin. I trust that thou dost lie. I — Mercy, Heaven!
Go, and unpunish'd!

Hub. Nay, I said not that.

If what he longs for most, and you pretend
You long for with him, is to be the whip,
He is like to feel it.

Elin. Ah!

Hub. Guess whence I come.

Elin. From — not from — From? —

Hub. Lord Capel's, be you sure.

I track'd him thither, driven as he were mad.

Why do you smite your hands? I thought 't would
please ye.

Elin. Her ruin would: their love — it drives me wild.

Hub. That 's passing strange, when, as my dull eyes see,
You hope that ruin only of that love.

Elin. And yet it makes me heartsick, mad, I tell thee.
But what hast thou, thou sneering, bantering devil,
To do with that? — So, all is over.

Hub. No.

Elin. Was it a lie then? Does he not then go?

Hub. In one hour hence, Sir Julian leaves the kingdom.

Elin. Then all is over, villain.

Hub. [*with mocking emphasis.*] Lady, no!

Elin. Didst thou not dog him, furious with his lust,
To the adulteress?

Hub. To his lady love,
The honorable wife, whom even the Duke
Dares not asperse, nor Rochester lampoon,
Of the lord Capel, to that lady's house —

Elin. Stop, or I strike thee!

Hub. Soft; the statue hears. —
To that fair lady's dwelling did the hound,
Call'd Hubert, track his master's step, to please
His master's —

Elin. Cast-off mistress. I will say it:
Thou shalt not dare it. Even in this place —

[*putting her hand into her bosom with a
threatening gesture.*]

Hub. [*mockingly.*]

What! where his martyr'd Majesty looks down,
Commit a murder? — But a truce. I see
You want me not; and, if these eyes are stone,
[*carelessly indicating, with his head, the statue.*]
Others are round us, and quick ears besides.
I'll see you where 't is safer.

Elin. Stay: 't was wrong
And very foolish to be angry. Yet

To see one's plans of womanly revenge,
So painfully upbuided, all o'erblown! —

Hub. And once more, I say, "No!"

Elin. Yet is he gone

To bid adieu!

Hub. Do people always do
What they go bent on doing?

Elin. Fellow, yes,

Thy master does. His honorable soul —
Don't sneer, sir! — his romantic love of right
Are urging him — I see it all as plain
As if he told me (have I not good cause?) —
To break off this connection. And he 'll do it.

Hub. To put the broken parts again together,
As he did once in Switzerland, and here.

Elin. Thou growest refin'd.

Hub. I see you now and then. —

But men in love are much like men in drink;
They know they stagger, yet they walk not straight.
And my romantic, honorable, master
May fall the sooner, striving to keep up.
Hush! by St. Jude, see where his carriage comes,
Hot driving! as he went. 'T is well for us,
The blinds are down. Look, Mistress Morton, look!
The coachman has his head bent o'er his shoulder:
Are they pursued? Or does he fear — See there!
He laughs now with the footboy, and makes signs.
All 's safe: but something 's inside, I would swear.

Elin. Dost think — [*vehemently, but in a suppressed tone.*]

Hub. 'T is time that I were gone. Farewell.

Elin. If it be done! —

[*with restrained, but convulsive emotion.*

Hub. Don't keep me. Nor forget

How I have labor'd. [*moves off hastily.*

Elin. Thou shalt have thy wage.

Take now my thanks — [*Exit Hub. — Elin. looks after
him with vindictive expression.
and hatred, and deep scorn.*

[*Exit Elin.*

SCENE III.

Same as Scene I. of the Act.

LORD CAPEL

alone, seated in a musing and melancholy attitude.

After some minutes :

Lord C. O foolish, foolish visions! Worse than mad,
To let these shadows of fantastic joy
Steal o'er my spirit! What to me should be
Her spotless beauty and her stainless soul?
What could be, were I libertine as loose
As Wilmot¹⁸? Fatal bond! too rashly tied!
And she, poor Euphrosine! though not her heart,

More than my own, went with her wedded hand,
Yet must the indifference I cannot hide
Deepen her sadness. Noble that she is,

[*He comes down.*¹⁹

Her pale cheek sinks, like Julian's, yet no murmur —
Ah! can it be? It flashes through my brain
Like lightning in deep darkness! Do they love?
He will not see her — they were friends abroad —
He shudders at her name, she thrills at his —
Death! I'll not think it! it were madness round —
Julian, and Frances, Arthur, Euphrosine,
All wretched, yet all honest. Be this true;
It makes my dreams more deadly-wicked still.
Yet, O voluptuous twilight of the soul!
Down from the glowing heaven where Love reposes
Thy rosy atmosphere pours all around me,
And the hush'd sense is happy but to feel!
Frances! [*with softness.*] — Why am I here? [*with sudden animation, or starting, as if rousing himself with an effort.*] To wait for Julian!
To keep him from himself. Who shall keep me? [*sadly.*
If he knew! — if! — It is his footstep! — Yet
'T is strangely heavy, dull, as though some weight —
Julian! my friend! — Ah!

Enter SIR JULIAN

with EUPIROSINE *lying, apparently senseless, in his arms. Her hair, all disheveled, drops over them and over her dress, and her head unsupported hangs down.*

JULIAN *lays her on a couch, then, looking wildly on CAPEL, who stands motionless, as with horror and amazement, bursts into a frantic laugh.*

Sir Jul. Ha, ha, ha! 'T is she;
It is thy wife, I say; and I have robb'd her
Of all right to that name. Why dost thou stare?
Hast thou no weapon? I have kill'd thy wife,
And bring a life to thee. Where are thine arms?
Is thy sword rusted in its scabbard? Look.

[pointing to Euphrosine.

Lord C. *[rushing on him with fury.*

Villain! — Or *[slowly, in a deep and mournful tone.*
art thou mad?

Sir Jul. Both — both, I tell thee —
Mad and a villain. Ere thou cam'st, I lov'd her —
Lov'd her! O how I lov'd her! I had given
My soul for one kiss of her virgin lip,
Which then no man had tasted! but to strain her
Once in these longing arms before I died,
I would have borne all woes that ever fell
Upon the wretchedest of mankind! — And now ——

[He turns slowly round to the body, but without moving from his place.

O Euphrosine! *[bursts into tears.*

Suddenly breaking into fury, and advancing two steps towards Capel.

What! hast thou eyes? or ears?

I tell thee I have foully wrong'd thy wife,
The lady of Lord Capel. There she lies.
Thou wouldst have me to see her ; thou wouldst trust her
To me, her lover — and her lov'd, as that

[pointing to her body.]

Should tell thee, wittol! coward!

Lord C. [drawing and rushing on him.]

Ah, come on.

Sir Jul. Yes, yes!

*Lord C. [noticing his strange delight, drops the point
of his sword, with a look of mingled
pity and horror.]*

No, not by my hand. Capel's sword
Can do no murder.

*Sir Jul. 'T is a woman's sword. Take that,
[striking him with the flat of his blade.]*

For thy wife's sake.

Lord C. [attacking him instantly.]

Let her bewail the victim.

SIR JULIAN, after a few passes, lunges purposely aside, and flings
himself with great force on the point of Capel's weapon.

It passes through his dress, under the arm.

Sir Jul. Unlucky chance! I trusted to have perish'd

By thy lov'd hand. Why wouldst thou spare me?

Lord C. [solemnly, in a voice deep in tone,

slow of movement, and mournful.]

Julian,

Thy punishment rests not with me. If 't please thee

To have set a thorn for ever in the breast
Of a true friend — of one who lov'd thee — as —

[*his voice breaks.*

He lov'd no other man — be pleas'd. Be kind —
To — her. 'T is all that thou canst do for her,
For the brief while that will be left : her shame
She will not long survive, to be a curse
In thy chang'd eyes.

[*He looks at Euph. a moment, stifles a groan,
and bursts from the apartment.*

Sir Jul. Gone. Left her all to me.

Well — we must live together. It will be
A sad life, Euphrosine : but we must set
Our shoulders to the task, and bear the load
Between us. 'T will not be for long.
He said well. Fragile as thou art, poor girl,
Thou canst not long sustain the iron weight
Of the charg'd conscience. Pity 't were thou shouldst.
How still ! She looks as though — Perhaps ! —

[*He kneels beside her.*

No breath !

He puts his hand to her cheek.]

Cold ! — Can it be ? — Dead ? — No, no.

Yet, unhelp'd,

She may die. Let her : 't is a mercy thus.

He rises, and walks gloomily from the couch.

Let her die thus. Mine only now forever,

Would God she were the grave's ! — [*Starting, he turns
eagerly round.*

Hush! is 't? — She stirs!

She! — [*Darting to her in a seeming ecstasy of delight.*

Euphrosine! my love! my life! my soul!

He throws himself beside her — raises her from the cushion, fans her lips, chafes her hands, &c. &c. She revives with a deep sigh, opens her eyes, and recloses them. He renews his efforts, repeating what follows rapturously, yet with deep tenderness, (kissing her passionately, from time to time) :

O open yet again those mournful eyes!

Speak to me, Euphrosine! 'T is I that call thee.

I only am beside thee, no one else.

These are my kisses; let thy still pale lips

Return them — only once! O, do but waken;

I am thy Julian, and my sun, my heaven,

My breath of life is in thee, only thee!

Thou wouldst not frighten me? O ope those lids!

Speak to me but one word! I am thy Julian:

Dost thou not know me then?

Euph. Alas! too well.

He clasps his arms about her rapturously, still kneeling at her feet. She throws her arms around him, and her head, enshrouded in its tresses, rests on his bosom.

Yes, hide me; let me creep into thy heart;

I am not fit to see the light again.

Drop falls.

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I. *The same as in Scenes I. and III. of Act IV.*

SIR JULIAN

*seated, in a riding-dress, disordered and travel-stained, —
his neckcloth off, the collar of his shirt open, his face
pale, emaciated, and haggard, and his hair
and beard undressed. On the floor,
his hat and riding-switch, and
the neckcloth.*

Enter HUBERT.

Sir Jul. Did Mistress Frances say that she should come?

Hub. Sir, on the instant.

Sir Jul. Go. [*Exit Hub.*] — Until she come,
I'll con this cursed billet o'er again.

[*drawing a letter from the pocket of his coat.*
It burns into my vitals like hot iron.
But, not to read it, horrid phantasies
And memories adder-fang'd would hiss me mad.
Devilish Elinor! [*tearing the billet open.*] So far away.
How knew she too my hermitage? I deem'd
There I and sorrow might be safe at least,

Hubert? — My mind misgives me.

Reads:] “ You have known

“ The misery greater than of seeing frustrate

“ The heart's desire. — Your *lady-leman* 's dead.” —

Viper! how sharp the first bite of thy teeth!

“ Now for the finishing stroke. Watch well your sister.

“ 'T is sweet revenge for him you have grossly wrong'd,

“ To pay you home in your own coin. No doubt,

“ Before this reaches you, your mother's daughter

“ Has given him a receipt in full.” — 'T was I,

Who made her cunning in discourse. My hands

Have given its temper to the steel that slays me. —

“ 'T is of no good I mean you, that I write.

“ Yet may you credit me. The very Devil

“ May tell truth when it suits his purpose.” — Ay;

But 't will need searching, for the brimstone source

It comes from. [*Tears the letter into fragments.* —

'T is the carriage. [*listening.*] On the stairs

Her foot springs light and joyous. Surely guilt

Bounds not to meet the accuser!

Enter FRANCES.

Fran. Brother! [*with eager joy.*

Sir Jul. Frances!

[*sternly and coldly, yet with strong expression.*

FRANCES stands arrested, gazing as if speechless, with an air of mingled grief, astonishment and terror. Suddenly, she stretches her arms to him, and would spring to his embrace, exclaiming, with deep feeling:

Fran. O my brother!

Sir Jul. [*grasping her arm.*]

Stay! So. Let me look on thee.

Art thou still pure? Speak. Art thou still my sister?

He unties the ribbons of her hat, and, removing it, flings it on a chair. Her hair, loosened by the rudeness of the action, falls about her head. He puts it back from her forehead, and gazes into her eyes.

Fran. My brother?

With melancholy joy, he throws his arms about her.

She leans upon his breast.

Sir Jul. There is comfort yet for me.

O Frances! thou 'rt the only good Heaven leaves me;

Precious, more precious even now than when,

A happy boy, I taught thee lisp my name,

Thy innocent prattle sweeter to my ear

Than schoolmates' call to play. Ah! did thy heart

Now throb with guilty trembling, had the flush

Of shame that white brow crimson'd when I touch'd it —

Fran. [*drawing from his embrace, and throwing back her hair that she may look on him, while her eyes wander uneasily over his disordered dress and haggard features.*]

What mean'st thou, Julian? Art thou wild, indeed?

Sir Jul. Arthur. [*slowly, but simply.* — *Fran.* blushes, she casts down her eyes, she trembles.

Is 't true then? [*with rekindled passion.*]

Is there only left

Revenge? [*He drops her arm, and adds mournfully:*

Have I indeed no sister?

Fran. Oh!

What have I done? I know not what thou meanest.

Sir Jul. [*with renewed violence.*]

Thou dost not? dost not? Know'st thou not what 's said
Of thee and Capel? *Capel*, dost thou hear me?

There! there! Ha, ha! Thy face speaks out! it does!

O why, why cannot I destroy with curses!

Fran. My face is burning, but 't is not with shame.

So help me Heaven, I am innocent of all wrong!

*She gathers her hair in her hands, and holds it
like a veil to her face and weeps.*

Sir Jul. [*laying his hand gently on her shoulder, and speaking
with less harshness, yet solemnly and sadly.*]

Frances, on her death bed our mother bade me
Watch over thee, and be to thee a brother, parent,
All in thy present state that I should be.

We stand alone together in the world,

Last of our father's race that bear his name.

What should I feel then, were — I will not shame

Thy purity, repeating that dark thought.

Yet, Frances, the lord Capel — Thy flesh creeps

Under my fingers! Essex' heir, I say —

How thou dost shudder! Hear! That man I lov'd

Better than e'er I shall love man again.

Now, my heart loathes his image. What appals thee?

He is thy brother's foe: 'twixt him and thee

Can be no commerce not to thy dishonor.

Fran. O, thou mistak'st him! Thou art so deceiv'd!

Arthur! — [*She catches herself and stops abruptly.*]

Sir Jul. Indeed! Is 't come to that? So close
Already? Has he dar'd? — No matter. Frances,
Hear me, and once for all. I 'd rather see thee
In the churchyard than wed to Arthur Capel.

Fran. Then God have mercy on me!

*She staggers — he catches her in his arms. With a
sudden effort, she rises from his support, and
dropping on her knees, twines her
arms about his limbs.*

Do not be

So violent, dear brother! Deep and awful,
Thy voice affrights me, and thy eager looks
Pierce through me that I have no breath to speak.
But be more gentle, as in other days,
And I will tell thee all.

*SIR JULIAN seems embarrassed, and ashamed of
his violence. He raises her.*

Sir Jul. I ask it not.

What I have said is said. Forget Lord Capel.
So beautiful, so good, accomplish'd, rich,
Thou canst not want for suitors; and thy portion
Myself will double; wealth is now to me
No more of any use: but for Lord Capel —
Think not of him.

Fran. Yet — hear me. Be not so —
Impatient, Julian! I — I could not deem —
I thought — Thou knowest —

Sir Jul. I know what thou wouldst say.
I know Lord Capel loves thee — or did love;

I think thou couldst have once return'd his love :
But now — No more of it ! While I am living,
Never shall Capel's blood commix with ours !
Never his head be pillow'd on the breast
Of Frances Mandeville !

With a faint scream,

FRANCES *seizes the skirt of his habit.*

SIR JULIAN, *escaping from her grasp, falls back upon a couch, seemingly exhausted. At the sight of this distress,*

FRANCES *appears to forget herself, her brother's tyranny, and, throwing herself before him on her knees, and taking his hands in hers, she exclaims :*

Fran. Alas ! dear brother,

Where hast thou been ? what suffer'd ? Thou art wan,
And thin, and sore-dejected. O forgive,
Forgive me, Julian ! I was very selfish,
Not to see thy distress ; I was indeed !
Thou hast travel'd far and fast no doubt, and art
Weary and worn.

SIR JULIAN, *as touched to the soul, leans his head on his sister's neck, as she kneels before him, and appears to weep.*

Sir Jul. Yes, I am worn and weary ;

I have travel'd far and fast to come to thee,
I am sick with abstinence and want of sleep ;
But 't is not that — not that ! I am alone —
Lonely and sorrow-shaken : I want some heart
To feel for me, some hand to press my forehead,
Unhired to the task. Wilt thou not come,

And stay by me, my sister, till I am better,
Until I am able to endure my self?

Fran. Forever, wilt thou let me! O my brother!
Would we had never, never parted!

Sir Jul. Would,

We never had!

Fran. But thou wilt still be happy,
Dear Julian. Thou 'lt be better, and so soon!
When thy own sister is near thee. 'T is a life
So wretched-lone thou lead'st, with none around
But creatures mercenary! — O my brother,
This gentle sufferance makes me truly blest!
Forthwith, I 'll write to Lady Essex —

Sir Jul. No.

To-day, I must not part thee from thy friends;
Thus sudden, 't were uncivil. But to-morrow,
So they will spare thee —

Fran. Let it be to-day.

Now I have seen thee, could I else have rest?
Think of the long, long twelvemonth, since away —

Sir Jul. [*covering his eyes with an expression of pain.*

Spare me!

Fran. Alas! I had no thought to grieve thee!

Yet therefore beg I only more to stay.

Sir Jul. Be it, blessed creature, even as thou wilt.

Hubert shall wait thy orders. Now — [*offering to lead
her out.*

Fran. My brother?

[*Spreading her arms towards him.*

Sir Jul. True ; we have not embrac'd. [*For a moment, he holds his sister strained to his breast, in silence.*]

O, if e'er Heaven

Looks down with favor on its creatures here,
May its choice blessings on thy virgin head ——

[*Fran. bursts into tears, and struggles to free herself.*]

What ails thee ? Tender heart !

Fran. O let me speak !

Brother, I — I am —— [*sobbing convulsively.*]

Sir Jul. — Best of mortal angels.

And being such, what hast thou to confess ?

Not now at least ; and therefore will I quit thee.

This night, I have made thee over all my soul :

To-morrow, thou shalt let me share in thine.

[*Exit.*]

Fran. Julian ! — [*calling after him with broken utterance.*]

This is not right. Good cannot come

Of any such concealment : and from him ! —

Yet, it is terrible to face his rage. —

And I am guiltless ! — O'er my troubled spirit

Spread chilly shadows of a vague foreboding,

And night, all starless, suddenly come down,

Seems to shut out the lingering rays of hope. —

Would he had listen'd ! This suspense affrights me.

And yet, I know not why. — I needs must weep.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Sir Julian's Study.

On the right of the scene a window, and in the embrasure a seat. In face, a painting of a landscape.

In the centre, a table with books, — In other respects, the usual furniture of such a locality, — with busts, statues, and other articles of taste and virtù.

Enter

HUBERT, *a-tiptoe,*
and shuts the door behind him softly, his finger
on his lip, as if afraid to be heard.

Hub. By Jude ! my web was nearly brush'd away !
Were not my master a most vehement fool,
He would have listen'd. What could he have done ?
Blown his rage out — then pardon'd her. But now —
What if it end in bloodshed ! If I thought ! ——
I would not harm her ; she has still been kind. —
Why should it end so ? When he bursts upon them,
Certes, she ll own the marriage. It is time
I had my due of Elinor : to-morrow

The vixen would require fresh space, to hatch
 New plans of vengeance; the old is well enough.
 But of the marriage, Hubert, not a word!
 Fierce as she is, the jade might scruple. Eh!
 Is it so wicked? — What is that to me?
 If the bride keeps the secret, so should I;
 If 't work her mischief, I am not to blame. —
 I'll trust to Providence. — Once mine, dame Elinor,
 I'll put a bridle on thee, saucy jade!
 Thou shalt not fling me, as thou didst my master.
 He fed thy mettle: I'll starve it. — [*Handbell sounds*
within.] 'T is his bell. [*Exit,*

*by another door, while,
 from the one at which he had entered,*

*Enter ELINOR,
 with hat on &c. — She moves
 cautiously, as if apprehensive of discovery. Yet
 there is nothing mean in her manner, as
 was the case with Hubert.*

Elin. Was not that Hubert? — But I dare not call.

*She examines the room with
 attention and emotion, mixed with slight surprise.*
 This must be Julian's room — the poet's room —
 The scholar's room — the — Sneers are wasted: see!
 [*drops her tone of bitterness and speaks softly.*

There is the window — opposite my own,
 On the other side the street. 'T was thence he gaz'd,
 And won, without a word, my virgin heart.
 What dreamy hours I pass'd! He was my sun,

And here as to the eastern sky I turn'd
 For light and warmth. How my heart open'd then,
 Sending up fragrance to requite its warmth!
 And now — O now! — [*she covers her face with her
 hands and sobs low.*]

Why am I here? Small cause
 Have I, who — I am choking! — 'T is this room:
 The air is stifling: dust is on the books.
 I see, I see! It brings me to myself.
 [*recovering all her energy and determination of tone.*]
 For *her* these rooms are desolate so long.
 O that the dust were thick upon my heart,
 As it is now on hers! — Thou comest in time.

Re-enter HUBERT.

He looks surprised.

Hub. How got you here? [*with animation, yet in a suppressed
 tone — in which the whole of the conversa-
 tion is held, whatever its spirit.*]

Elin. I ask'd for thee. The fool,
 That keeps your portal, left me in the hall.
 'T was not the place. So I am here.

Hub. 'T is well.

But better, that you need not come again.

Elin. Well? Know'st thou then this room? My better angel
 Guided me hither, to dissolve my purpose.
 But the same door let in the Devil. My eyes
 Beheld this dust, [*sweeping her fingers passionately over the
 books.*] and put dumb question to it;

And the mute witness told a tale ——

Hub. Another

Had told much better. Let your beadle-devil
Call into court yon picture. Question that.
See you the rail in front and on your right,
Guarding a mountain foot-path? Look sheer down :
That water is Lake Lemán — and those walls
Are Chillon²⁰ Castle — and, behind the walls,
Yon menacing mountains ——

Elin. [*putting her hand on his arm, and speaking passionately, but still low.*]

Stop! I have seen enough.

Hub. Not heard, though. Over the rail that figure leaning,
As if his neck were nothing, is my master —
Or leans as he did, when the Countess pass'd
With the young lady ——

Elin. [*vehemently — yet in under tone.*]
Scoundrel!

Hub. Have a care. —

My master painted it, and when Lord Capel,
Praising it, said he had surpass'd himself,
Sir Julian, smiling — with so sad a smile!
Gravely replied, "I painted it *with love*."

Elin. Lord Capel understood him not. I do.

[*with clenched hands,*

Hub. [*smiles with satisfaction, and pursues maliciously, watching her with keen expression.*]

There is another picture, lovelier still.
It seems to me to match our three *Vandykes*

Sir Peter²¹ dotes on and King Charles would buy.

This too he painted ; but he never shows it.

It is the Lady Capel at half-length.

Elin. I 'll stab him to the heart !

[*Moving passionately to the door. But her voice is not raised, though the tone is intenser.*

Hub. Pray find him first.

Doubtless this moment he is on his knees

Before that picture, praying as to a saint.

She never sat for it, yet 't is life itself.

Elin. Thou art a villain : but thou whett'st my purpose.

Hast made all sure ? [*firmly.*

Hub. I have been sending now,

By my young lady's order, for her maid —

Who is her confidant, you know, — for pay —

As I am hers — for love —

Elin. Both knavish parts,

Fitting the actors.

Hub. And enjoy'd by you,

Sole audience. — But we will not quarrel, here,

For rank in villany. [*Elin. motions him impatiently to go on.*

I sent a note,

Feigning the lady's wish to see her lord —

hastily.] I mean, the girl's lord — on the instant —

Elin. [*contemptuously.*] Who

May be from home, or may not choose to come.

Hub. Who is at home, and who will fly to come.

Lovers, I thought that Mistress Morton knew,

Ere they grow tired, are very birds to move ;

And these be fresh ones. Pardon me, again.

Elin. Thou art a devil! [*through her teeth.*]

Hub. I have practis'd much of late,
Under a mistress might keep school in Hell,
And hope one day to honor my instructress.
My life on 't, while we waste this precious time,
Lord Capel is but a stone's throw from the door.

Elin. And on this chance! — [*scornfully and angrily.*]

Couldst thou not then have waited?

That message will betray thee, and mar all.

Hub. Content you; I had reasons.

Elin. Reasons? Thou hadst?

Why what art thou?

Hub. Your workman, not your tool,
And creditor for wages, due too long.
Sir Julian's eyes are open'd nearly wide:
This night I saw it. To-morrow, I must pack,
In any case. Wouldst *thou* have waited? Look!

[*pointing to the picture.*]

Elin. Reach me some paper — ink.

[*He sets the paper before her, and examines
the standish.*]

Hub. The ink is dry.

My master has been very long away.

But here be crayons — plenty. They were pointed
A twelvemonth back. He has not drawn since then. —

[*Comes down the stage, while Elin. writes.*]

She has got the devil in her now again:

Those thrusts went home. To-morrow thou art mine,

By thy own compact. When I wear thee! —

[*Elin. rises.*

What!

Done already? [*taking up the paper.*

Elin. Insolent wretch! [*to herself, as he proceeds to read.*

Hub. "Who trusts

"Unboundedly must often be deceiv'd.

"Women see no dishonor in deceit.

"Learn from a woman that. Some hour this night,

"Your sister's rooms will lodge more guests than her." —

Pithy enough! Sir Julian taught you that.

Elin. Lay 't where thou wilt. Now lead me forth, at once.

Hub. And in good time. By Heaven, I hear his step

Along the corridor! *This way.*

[*drawing Elin. in a contrary direction to what she was going.*

Still as death!

[*Exeunt.*

After an interval

Enter

from the opposite side, SIR JULIAN.

His air is still profoundly melancholy; but his dress, which has been changed for one of deep mourning, is no longer disordered, nor his person neglected. He wears no sword.

Sir Jul. Long unaccustom'd haunt, once more I greet thee!

Thy wholesome aspect is but little chang'd,
And doth reproach me for the much I am.
Yet, when I last beheld it — O, no more,
That dreadful retrospect! — And yet, how fit
That here it should awaken! in this spot,
Deem'd consecrate to study and the muse,
But by love's folly desecrated. Ah me!
The seeds are oft in gladness sown, whose fruits
Are sorrow-gather'd, and the holiday gait
Of thoughtless vanity leads the dance to crime!
Let spirits akin to mine mark that, and learn
The heart's most natural passion may become
Unlawful, and the indulgence that o'erlooks
The sacrosanctity of duty ever
Engenders, and is, sin. Thou conscious window!
How well might Paradise be painted there,
But that its futile joys have cost me Eden! —
And the avenging angel's sword of fire
Gleams on me still.

*As he walks by the table pensively, his eye
is attracted by the paper.*

A paper? What, again?
Wretched malignity! — Who laid it there?
Dares she invade my very house? Methought,
Even as I enter'd, some one quit the room. —
I'll read once more. [*Peruses silently the writing.*]

O falsehood's blackest filth! —

Yet is the charge specific. Frances' self
Shall brand it infamous. No clearer way

To end all doubt, and put the mind at ease.

*He rushes out, with a paper open in his hand, and
the scene, instantly shifting, reveals a corridor,
with doors opening into it in front, and
one at the end of the corridor on
the right of the scene,
as*

SCENE III.

*SIR JULIAN comes forward from the left side,
moving rapidly, as if toward the door at the other
end, behind which Voices are now heard. He stops short, and
seems as if riveted to the spot with dismay and hor-
ror (pressing his right hand to his forehead
with an expression of intense anguish,
while his left hand violently
crushes the paper it is
holding.)*

Sir Jul. God keep me sane !

*Voice of Capel (behind the scene, at the door indi-
cated) [elevated as in resentment.*

Yes, Frances, go I will, —

*But 't is to him ! [Interval of confused sound ; then the
voice rises again with still more
vehemence.*

Usurp'd authority —

[Again the interval.

Tyrannical brother ——

Again a confused sound, as of a female voice expostulating, and of sobbing. SIR JULIAN, starting from his stupor, springs forward as to cross the scene, and, when half-way, stops again, as the voice of Capel is again heard.

What hast thou to fear? —

No! No! — dear, dearest Frances, no!

SIR JULIAN flings down the paper, and turning short round hurries from the scene by the side he had entered. The next instant he Re-enters with a naked sword, and rushes, seemingly frantic with rage, across the scene. As he reaches the door, it opens: CAPEL comes forth, and receives the extended blade in his bosom. He scarcely moves. Holding with one hand the door, which he was in the act of closing when they encountered, he presses the other on his wound, and looking sorrowfully on Julian says slowly:

Lord C. Thy hand

Is heavy on me, Julian. My first wife

Thou took'st from me: my second thou hast robb'd

Now of a husband.

SIR JULIAN holding the sword, with the point a little dropped, stands, staring with dilated eyes on his victim, nor offers to support him. LORD CAPEL staggers in the midst of his reproach, and as he utters with difficulty the last words, FRANCES, from within, runs forward to the door, which slips from Capel's hand as she appears.

Fran. [as she approaches.

Arthur! — [Coming out.] Ah! —

[Capel sinks on the floor.] O God!

[falling senseless over him.

SIR JULIAN stands in the same posture, with the same look, motionless as a statue, with eyes fixed like stone; and — after a brief interval, the scene closes, slowly, on the group.

SCENE IV.

AND THE LAST.

A room hung completely with black cloth.

Directly in front, far up the stage, a coffin raised on a scaffold breasthigh, in the manner of a catafalque, and covered with a violet-velvet pall, as the platform is with black cloth. Wax-lights burning at the head and foot; and on the top, lying diagonally across the coffin, a naked sword. — Over the catafalque a picture, covered with a black curtain, with a long cord pendent to it, as if to draw aside the curtain on occasion. The left side of the scene represents a long casement-window; the right, a door.

SIR JULIAN is seen

seated in a chair with his back to the coffin. His long hair is matted, and hangs in disorder over his forehead; the collar of his shirt is open; his dress (deep mourning, as in preceding Scene) otherwise disordered. His hands hang down beside him helplessly, his head droops on his shoulders. He is motionless, as in a stupor, and in all respects showing the most absolute and desperate moral and physical prostration, or paralysis from moral grief, the horror of past scenes, and long sleeplessness, that the power of the Actor can delineate.

Saving the light necessary to relieve the full misery of his state, the stage is in darkness, except where lighted behind him by the candles of the catafalque.

*After some minutes, the
door opens, and*

*Enter,
as prepared for a journey, and veiled,*

ELINOR.

*She comes slowly before Sir Julian. She throws
back her veil. He covers his face with
both hands, and groans.*

Elin. [answering to his manner.

Yes, I am Elinor — Elinor Morton — Elinor
Whom you once lov'd, and who now loves you still,
Even while she hates. I am come, Sir Julian Mandeville,

To ask you where is that elysium now,
You promis'd. Are you happy, sir? Am I?
Groan on; the fruit you gather is of your planting:
I hope it suits you. Full indeed has been

SIR JULIAN *drops his arms, and resumes in all
respects his previous attitude and air.*

Your cup of bitterness; more full and bitter
Than I intended; and I see 't is drain'd
Even to the dregs. If I could pity you,
Now would I. Not a word? [*her voice losing its depth and
solemnity and growing more sharp and
womanly in tone.*

Not even a look?

Too bitterly resentful to reproach me?
You need not be. Sir Julian Mandeville,
You are the wronger, *You*. Your precious wisdom, —
Which, moonstruck dreamer, you would teach a girl,
Who better lov'd your eyes than all the stars,
Your knowledge, sir, — you sit there like a stone!
Your wisdom, I say, and knowledge should exalt you
Above such littleness; but what to women
Hath Heaven given, to defend their rights,
But pride, and envy, and *revenge*? Good night —
As when you had dragg'd me to the brink of ruin,
Then flung me back, lest you should fall yourself,
You said to me — good night; good night, forever.

*As she has her hand on the lock of the door,
it is pushed open softly, and*

Enter HUBERT

cloaked and girt, as for a journey, with hat on &c.

*He takes her by the sleeve with a signal of
impatience. Withdrawing violently
her arm, ELINOR dashes him
backward.*

Stand back ! fool ! dog ! Hired servant of my lover,
Dar'st thou to put a finger on his mistress,
Except to touch her shoes ? Mean, treacherous villain !
Think'st thou I 'd stoop to such a thing as thou ?
Thou be my master ? Learn, to serve her ends
When Elinor plots with wretches like thyself,
She pays their services in other coin :
Such as that ! [*flinging a seemingly heavy purse in his
face.*

There ; spend it like to Judas
As thou hast earn'd it. [*Hub., with a threatening gesture of
rage and determined revenge, Exit.*

SIR JULIAN, *during the preceding brief
passage, has looked steadily at Elinor. — She now
turns again her face to him, and her whole manner at once
changes, from the violence of scornful resentment
and irritated passion to tender emotion.*
*She moves slowly, and even timidly,
towards him, — her eyes moist,
her lips quivering, her step
unsteady.*

Her voice is sweet, low, and mournful.

Julian.

He moves not, nor takes his eyes off her. She approaches him, still slowly, — touches him. He does not stir.

You are much chang'd.

[she speaks tremulously, while, passing her hands over his forehead, she puts back his hair, holds it thus a minute, and gazes on his face.]
You are much chang'd — very much. — Could I have thought —

By the motion of her eyelids, she seems to shed tears, slowly and silently.

But 't is no matter — we have both — both suffer'd. —

She bends down her head — she touches his forehead with her lips.

It is the last. *[to herself and muttered.]*

She turns from him to leave him.

But SIR JULIAN, with a shiver over all his frame, rises suddenly. She pauses, and watches him, fearfully. — Sound without as of a violent wind, which, during the rest of the scene increases to a storm, accompanied at intervals by the rushing sound of a shower.

Sir Jul. Stay. — Hark! Was that the wind?
'T is a sad night. The winter days and I
Are going out with rough music. Ending meet
For both of us! — for me 't is. How the wind
Roars in the chimney and sweeps along the casement!
I like its tune — now rising, and now falling —

And the rain's hiss betwixt. Hear 't there! Who knoweth?

There may be spirits that ride the unseen blast:

'T is a brave night to gallop in! Howl on:

I am coming soon, if 't is for me ye cry.

He goes to the casement and opens it. ELINOR moves hastily, but still timidly, towards him, and seems to fear his motive.

Elin. [imploringly and sobbing.

Julian!

Sir Jul. My brain is burning. I would lean Out at the window. I want the cold night wind And the strong rain to beat upon my head.

He leans out for a few moments, while ELINOR, with her hands before her face, endeavors to stifle her sobs.

'T is not a breath of air nor drop of water

Cools the mind's fever. [*He speaks musingly again, his head bent down, — Elinor continuing all the time to watch him anxiously.*

We must sleep for that —

Sleep sound and long — close-cover'd, where the rain Soaks through but wets not, and the wind's deep base Roars all unheeded.

Elin. [in an imploring tone, and with an expression of terror mixed with affection and remorse.

Julian!

Sir Jul. [listening at the open casement.
Revelers! Hist!

*Voices are heard singing without, below the window,
and at a little distance. The air is solemn and
mournful, and the movement slow.*

*Voices. They lie below, asleep beneath the snow,
And the morning-drum shall waken them no more.*²²

Sir Jul. Strange! with my solemn purpose how accordant!
The sentiment they sing they feel not; yet
They do it well: their voices on the blast
Rise grandly, heard by fits.

Voices. They lie below —

Sir Jul. Practice — practice. Soon from playhouse-tears²³
We gather that sad moral of the heart.

Voices. The morning-drum shall waken them no more.

Sir Jul. Thanks: and farewell, my last of human sounds.

. [closes the casement.

The morning-drum shall waken me no more.

[Moves towards the catafalque.

*Elin. [throwing herself on her knees and speaking with deep
anguish.*

Julian! — O God! O God!

*He moves on without regarding her. — She
grasps his dress.*

Do you not know me?

Sir Jul. Woman! Know thee? Too well. Think'st thou
indeed

That I am mad? or have forgotten? Look!

[pointing to the coffin.

Where is Lord Capel? where my sister? where —

[his voice falls.

I cannot ask thee where is Euphrosine.²⁴

Elin. [*bows her head on his hand — sobbing.*

Oh! oh!

Sir Jul. [*shaking her off.*

Tears? murd'ress! on my hand? from thee?

Will they wash out the blood that has been spill'd?

The blood upon that blade? the innocent blood

That mix'd with it, and made a double murder

For thee, as me? Last night — Last night, my sister —

My only sister — my first-lov'd — my last —

My beautiful, and good — I must not weep —

Not before thee; 't would wake the immaculate dead

Thy presence outrages. Look on that coffin.

What had the angelic being so silent there

Done wrong to thee?

Elin. [*groveling on the floor.*

O spare me!

Sir Jul. Didst thou spare?

Elin. I knew not — I call God to witness! —

Sir Jul. Peace!

Last night — she died. Her crimeless heart had broke

Over her husband's body, slain by me,

Her brother. From her mouth I saw the blood

Gush out a torrent, and mix with that I shed.

She died — and bless'd me — murmuring my name.

He stops a moment — as overcome. ELINOR con-

tinues to sob — but low.

I will not desecrate her ashes further

By thy most wicked presence. This remains

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To crown thy work ; the last blood-offering,
*As he speaks, he takes solemnly and reverently the
 sword from the coffin, and kisses the blade.*

But not atoning sacrifice. The altar —

Behold it deck'd [*indicating the coffin.*

— the priest prepar'd — the victim —

Elin. [*throwing open her arms.*

O ready ! Let thy blade drink deep — and bless thee !

Sir Jul. [*shortening the sword in his grasp.*

Drink deep it shall — but of a purer stream. [*Buries
 the sword in his breast.*

ELINOR, *as in unutterable anguish, draws her breath
 through her teeth, like one in sharp agony.* —

SIR JULIAN *draws the sword out, and
 speaks painfully, looking on the blade.*

'T is the last Mandeville — thou gallant Arthur —

Wets with his life thy stiffen'd gore. —

*Supporting himself by the chair, he turns his
 face to the coffin.*

My sister ! [*sinks
 into the chair.*

Life ebbs apace — O that some hand — would — draw —
 That curtain ! [*Elinor moves to do it.*

— Not — not thine ! Dare not —

With thy — impure — thy hand ! — I will essay.

*Rising with difficulty, he staggers towards
 the picture.*

Where is the cord ? [*groping.*

— My eyes grow dim — I die —

And cannot see thee ²⁵! — Frances! Euphrosine!

*Uttering these names suddenly with a loud,
eager, and alarmed cry, SIR JULIAN
falls dead.*

ELINOR, *who has moved upward with him, with
her arms spread, as if to sustain him, yet
without daring to touch him, buries
her face in her hands, and sinks
on her knees, beside his
body. And the*

Curtain slowly falls.

NOTES
TO
THE LAST MANDEVILLE

1.—P. 271. THE LAST MANDEVILLE] An adaptation to the stage of the author's novel, *Confessions of a Poet*.

A copy of this play was entrusted in London, in 1851-52, to Mr. Benjamin Webster, Sr., of the Haymarket Theatre; and I never could get it out of his possession. Remembering what the late Mrs. Shaw once said to me, — that a playwright could so use, and often did, another author's composition, that he would not be able to identify his own property, — I have thought it well to make this memorandum, lest at some future day I may be charged with having borrowed what in fact had been stolen from myself.

2.—P. 273. *Then, when* etc.] The Stage may omit from this point to "Proceed" on p. 274, — eighteen verses.

3.—P. 275. *Say on*, etc.] Omit to "*Fran.* No, not for worlds!" fourteen verses.

4.—P. 276. *I found there Uncle*.] Make the remaining hemistich to read, "After he was gone"; and then, omit to "How odd, etc." on p. 278.

5.—P. 280. *I'll not forgive him*] Omit here eight verses; then convert the ten next into one, reading it:

“Is 't Frances? Enter, if 't is thou, my sister.”

6.—P. 288. *That some less scrupulous lover* —] After this break, omit to “Oh! polluted?” nineteen verses. Or, excise the entire soliloquy.

7.—P. 289. *What's Elinor to me? I now to Elinor?*] There is a resemblance here to a well-known verse of Shakspeare's. I point it out, lest somebody should do it for me.

“What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?” (*Hamlet*. II. 2.)

Again, previously:

*O Elinor! — That woman should have writ
Her faith with water! Twelve, but twelve brief months!
And so complete a change! Her heart alone,
Why that were monstrous! but, to give up all!
All! all! and in twelve — Death and Hell! the work
Is scarce the half that old. Six months! And I —*

“That it should come to this!

But two months dead! — Nay, not so much; not two.

So excellent a king; that was, to this,

etc. etc.

. And yet, within a month —

Let me not think on't. Frailty, thy name is woman.” (*ib.* I. 2.)

These resemblances are purely accidental, arising out of the character and situation. None but a fool would, designedly or undesignedly, make such an imitation, or, in the latter case, would leave it uncorrected. I am not conscious of having done either; and both passages are in idea and in construction as truly my own, as if *Hamlet* had never been written, or Shakspeare, for the glory, and at the same time the injury, of English dramatic literature, had never been born.

8.—P. 300. — *Meillerie* —] The double *l est mouillée*, as the French say. Therefore, pronounce: *Mail'yer-ie*.

9 —P. 301. *And this is where, etc. etc.*] For the Stage, read, — as more directly intelligible :

And this is where the heroic Bonnevard,
For Freedom's sake and Truth, his limbs resign'd
To fetters ? And the aged martyr's steps
Have worn the vault's rock pavement, as they tell.

But, for the Stage, the entire Scene, together with the two next following, may, and perhaps had better be, omitted, and Sc. V. be made a direct continuation of Sc. I., by omitting, at the close of V., the name "Euphrosine". — All these Scenes however, as likewise Sc. VIII. (which is marked for omission,) have that attractiveness for the eye which has become a main requisite in theatrical pieces and is at all times, whatever the character of the drama, an advantage in representation.

I may add for the critical of my readers, that there is not sufficient time between the first and second scenes of this Act, to allow even in imagination the change of movement and place on the part of *Julian*. It is one of those faults of construction to which the laxness of the romantic drama tempts imperceptibly, and which, in that drama, are rarely detected and never condemned. I am only now, while the play is going through the press, aware of an oversight which discovered sooner I should have endeavored to correct, if indeed, but for the desire of reproducing the Novel as nearly as possible (an ill-considered vanity, but excusable under the circumstances which attended the publication of that work,) the Act itself had been written at all in the form in which it now appears.

10.—P. 313. SCENE VII.] This and the following Scene are to be omitted altogether in the representation. They are unimportant

to the action, and lengthen the Act too much for the Stage. The Drop therefore falls on the *Exit* of Elinor at the close of Scene VI.

11.—P. 348. *Or force even Dryden, etc.*] Omit this verse; also, below, “forgive my heedless vein.”

12.—P. 352. *That, etc.*] Omit from here to the period.

13.—P. 352. — *Villiers* —] The profligate Duke of Buckingham.

14.—P. 354. *When other, etc.*] Omit, from here to “But do not mock me” — seventeen verses.

15.—P. 355. — *foresaw* —] After this word, omit to “That I” — Then, in the same part, the verse “Though thou art, *etc.*”, and “thy love’s quest Meet ready answer.”

16.—P. 355. *Think not of me.*] Omit. Then, in the same part, all after the semicolon to “my lord,” (inclusive.)

17.—P. 355. *Sweet lady, no.*] After this, omit to the interrogation-mark. Then, the two verses before the last.

18.—P. 360. — *Wilmot* —] Earl of Rochester.

19.—P. 361. He comes down.] Or, starting up, at the 2d line after, — “Ah! can it be? *etc.*,” — as more natural; or, at the middle of the 3d line after, — “deep darkness”; or even at the 4th, — “He will not see her.” But the Actor will not much regard the direction, but adopt the movement at his pleasure. And, in fact, it is a matter of convenience and of effect.

20.—P. 377. — *Chillon* —] Here again the double “l” is softened and made fluent, as in “Meillerie.” Pron. *Shil’yon*.

21.—P. 378. *Sir Peter* —] Lely.

22.—P. 390. They lie below, *etc.*] From a French song: —

“Ils sont là-bas, qui dorment sous la neige,
Et le tambour ne les reveillera plus.”

23.—P. 390. *Practice* — *practice*. Etc.] The long pauses and the double trochee make the rhythm full, though, to count, it wants a syllable. It is a matter of choice with the writer and not necessity:

Practice — *mere practice*. *Soon from playhouse-tears*

would satisfy all the requisitions; but it is not so natural. *Sir Jul.* still talks musingly, without paying the least regard to Elinor:—

Practice — [*pausing thoughtfully.*] — *practice*. [*pause.*] *Soon, etc.*

24.—P. 391. *I cannot ask thee where is Euphrosine.*] As it is the final accent alone which marks the length of the verse, all such verses as this, though in constant use by the best writers, are really defective. But, to give it due length, as thus:

I cannot ask of thee, where, where is Euphrosine.

would give a different sentiment from that I intended.

25.—P. 393. — *thee!*] Revising for the press, I find this pronoun equivocal. It applies, not to Elinor, but to Euphrosine, who is supposed to be the subject of the curtained picture.

THE HEART'S SACRIFICE

MDCCCLXIX

CHARACTERS

MELVILLE, *Edith's accepted lover.*

HAMPTON, *another of her suitors.*

SAVILLE, *Melville's friend, and wooer of Athlia.*

ATH'LIA, *Melville's cousin.*

EDITH, *her younger sister.*

BERTHA, *their widowed aunt.*

SCENE. *A castle in England, and its grounds, — the life-estate of Bertha, and joint residence of herself, her nephew and nieces.*

EPOCH. *The beginning of the 17th century.*

THE HEART'S SACRIFICE

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I. *The platform in the rear of the Castle.*

MELVILLE. EDITH.

Mel. For this consent, lov'd Edith, take my thanks :
My thanks ? that is too cold : the passionate vow
Of my heart's deepest gratitude, and love
Which will not cease, I think, to live and glow
While life has left one heart-beat.

Ed. So, I read,
Thinks every untry'd lover ; but the heart
Throbs not the less with divers passions, whereof
The weakest grows to be, in time, that love
Which was to out-pulsate all the rest.

Mel. A love
Unsolid and sensuous, not like mine for thee,

Bas'd on unperishing worth, nor built alone
Of animal longing and the fragile sense
Of outward beauty, albeit thereof thy store
Is vast, if not exhaustless.

Ed. It is well

Thou hast not overlook'd it. I had taken else
To my mirror, and ask'd there, was the altar gone,
Evanish'd like its images, whereat
Thou mad'st diurnal worship and sent up prayer
As of a soul in anguish.

Mel. Both sincere.

Hence my deep gratitude and o'er-welling joy,
That thou didst list me unworthy, and, goddess-like,
Gave to long homage and the ceaseless fume
Of love's sweet incense what were not vouchsaf'd
To personal merit.

Ed. Am I then so vain ?

Or thou so humble ? That thou art preferr'd
Should satisfy thee. To be so preferr'd
Implieth large worth that puts thee to the fore
Of those thou wast preferr'd to.

Mel. But in vain

It had pleaded, had not Athlia's generous self
Lent sisterly persuasion and the force
Of her great self-denial. What a soul
Is hers, O cousin Edith !

Ed. It is good,

And little selfish. Yet I fail to see
Much generous abnegation in an act

Self might have prompted. That she lent her aid
To incline me to thy suit, was that her heart
Is given to Saville.

Mel. But her fortune then ?

Ed. She must have lost it by our uncle's will.

Mel. No ; for that bids, if Athlia and I
Should not agree to marry, then the one
With whom the fault lay should unto the other
Abandon all. She only had to wait
Till I had won thee ; yet she gave up all,
That I might win thee.

Ed. Since thou seest it thus,
I wonder that thou didst not woo and win
My sister. Interest then and love perhaps
Were hand in hand, and Athlia had been spar'd
The sacrifice that lifts her in thine eyes.

Mel. Canst thou be jealous, Edith ? thou, so bright
In beauty and the grace of subtle wit ?
Leave to sad Athlia, thou who too art good,
The homage due her goodness. Unalloy'd
It is, I am sure ; and Saville has no place
Nearer her heart than I have.

Ed. Which perhaps
Is in the core. But list Aunt Bertha.

Enter BERTHA.

Aunt,
How tenders Athlia Saville ? Melville here
Thinks her still heart-whole, and of love alone

For himself and me, half stoic and half nun,
Turning her back on fortune.

Ber. Not the part
Worst-favor'd in her.

Mel. O aunt, though sad and wan
With illness, (if it is ill-health indeed
Gives her those mournful and appealing eyes
And pales her once red cheek,) her features still
Are comely, if not handsome. Saville finds,
Nor do I wonder, a soul-look in her face
More winning than mere beauty.

Ber. As in his,
With its coarse outlines, Athlia seems to see
But manly boldness and the marks of that
She fancies great in herself. They are close friends
Thou knowest, and I know are something more.
Mel. I am glad of it, aunt; although it lessens not
My debt to her goodness. But I see not why,
If she loves him, as he I believe has love,
More than a friend's, for her, she should so pine.
Ber. 'T is of her gloomy temper and grim pride
Of righteousness.

Mel. No, no; she has no pride,
And least of all in what is most her own:
Nor call that gloom which is so touching-sad
And knows not sourness.

Ed. Melville finds enough
The hand he has won, and yearns now for a heart
Before mispriz'd.

Mel. O Edith !

Ber. Melville knows

That Athlia from her childhood has been grave,
While thou wast alway cheerful, and he chose
The sunshine to disport in. Let him bask
In its warmth and brightness still, nor be thou vex'd
His eyes at times should turn to the shade, whose gloom
Attracts by contrast, and may be relief
To wholesome sunlight, though he loves it not.

Mel. It is nor light nor shadow, aunt, though each
Without the other would lose effect. I love
My cousin none the less that I revere
Her sister. But that shadow ! it grows black
As death. I sometimes think it is of death,
And shiver in its chillness.

Ber. Athlia's health

Perhaps was never good, even when, a child,
She appear'd most round and rosy. It is like,
Her body's weakness adds a deeper hue
To her mind's fix'd gloom. — But to the sunshine now.
Is the day nam'd, my children ?

Mel. Edith, speak.

Ed. Thou hast not ask'd me, Melville, all this time.

Mel. First, in my joy ; then — Ah, that beaming smile !

Yes, this *is* sunshine. When shall be the day ?

To-morrow ? No ? Next week ? The next ? Nor that ?

Ed. 'T is the first quarter of the moon now with us.

When the next moon shall show the selfsame phase,

Then ask, and thou shalt have.

Mel. Till then — in pledge
Of our betrothal.

Ed. [*as he puts the ring on her finger.*]

It is pretty. Go

Now with Aunt Bertha, and make Athlia know
Of our near marriage. Thou must be prepar'd
To see her startled.

Ber. But with joy.

Ed. Even joy

May prove a shock to the broken.

Mel. In this case,

I think not. But I shall be wary and slow.

Wilt thou not in with us, Edith?

Ed. No, awhile

I will walk here in the stillness, and grow calm.

[*Exeunt, into the Castle, Mel. and Ber.*]

How blind he is! Aunt too. But she, in hate
Of Athlia, whose great soul she envies, or fears
Looks down upon her own, has fail'd to see
What breaks too often on my jealous sense. Thus some
Come to this world fools made, while others grow
To be such by prejudice, peering with dim eyes
Through passion's haze or the two-sided glass
Of interest which dwarfs or swells at will.
I too hate Athlia; but 't is that I feel
I have wrong'd and wrong her. Yet, is that then sure?
Left to himself, must Melville still have chosen
Beauty and grace, and left plain-hooded sense,
And virtue ungainly, unador'd. That she

Is suffering, may it not be from disease
Now first develop'd? And am I then to blame?

Enter, from the left,

HAMPTON.

Here comes the best, as boldest, of my slaves.¹

Hamp. Fair Edith! To my wish; and all alone.

Ed. Is that too to thy wish? 'T is not for long.

Wilt thou come in?

Hamp. No. But a moment, pray.

It is so pleasant here! so still and sweet!

And thou, in the midst of all this natural pomp

Of lawn, and forest sparkling in the sun,

And waving in the breeze its many heads

And arms toward thee in homage and in joy,

And short-liv'd flowers with their amorous breath

Wooing thy kisses, seem'st to be of all

Creative goddess. Let me worship too.

Ed. What! with thy breath? or arms? or head?

Hamp. With all,

If thou wilt; but most with the heart, as I have done

Since first I knew thee.

Ed. But must do no more.

Hamp. No more?

Ed. What pity, that like the trees and flowers

Thou canst not woo and worship without heart!

Hamp. What should that say?

Ed. Even this: I am betroth'd.

Hamp. It cannot be! Thou couldst not do such wrong.

Ed. There is my troth-ring.

Hamp. Let me take it off,
And give thee another.

Ed. It is now too late.

Why wast thou backward? Melville got before.

Hamp. I was deceiv'd: I thought thy uncle's will
Had tied him to thy sister.

Ed. She refus'd.

Hamp. Refus'd him? And the fortune?

Ed. 'T was to save

The fortune for my sake, lest Melville should,
In love for me, resign it, Athlia came
To woo me on his part, annulling thus,
And elsewhere openly, her claim for aye
To share that great bequest.

Hamp. Stupendous deed!

So vast a fortune!

Ed. But she lov'd him not,
And knew his love for me.

Hamp. 'T was not the less,
Nay, it was more, high-soul'd. What woman else
But had taken with him the fortune, or, without,
Had kept both shares for herself?

Ed. Why none. And thus,
Melville and I are partners. Let us in.

Hamp. Edith! Forgive. But what have I to do?

Ed. Not shoot thyself, nor drown, nor make a noose
Of thy sword-belt, but, a man, accept as fate
What cannot be averted. Talk no more

In the strain thou hast indulg'd in. It nor suits
Me nor thyself, and jeopard's fame with both.

Hamp. But what shall bind the thoughts? These still will act,
And build thy altars in the heart, where prayer
Shall be more fervent unspoken.

Ed. But, unheard,
The worshiper flags, then tires, till by and by
The altars are thrown down, or yield their place
To those of some new goddess.

Hamp. Not with me.
I am thy adorer ever.

Ed. Lightly said,
As with all promises.

Hamp. Shall I prove it?

Ed. How?

Hamp. Fly from these walls with me to-night. Ere morn,
Thou shalt be lady of all I own: not worth
The double wealth of Melville, but enough
To keep thee in ease and honor in that state
Whereto thou wast born.

Ed. That thou wast heard uncheck'd
Impute to my surprise, which kept me dumb.
Hast thou consider'd, Hampton? In these walls
Thou art a guest. Wouldst thou break trust, and faith
Imply'd, or strip me in thy passion of that
Thou never couldst replace — my truth? Thy love
Is shallow, or but self-deep.

Hamp. No, Edith, no;
I prize both truth and honor. Said I not,

I worship? Is thy soul then nought to me?

But love is not deliberate: it is thou

Wast hasty and didst do my passion wrong.

Ed. No, thou who wast slow and lukewarm. Let us in.

Speak never again of this. Come. No! stay thou.

We should look guilty, seen together thus. [*Exit above.*]

Hamp. Ah, dread'st thou that? To fear suspect of guilt

Comes of the conscience. I may hope withal.

[*Exit to the left.*]

SCENE II.

A room in the Castle.

ATHLIA. MELVILLE.

Mel. Sing me the songs I love; one, only one!

Thy voice is sweeter, Athlia, when thou sing'st,

Than any sound I know. See! I have brought

Life's roses to thy cheeks. Thou art not so ill

To-day, then, cousin?

Ath. Yet too feeble quite

To sing as I would: and then, my soul is sad.

I could not sing a sad song with a heart

Deject already.

Mel. Why is it deject?

Would I could heal thee, cousin! Now again
I have call'd the flush to thy cheek. Thou art not well:
Something disturbs thee, Athlia. But I have news
I know will cheer thee.

Ath. 'T is then to thy good.

Mel. O greatly, cousin. Canst thou not then guess,
Thou who hast done so much to bring to pass
What tends most to my good?

Ath. 'T is of thyself

And Edith thou wouldst tell. She has ——

Mel. Consented.

Athlia! what ails thee?

Ath. I am faint.

Mel. Sit down.

I was very selfish. Edith warn'd me too
'T would startle thee: thou art so quick to feel,
With those poor nerves.

Ath. It is over now. Mind not.

I will stand up. I am well again. Dost see?

Mel. I see thou smilest: but oh! so sad a smile
It brings tears to my eyes.

Ath. Thou foolish boy!

Mel. I sometimes think indeed I have been foolish,
To love thee not far better, cousin Athlia,
Than Edith, — thou who art so good. —

Ath. Hush, hush!

Mel. And I do love thee, Athlia; not indeed

As I love Edith ; but as one might love
An angel that watch'd over him, in blood
Immortal, but with human smiles and tears
For his joys and sorrows. —

Ath. When will be the day ?

Mel. A month from to-morrow, Edith says.

Ath. A month —

From — to-morrow ? It is — it is — soon.

Mel. My God ! thou art — Help there !

Ath. No, no, hush.

My heart — a little faintness — I shall — soon —

Let me lean on thee. Tell nobody, Melville.

I shall — soon be — better. I — I — [swoons.

Mel. Athlia !

Drop falls.

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I. *A room in the apartment of Bertha.*

BERTHA,
*at a writing-desk, looking over
some written instrument.*

Enter EDITH.

*Whereupon, BERTHA hurriedly returns the parchment
to the desk, and shuts and locks the latter, taking out the key.*

Ber. Ah, my bright child! Thou com'st in time; in time,
I mean for my instant thought, and what thereon
I would devise and counsel. Should thy sister
Wed Saville —

Ed. That she will not.

Ber. That she will.

He loves her. —

Ed. Admires her.

Ber. Wel'. And she in turn

May love him. —

Ed. No, I am sure not.

Ber. Be that so:

She may withal accept him.

Ed. And refus'd

Melville!

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Ber. Why not? This loving is caprice
Of fancy often, oft a mere return
Of grateful vanity. Saville, Melville swears,
Is noble of mind as blood; both subtle points
Of cogency with a maid who apes, like her,
Scorn of things vulgar and affects to soar
To acts magnanimous.

Ed. Well, conceive that so.
Saville is here to-day. Suppose he press
His suit to Athlia, which, with her plain face,
Pallid and seeming wo-worn, is the last
Of fancies probable; say that she accept, —
Which I maintain she will not, — what comes then?

Ber. The loss belike of thy fortune, of that part
At least thy mope-ey'd sister flung away.

Ed. Aunt!

Ber. Would her lord submit, think'st thou, to waive
His right to reclaim it? It may be reclaim'd.
Thou look'st aghast, my love. Well mayst thou be.
There is, in thy uncle's hand —

Ed. Another will?

Ber. Some later day, I may tell thee. Now, enough
Thou art warn'd of thy danger. With thy charms and arts,
Thou mayst avert from Athlia the mishap
Of finding her bounty futile. I must go.

*She has been playing with the key of the
desk all this while, and now, while concluding, shuts it up
in a press, the key of which, though turning it,
she leaves in the door.*

My secret, for thy own sake, will be safe.

Let the grave bury it with thee. [*Exit.*]

Ed. That is sure.

But first I must have it. Was it not that leaf
She held as I came in? She put it by
In seeming hurry, but hath left the key
As if to tempt me, or perhaps in trust
Of my honor. It may be so; but nature's stress
Is more imperious than the law of right,
And self-defence rules paramount. [*Takes out the parchment*

What is here?

A codicil — dated just before his death.

Ah, and he says: because of his esteem,
Growing day by day, for Athlia, whom he deems
Noblest of women, and well-assur'd her choice
Will be most wise and right, he here revokes
The will's conditions as regards her only,
Making absolute his gift in her behalf,
With his last love and blessing beyond death. —
So Uncle had his senses at the last.

I shall have mine. Why had not Aunt too hers;
The codicil is witness'd by none else?

Perhaps she felt a superstitious dread
To burn the good man's writing. Means she then
That I should? I too dread; but solely her:

She must not know I have seen it. But I can
So mar both signatures, they shall in law
Be held as forgeries, while they seem unchang'd.

She sits down at the desk, and takes up a pen, but pauses.

'T is a sad work, and makes me almost thrill
With horror. But I have no choice. And then,
Is 't worse than Aunt herself did? And what wrong
Can it do to Athlia, who cares not? — It is over.

*Restores the parchment, and locking the desk returns
the key to the press.*

So far, 't is well. But, to make doubly sure,
The courtly Saville shall from Ercs' eyes
Strip off his blind, that he may shoot more straight.
I might, whate'er betid, have try'd my charms.
But now, [*gazing on a mirror.*

— look, eyes, thy sweetest coyest gaze,
Take, lips, the lure of thy most amorous smiles:
Thou want'st not Saville, Athlia, nor shalt have.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same as Scene II. in Act I.

ATHLIA. SAVILLE.

Ath. How canst thou urge affection? Seest thou not
I am unworthy to return thy love,
So feeble and care-worn?

Sav. Even that thou art so
Gives tenderness to a feeling which is fed,

Not by thy outward graces, but the charms
That spring of the soul alone.

Ath. To earn this praise
From Melville's friend is pleasant. Let my thanks,
Esteem, my friendship if thou wilt, requite it.
'T is all I can give, and more thou shouldst not ask.

Sav. O Athlia, — let me, without being judg'd
Bold and familiar, as thy cousin's friend
So call thee when alone —

Ath. At all times so,
Or by what name thou wilt; the modest lips
Of Master Saville never can use speech
That is presumptuous, nor his courtly modes
Appear familiar: and to be address'd,
By Melville's friend, as if I was a cousin,
Is grateful compliment.

Sav. Since thou hold'st me so,
O gentle lady, it makes what I would ask
Less difficult. Let thy friendship, thy esteem,
As thou say'st, be mine, until a warmer feeling
Requite my passion; if not love itself,
Yet something nearer what a loving man
Asks in the woman he would woo and wed.

Ath. That hope not. There be reasons —

Sav. Thou art ill!

Let me bring water.

Ath. No, 't is often so. —
Thou seest how poor a wife I should make. Speak not:
I know what thou wouldst say. There are other maids.

A man like thee, so fitted every way
To win the loveliest, noblest in the land,
Cannot be long heart-vacant. Here, with me,
'T is a vain quest.

Sav. Yet haply ——

Ath. In no time

Canst thou prevail. Thou mayst increase indeed
The honor in which I hold thee and stand next,
If thou dost not now, to Melville in my love;
(Thou hear'st; it is a strong phrase :) but beyond
Can never be.

Sav. Thou griev'st and gladd'st me both.

Second to Melville, for whose sake thou hast done ——

Ath. What I would double, as I would die to-morrow
To make him blest.

Sav. Indeed?

Ath. What else? Thou hast heard

We were brought up together, 'neath this roof.

Ah happy days, when I was all in all

To Melville, and when he —— Though he is chang'd,

As natural, in his manhood, loving now

Another with not now a brother's love,

Yet I am still the sister that I was

In those glad days of childhood when my cheek

Was red with health and my fresh heart so light.

Sav. How well the tears that stand i' those eyes become thee!

Let me dare say it, who praise therein thy soul,

Which is my deity. Wilt thou in one time

Call for more worship, yet refuse to fill

The shrine I have built thee ?

Ath. Keep it for a form
Of some true goddess, and let me at her feet
Sit as thy sister. Thou mayst be to me
Indeed a brother, all that Melville was
In earlier days, perhaps is now, if so
Thou wilt be to him a brother.

Sav. Am I not ? What then
Wilt thou have me do to prove it ?

Ath. Thou shalt know ;
But not to-day. My cousin is, I fear,
In peril of losing — No, no ! not to-day.
And perhaps I am wrong too. Heaven grant it so !
When I can doubt no more, then shalt thou learn
What thou must do for Melville. But meanwhile
Say nothing to him — even of what thou hast heard
That not concerns him. I am now quite spent.
Thou wilt pardon me. [*Giving him her hand. He raises
it to his lips.*]

Is that a brother's kiss ?

[*with a melancholy smile.*]

Sav. No, that should be on the forehead.

Ath. When thy shrine
Receives its goddess, thou mayst place it there.

She sinks on a couch, seemingly exhausted ; and, as
SAVILLE bows reverently to retire, the

Drop falls.

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I. *The platform, as in Act I. Sc. I.*

EDITH. HAMPTON.

Hamp. Only put off, one month — one little month,
This hated marriage, Edith!

Ed. To what good?

'T will not reprove thee. I have said, this ring
Shall sparkle on my finger, till I take
A plainer one at the altar — not from thee.

Hamp. But 't will at least brief respite be; and that
Is much to the wretch condemn'd.

Ed. So have it then.

Now, do not kiss my fingers! Hampton, think;
Thou putt'st us both in peril. Go.

Hamp. To-night,
Thou wilt be here again?

Ed. No. If I come,
Thou must not follow. What! my hand again?
When I forbid thee? There. We shall be seen.
Go, nor be foolish.

Hamp. Angel! [*Exit, to left.*

Ed. And in time.

Lo, where the cause of respite — my new slave.

Enter, from the right,
MELVILLE and SAVILLE.

Mel. Was not that Hampton? Which way hath he gone?

Ed. To the brook, I think.

Mel. To fish?

Ed. He bore no rod.

He talk'd of a stroll to the lake, — would have me go.

Mel. Then thou wilt hardly now make one with us.

Shall I leave Saville with thee, or wilt thou spare him?

I know thou lik'st him; but he is pledg'd to stay

Till our marriage, Edith.

Ed. Which will give more time
Than thou think'st for. Thou must let the day go by,
For another moon at least.

Mel. Another moon?

O Edith! And thy promise?

Ed. It is thine;
But do not press it, cousin. 'T is unright,
While Athlia is so sad, perhaps even ill,
We should be joyful.

Mel. But herself so yearns
To see us wedded.

Ed. Of her own good heart,
For love of both. Shall we be then less good,
Loving her truly? Thou knowest, her poor nerves
Tremble at nothing now.

Mel. Be it as thou wilt:

I love thee better.

Ed. I must now go in

To Athlia. You will hold me, both, excus'd.

[*Exit above.*]

Mel. Thou seest, she is good as beautiful.

Sav. How else?

She owes so much to that sister, in herself
So worthy of all affection.

Mel. Truly so.

Had she but Edith's beauty, in the world
Who would be like her?

Sav. Who is like her now?

Wouldst thou have Nature shower all her gifts
On one small head? How barren were the world,
Dotted with mere perfection here and there,
And ugliness, or vices unredeem'd,
In the vast interspaces! Unto me
Athlia's soul-beauty, beaming from her eyes
And mutely eloquent on her mournful lips,
Leaves nothing to be long'd for. Shall I say,
I wonder often that a man like thee
Had not there fix'd.

Mel. Ay? See this castle gray.

In its bold outlines and its massive spread
Is much to admire; but that is solemn all.
The flowerless ivy, that wraps half its sides
And strains to hug its towers, gives no relief,
Not even when autumn's brief suns and chill nights
Have fleck'd the green with purple and with red:

While evening, with her shadows making black
The many angles, drapes the whole with awe.
So I turn my back to its grandeur and gaze here,
Where beauty glows in the sunshine, and the stars
Have not their light obstructed. Thou must own
Edith is beautiful.

Sav. Very; with a smi'e,
When her lips, parting slowly, show her teeth,
Perfect in place and whiteness, worth a day
Of travel to behold it. And her eyes,
When they fix on you with that thoughtful gaze
Their large blue orbs, half-curtain'd by the fringe
Of the full lids, a perilous thing to face.

Mel. Brave! And thou wonderest I should be ensnar'd!
She shall know this praise.

Sav. No, I beseech thee not!

Mel. Nay, 't is a fair return. She admires thee,
And vows thou art the handsomest, best-built man
She has long beheld.

Sav. I would her pensive sister
Saw with such partial eyes.

Mel. Why, man, she doth.
I have heard her laud thee without stint, both mind
And body. 'T is thyself art dull of sight,
Or over-modest.

Sav. Neither. For I see,
And please my self with thinking, Athlia's heart
Beats kindly toward me. But no amorous heat
Quickens its pulses. In that soul's large house

Is something treasur'd which fills all the rooms,
Or something which perforce bars every door,
That love can not steal in. Be it this, or that,
'T is sure my image hath no dwelling there.

Mel. It is her illness.

Sav. No.

Mel. Know'st thou no cause?

Sav. I seem to see one darkly, or by glimpses,
Like light in a tangled forest, where my way
Threads a thick underwood I scarce can pierce.
Canst thou not guess? [*looking at Mel. intently.*
Well, thou wilt learn in time.

[*moving up.*

Mel. What! thou too going in?

Sav. I seek the home
That is barr'd for me forever, — Athlia's still,
But to me pleasant, though close-shutter'd heart.

[*Exit into the Castle.*

Mel. I must to the lake alone then. — Hampton seems
To have taken to musing lately. Very like
He will refuse to be of the chase to-morrow.
Is he in love then? And does Saville mean
That Athlia favors him? That cannot be:
She likes him not — unless her mien be worn
To cover liking. But that were not she.
And why dissemble? It is Saville's self
That Athlia loves, if any, and he is blind,
Or knows not to detect, at the fringe of the mask,
What the upper and fix'd part of it conceals.

I hope it is so. Two such noble souls
Were made for each other. I must watch their play.
[Exit to left.

SCENE II.

As in Act I, Scene II.

ATHILIA, *in a melancholy attitude, on a couch.*

Enter SAVILLE.

Ath. Saville. [*to herself.*

Ah friend, thou comest to my wish,
Though to a painful purpose.

Sav. If for me
Alone the pain, it is welcome for thy sake,
Dearest and best of ladies.

Ath. Thou goest wide
Of my meaning, cousin (so thou shalt be call'd
That art so good to me.) — Happily for my view,
We meet alone.

Sav. I thought to find thy sister
Already here: she went before.

Ath. Alas,

We need not fear her coming in such haste.
Of her I would speak and ——

Thou hast not forgot'en,
Some brief time since I hinted at strange peril
Lurking for Melville, and claim'd thy aid to come,
For his sake. Thou shalt see now in what trust
I hold thee, avowing what were else not fit
Save for a brother's ear.

Sav. Let me but earn
That honor as I feel it, and thou wilt be
Well-serv'd indeed. Deign thou to make me then
Thy brother, — *Athlia.*

Ath. Is it then so hard
To name me, that thou pausest? I would be
Truly thy sister, since I cannot be
Thy wife. —

*With a sad smile, as he raises reverently to his lips the
hand she extends to him.] 'T is not so fair as 't once was deem'd,
But 't is a frank hand.*

Sav. And the loveliest truly
I have e'er beheld.

Ath. No, it is thin and wan.
It will be more so, soon.

Sav. Do not despond:
Thou wilt regain yet health and spirits.

Ath. Never.
No, Saville, — no, my brother, no; my heart
Is breaking hourly. Do not look amaz'd.
Listen. 'T is time, — although, alas! not here,

Sister, or aunt, or cousin, will come in
To break our parle.

Thou hast heard how I have striven
To win for Melville Edith.

Sav. Lady, yes,
I know thy sacrifice.

Ath. Ah! Know it? No!
Thou canst not know it. Heaven alone can know
What ——

Edith haply did not take so well
To Melville as did I, who have held him dear
From childhood; and thou know'st our uncle will'd
That he and I should —— Let me rest awhile. —
Thou wilt have patience with me. These faint turns
Come ever and anon. 'T is over now. —
S, I would say, I fear that Edith's heart
Is not so firmly bound to his some strain,
Or artful effort, may not loose the tie,
To Melville's sorrow, who — loves her more than life.
Edith is vain, and Hampton long has been
Her ardent wooer, and presses still his suit,
Though it is lawless.

Sav. Can that be?

Ath. To doubt
Had sav'd this story and appeal to thee,
Which is some shame to Edith. I am too sure.
Now, as my cousin's best friend, as my own,
I look to thee for counsel, and such aid
As thou canst give by any fitting act. .

Sav. Hast thou appeal'd to Edith ?

Ath. Canst thou ask ?

She treats it as a trifle, and makes jest
Of Hampton's courtship, — though it is plain to me,
And thou mayst see, if thou wilt use thine eyes,
Thus caution'd, it is passion, and must end
In death to Melville's peace, if not foul wrong.

Sav. It would not do to appeal to Hampton's self ?

Ath. No, in no wise. There would be certain strife,
And Melville come to know what from his mind
I would keep ever.

Sav. Think'st thou Edith's heart
Inclines to Hampton ?

Ath. No, no, not her heart.
She is not unvirtuous ; she but loves the pride
Of conquest. Did another bow the knee
To her beauty, Hampton's homage were forgot.

Sav. So let it be then. 'T is the surer mode.

Ath. But who will light the newer fire should stay
The ravage of the other ? There is none.
Thou wouldst not, cousin ?

Sav. Not, if 't might be else.
For Melville's sake alone, I should not toy
With Melville's hopes. It were a difficult task
To escape detection, and, the plot reveal'd,
What would keep whole our friendship ? Yet for him,
And for thy sake, sweet cousin, I will essay
What Edith's manner, in sooth, alas to tell,
Makes simple yielding. Why art thou now dumb,

Seeming perplex'd ?

Ath. I ponder with distrust
A means that is deception, and feel loath
To give assent.

Sav. 'T is rightly spoken and judg'd.
But what remains, if this course be disdain'd ?
Shall we, in terror of well-meant deceit,
Give scope to evil-doing or to fraud ?
Or even to levity, which unstopp'd may end,
If not in ruin, yet the wreck of all
Thou hast builded at such cost. For Melville's sake,
If not thy sister's —

Ath. Yes, for Melville's sake :
Yes, yes, for his sake.

Sav. — Thou must one thing more, —
Part with the whiteness of thy spotless truth
For a brief while, as I too, dare I add,
Must do with mine, who have kept it still with pride
And made my first of virtues : could I else
So reverence thee ?

Ath. O generous friend ! O brother !
The sacrifice thou mak'st, thyself, the risks
Thou wilt encounter, make more hard my strife
With the unyielding conscience. But the need
Is pressing, and the peril grows each day
More absolute. For dear Melville's honor then,
Do all thou canst with safety, and receive
All I have left to give thee. But beware !
Thou turnest all the peril on thyself,

And Edith's eyes may snare thee. And what then ?

Sav. Speak'st thou this seriously ?

Ath. And sadly, cousin.

Men fall as easily as women. Eve
Listen'd to crafty suasion ; but the man
Heard but his partner, looking, may we deem,
In her soft eyes, and yielded, to the thrill
Of the charm'd senses, what no reason's force
Had haply won from conscience.

Sav. I will think

On thee, my sister ; and thy matchless love
For Melville, and my faith to him, shall be,
Thus doubly-arm'd, a safeguard, for the nonce,
Sure as the Greek's against the Sirens' wiles.
But how thou lovest Melville !

Ath. Love him ! Yes. —

Thanks for thy goodness, cousin. I am not well
To be at meals to-day. But thou wilt come
To see me here to-morrow.

Sav. With what heart !

Ath. Farewell. God bless thee, cousin !

Sav. And thee too,

O Athlia, sister ! [*Exit.*

Ath. Love him ? Melville ? Love ?

My God, Thou knowest with what passion ! when all
My being, both thought and sense, by day and night,
Is his, his only, for whose sake I have given
My being to death, as I would give 't again,
To a thousand deaths, might that be, dying daily,

As I am hasting, day by day, to death.
Thou hast heard of my sacrifice, thou sayst, poor Saville,
Unselfish, noble friend, whose love and worth
I cannot recompense as thou wouldst have :
Little thou think'st what I have tearful laid
On Love's hot altar ! Fortune thou didst mean.
But what is fortune, what were life itself,
Though it were pour'd by drops upon the flame
That dries up blood and marrow, nor will sink
Till my veins cease to feed it and my brain, —
What is it all to that I there have laid,
My heart itself, with trembling hand indeed,
Yet without flinching ? And the world looks on,
Melville looks on, with sadness too, nor dreams
It is all for him. So be it till my death.
So be it after : it might give him pain.
Sometimes I think I should be better-pleas'd
If he knew my passion, saw my body thrill
At his mere approach, his lightest touch, his voice,
And knew my fainting came alone of thoughts
I could not stifle, but which were all of him :
But that is selfish, and it lasts not long,
As it should not. I have liv'd for him alone,
Since my youth's bud, so wither'd now, first open'd
Close by his own and bent its stem to his,
Delighted that the sunshine and the rain,
Which shower'd and beam'd on his and made it grow
And send forth perfume, should at the same time
Glance on and sprinkle mine. Our stems are twain ;

The full flower of his manhood turns its hues
And scent to my sister. Shall I wish it else,
Who help'd to bend it thither? Let mine droop,
And fall to the dust, nor may he know, O God,
He broke it from the stalk and trod it there!

[Sinks fainting on the couch, and the

Drop falls.

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I. *The Platform, as in Act I. Sc. I.*

EDITH.

Ed. 'T is done. I did not think the hawk so soon
Would stoop to the lure. My sister's chance is slim,
If she wants one, — which I think not. But 't was wise
To close all doors to hazard, which is shut out,
Now, absolutely ; and Aunt Bertha's fears
May sleep with the secret which she bad me take
To my last bed with me. It is something too,
To have caught the handsome Saville. This the bait,
Thrown to the vanity of his manly charms,
Hath render'd easy. For so large a trout
He struggles little, and the rod scarce bends
In my facile hand. I have him yet to land.
But O these men ! they are not more true to each other
Than we of the more impulsive sex, who love
Variety in charming, and intrigue
Hold dear as life, which we risk for it, now and then.
The ring counts nothing, bridal or troth pledge,
On either side of the compact. Melville's friend
In love with the wife of his bosom that shall be !
That is rare frolic. But to make it sure,

I'll use the arms the vanquish'd one himself
Prescrib'd, who prais'd their temper even before
He had felt their edge. *My smile — the parted lips,
With the fine teeth, a journey's worth to see.*
Good. [*Takes a small mirror from her pocket and looks on it.*
*And the large blue eyes, with thoughtful gaze,
Fix'd steadily — thus — half-curtain'd with the fringe
Of the full lids, a perilous thing to face.*
So shalt thou find it, poet for the nonce.

[*Puts back the mirror.*]

That easy Melville, thus to go between us
With mutual compliment!

Here the rivals come.

How to keep both in hand? though one alone

Enter HAMPTON and SAVILLE.

Is worth the holding, which is not the last. —
Good even to both. Have ye come this way to taste
The sweet air ere the sun go down?

Sav. 'T is full

Of life as well as sweetness.

Hamp. And the sky

Blue as the finest pair of eyes I know.

Ed. Whose be these, pray? I do not think blue eyes
The loveliest orbs for women, not at least
The most effective, dost thou, Master Saville?

[*looking at him in the manner described.*]

Sav. I do at this moment, both.

Ed. Is that reply

A compliment? There, take thou in return,
Who pay'st them rarely, this half-open'd rose.
Thou seest, its vein'd leaves wear a lovelier hue,
As warmer, than my eyes, and like the red
That now o'erspreads thy cheeks, or yonder clouds
That wait to attend the star-king of the day
To his night chamber. O, thou awkward man!
Thou hast prick'd thy finger. Didst thou then forget
The rose has thorns? [*Takes the tips of his fingers with her
own, and affects to wrap them in her handkerchief.*]

Nay, I must bind it up:

It was my fault.

Sav. My fingers well might bleed,

To be so handled. Fy! a simple thorn!

Hamp. Saville forgets, if not a rose has thorns,
Yet a small puncture sometimes gives more pain
Than open wounds, and that the conscience' prick
Averages oft the short-liv'd flower of bliss,
Pluck'd heedlessly by hands that had no right
To rummage in the garden where it grew.

Sav. What is the moral?

Hamp. That the eyes he loves

Are green-gray, but his friend's love's eyes are blue.

Sav. Now hear my fable. Hidden in the bush,
A wolf gorg'd honey, stolen from a tree
Where the wild bees had hiv'd it. Led by chance
And not design, another beast drew near,
Snuff'd with delight, and ey'd, without a thought
Of making it his own, the store, when, blind

By jealous rage, the wolf forsook his lair,
Rushing upon him, and, assail'd in turn
By the vindictive insects, lost at once
The hope of his malice and his plunder'd prize.

Hamp. And what thy moral?

Sav. He who seeks may find.

Hamp. I will go muse upon it in the glade
Of the oak-wood, not doubting there in time
To see its point and match it with my own. [*Going.*

Ed. No, Master Hampton, thou shalt not go thus.
What do ye both mean, scowling each at other
As if I was a damsel unbetroth'd
Whom ye might tilt for? Can I not then give
A red rose to my husband's special friend,
But my own friend must thereupon look grim,
As if it was the sole flower in my gift,
Or the sole worth the taking? See thou then, —
Here is a white rose taken from my breast.
It has no thorn to it; yet if thou shouldst hurt
Thy hand, I 'd take the kerchief from my neck
To wrap it in, and Saville would feel shame,
I know he would, to take the act amiss,
As thou, old favorite. But, in sooth, thou 'rt spoil'd
By being made much of.

Hamp. O, I crave thy grace,
Fair Mistress Edith. Seest thou that I pout?
'T was but a match of wits, and Saville won.
I am brooding on the game. So, let me go.

[*Exit to the left.*

Ed. Thou art too courtly, thou, to leave me thus.

[Puts both hands on Sav.'s, looking at him wistfully.]

Thou wilt not follow him, Saville, to the wood.

Promise me. Ye are both too angry now

To meet alone. Indeed thou shalt not go :

I'll hold thee by thy finger. Dost thou think,

Thou naughty man, what peril might ensue

To my fair fame, me, maiden and betroth'd,

If ye should fight about a paltry rose

Given to one and grudg'd him by the other ?

Why, on my troth, 't is I should be incens'd,

That either of ye should dare to make my gift

Matter of jealous contest ? Am I then

Free to make rivals ? Wind it round the stem —

[taking the handkerchief which Sav. has restored to her, and putting it about the stalk of the rose.]

So — for the thorns. And keep it. Thou wilt see,

I am not afraid thou wilt mistake my gift,

Like that vain Hampton.

Sav. Who would not be vain,

However low-like, that could boast of grace

From such as thou, O lady of mien unmatch'd

And beauty peerless !

Ed. Truly, Master Saville,

Thou hast taken bold Hampton's flattery to thy own,

And art doubly dangerous. He will not be miss'd.

There must be something amorous in the air

Making both false-tong'd. Let us go in-doors.

Sav. Lady, thou wilt excuse me. I must walk —

Ed. Not to the wood-lawn? to seek Hampton? no!
Ye shall not quarrel! Think, sir, where you are.
No, Saville, no, — my friend, my husband's friend!
Thou wilt not be so cruel, not so wrong
Melville, Aunt Bertha, Athlia —

Sav. Ah!

Ed. And me.

Stay then but for one hour! until this heat
In the blood be over.

Sav. What hast thou to fear,
O lady gentle? 'T was nothing but the jar
Of wordy bickering, where no harm was done.
Let me now leave: I am flurried, and too hot
For further converse. In an hour or so.

[Exit hastily to the left.]

*EDITH clasps her hands, lifting them
as in fright and despair.*

Ed. He is gone to fight! What shall I do? Wo's me,
The web I have spun is twisted to a cord
To choke me. I will go. *[makes a step to left, but pauses.]*

No, that were death
To my good name. I will alarm the house.

[Moves up, but pauses.]

No, no, I dare not: it would give them time;
And Hampton — I will after, come what will.
O devilish Saville! O accursed wile!

[Exit hastily to left.]

SCENE II.

A glade in a forest.

HAMPTON, *walking to and fro.*

After a minute or two,

Enter hurriedly, SAVILLE.

Hamp. Ah! — What has kept thee, who art not snail-pac'd,
The gray eyes or the blue?

Sav. I see the thorn
Still rankles. Hast thou call'd me hither
To pluck it out?

Hamp. No, for thou hast it with thee;
And the blue-eyes, in pity of thy pain,
Hath given her handkerchief against the rest,
That they may not the finger pierce that thrill'd
So lately, touch'd by hers.

Sav. Was 't then for this,
The pang-whelp'd cavil of a lustful boy
Cross'd in his first blood-passion, thou hast dar'd
Provoke me hither?

Hamp. [*fiercely.*] No! 'Fore God in Heaven,
Thou art here to answer me. What didst thou mean
By thy beast-fable of the plunder'd bees?

Sav. Whatever suits thee.

Hamp. Thou dost well to spare
The answer thou must blush to give with truth,
Thou being thyself in love with Melville's bride
Who art his friend, which I am not.

Sav. Thou art
Not less his guest, and dost to sinister purpose
Abuse thy privilege here. But not for this
Word-banding are we met in the forest. Draw,
Lest we be interrupted. [*Throws down between them the*
rose.] On my sword
Hang Melville's honor, and his wife's to be.
Hamp. Stain'd and polluted. Thus I cleanse it off.

After several passes, HAMPTON
makes a feint, and laying himself open is run
through the body, just as
Enter EDITH.

Ed. Stop, passionate men!

To Hamp. who leans on his sword.] Thou art not wounded?

Hamp. Ay,
To death I think. [*Falls.*

Ed. No, let me stanch the wound. [*Shaking*
the rose from the handkerchief, which she uses.
Thou shalt have help.

Hamp. 'T will come too late. Look, quickly,
A last look in my eyes, with those dear eyes
I have lov'd too well. I cannot see their blue

Now for their tears. They are dropping very warm —
On my cheeks alone. I would — I would thou 'dst let
My lips receive them, Edith.

Ed. Thus, then, thus. [*kissing him*
on the mouth.]

Hamp. O joy! I die contented. 'T is not thou,
Saville — not thou — she ——— Pardon, God! [*Dies.*]
Ed. Thou art not dead? Speak, Hampton! Yet one word!
I have lov'd but thee alone; yes, only thee.
O, he is gone! Why dost thou stand, bad man,
And lend'st no help? Thou hast slain him, and by craft.

Enter MELVILLE, unobserved.

Thou shalt answer it. O Hampton, O my love,
[*throwing herself on the body.*]

For my sake thou hast perish'd! Would my lips
Could give that blood its life-warmth!

Mel. It is well

For thee and honor it shall flow no more.
Woman, for shame; rise up; if not for me,
Then for thy sister. Dost thou hear me? Go!
This is no place for thee.

Ed. [*half-rising.*] Here I will stay
Till they bear off that body. Go thou, fool,
Who art not worth a woman's love; go back
To Athlia, who thou hast not heart to see
Is dying for thee daily; take to her
The effeminate face for which she has given all,

Even life perhaps ; and take with thee thy friend,
False and a murderer, (but he shall not 'scape !)
I will lie here 'neath heaven, and with a man.

As she throws herself beside the body, embracing it,

the Drop falls.

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE. *As in Act I. Scene 2.*

ATHLIA, *on the couch ; beside her,*
seated, BERTHA ; at the head, two Women, standing.

Ath. No, aunt, it may not be. Five times since noon
I have swoon'd away. The sixth, it may be more
Than mimic death.

Ber. The leech will soon arrive.

Ath. I hope not. I would rather die unvex'd,
With none around me here but thee alone
And Melville, Edith, Saville too.

Ber. Alas !

How I have wrong'd thee, child ! But 't is not yet
Too late to make atonement.

Ath. Wrong'd me, aunt ?
Think'st thou I have murmur'd ever, that thy love
Was less to me than Edith ? Melville too
Has lov'd her best. [*sighing.*]

Ber. Thou wring'st me to the soul.
Stand back, my maidens. [*Women go up.*]

I will whisper now
My shame. Remorse has kept me half the night
Awake with thought of thee. Live, only live ! —

By a later act, which for thy sister's sake
I have kept conceal'd, thy uncle's large bequest
Is left to thee untrammel'd. Thou art free
To marry Saville now and make him lord
Of all thy wealth. Forgive, forgive my fraud !

Ath. Aunt, I am sorry only for thy sake ;
And, with another sorrow, sorry too
For Melville. But 't will be all one, and all
Will still be his, as I have wish'd.

Ber. And Saville ?

I thought thou lov'dst him, daughter.

Ath. As a friend,

Truly, and Melville's friend, — as I must love
All that are dear to Melville, and shall love
Till death, and haply after.

Ber. O blind eyes,

That have help'd me to dishonor ! — What is now ?
Thy cheeks gain color ; and wilt thou rise indeed ?

Ath. [*half-risen.*] It is his step ! He comes — to see me die.

[*Falls back.*]

Enter MELVILLE.

Mel. [*kneeling by the couch.*]

O Athlia ! O my cousin ! Can it be ?

Ath. [*again half-rising.*] That I am dying, Melville ?

Mel. No, not that.

It is not that I mean ; though that, though that,
Cannot be either, Athlia, nor shall be.

Thou art too good to die, so young, scarce worn

By sickness, saving of the heart perhaps —

Ath. And that, though lingering, is sure. — But what
Hast thou come in to say? What cannot be?

Mel. How can I say it? With those eager eyes
Fix'd on me thus, thou mak'st me think indeed
It may be true. O miserable me!
Who know it but too late, that might have been
All I should be, all thou wouldst have me be —
Bring water! O Heaven! Help!

Ber. It hath been so
Often since noontide. She will come back soon. —
The pillow higher. More lightly, Alice, now;
Or, give the fan to me. — I fear, my son,
She has lov'd thee over — Where is Edith then?
Mel. Name her not, aunt!

Enter SAVILLE,
slowly, with head depressed.

Ath. And Saville too?

Giving her hand.] My friend!

Sav. Alas! I have not deserv'd the name; I have been
More weak than I thought to be — have been ensnar'd,
As thou didst warn me.

Mel. Saville has told all.
O cousin, what I owe thee!

Ath. No, thy friend.
Seest thou, his danger forms thy best defence:
The eyes of Edith kill where'er they strike.

Mel. Kill? Ah, most truly; and thy words are sooth
More than thou know'st.

Ath. What mean'st thou, cousin?

Mel. [*aside, and low, to Sav.*] Hush! —

When thou art better —

Ath. Better? But think thou
Less hardly of poor Edith.

Mel. Hardly? Ah!

Ath. What means that noise?

Mel. [*aside to Sav.*] They are bringing in the corpse.
Let her not know. 'T would kill her in this state.
Aunt — [*draws Ber. apart.*]

Ath. Why this mystery? There is in thy looks,
And Saville's, something fearful. What is wrong?
I am strong enough to bear it. Tell me!

Enter EDITH, impetuously.

Ed. I

Will tell thee. It is murder. Saville there
Has murder'd Hampton.

*Here ATHLIA rises to her feet, and is supported
by BERTHA, assisted by the Women.*

Mel. Woman, it is false!
False as the tongue that speaks it. Wouldst thou slay
Outright thy sister, as thy damn'd deceit
Has sapp'd her life already? Get thee hence
Hence to thy paramour, of whose just death
Thou, under God, wast cause.

Ed. Not so: my right

Is here the same as thine. 'T is thou alone,
Dolt that thou wast, hast trifled with the life
Thou affect'st to reckon for. See; she stands it well.
Now thou art free to claim her, she will do
As our uncle will'd, but as his wife will'd not.

Ber. Peace, thou dishonor'd girl. Go, — lest thou work
A second murder.

Ed. And reveal, thou fear'st,
Thy own vile fraud. But first — without there, ho!
Arrest that murderer!

Mel. No, no man shall enter.

Sav. Nor needs there; I shall not avoid arrest.
I am here where I should be, and here will stay,
Till Athlia is quiet.

Ber. 'T will be soon,
One way or other. She is speechless now
With grief and horror.

Ed. Say, with sudden joy,
That, by the death of my true lover, hers,
Who was false to her, is recover'd. There, thou boy,
Take back thy ring, and give 't to her who hath earn'd it.
Scorn'd now, as never valu'd, it hath to me
Its stone blood-spatter'd. *[Throws it to the floor.]*

*Here ATHLIA, sinking in her aunt's arms, is laid
again upon the couch; and EDITH stands as
if struck with remorse and dread.*

Mel. *[falling at Athlia's feet,*

O Athlia! best

As dearest of women. Do not droop! Live now,
Live and forgive me. All will yet be well.

Ath. Where, Melville, where? Alas, it is too late,
Here on the earth. I thought to make thee happy :
But the Heart's Sacrifice hath been in vain.

Mel. No, not in vain, dear Athlia, if my life,
My love, as I know it will be, shall henceforth
Redeem it.

Ath. Think'st thou truly thus, O cousin?
Or is it but the tenderness of grief,
Haply and pity, move thee?

Mel. No, more, more!

I always lov'd thee as an angel, Athlia,
Lov'd thee for thy great heart and faultless mood;
And, but that I was mad, had lov'd thee else.
But, now the fever is over and the brain
No more bewilder'd, heart and sense come back
To their old places, and I feel I love
With all my boyhood's love, when thou as yet
Wast all in all to me, and in the world
Was none beside. So Heaven do by me,
As I vow henceforth with a passionate heart *etc.*
To love thee only, and, I feel, do now!

Ath. Kiss me then — quickly. [*Puts up her lips, and when he
has pressed them passionately with his own, falls back.*]

Mel. [*in terror.*] Athlia!

Ber. She is dead.

MELVILLE, *after one long look, sinks
with his face on Athlia's.*

SAVILLE, *who has stood, with clasped hands, gazing on
her, now hides in them his face, turning aside.*

EDITH, *her expression changing, makes one
step toward the body.* BERTHA,
*weeping, appears to be about to bind up the head,
and the Women ready to assist.*

The Curtain falls.

NOTE
TO
THE HEART'S SACRIFICE

1.—P. 409. *Here comes the best, etc.*] For the Stage perhaps, as directly indicating the party entering:

Ah! Hampton. — Why is Melville not as he!

THE MONK

MDCCCLXIX

CHARACTERS, ETC.

BELTRAN' DE SANTOS-SANDOVAL, *Duke De la Villaquema'da.*

IGNA'CIO, *formerly a Dominican friar, — his Confessor.*

MARCO BRULO'TE, *the Duke's Secretary.*

PABLO DESHACEDOR', *his Steward.*

A SERVANT.

ADE'LA, *the Duke's wife.*

SARA, *her fostermother.*

— — —

SCENE. *A castle of the Duke's, in the Guadarrama mountains, in Spain.*

TIME. *That occupied by the action.*

EPOCH. *The reign of Philip II.*

THE MONK

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I. *A room in the Castle.*

BELTRAN. ADELA.

Bel. Five years this day, Ade'la, have roll'd by,
Since, in the secret night, one smoky torch
To light the chapel, the redoubling peal
Of thunder for our organ, and the hiss
And roar of the flooding and wind-driven rain
For nuptial chorus, and one trembling maid
For our sole witness, thou didst put thy hand
Forever into mine.

Ade. Since when, Beltran',
What sunshine hath been ours ! what joy of life
Since our sweet boy was born !

Bel. With but one cloud,

The consciousness of that untold deceit
Practis'd upon my sire. But his gloom
And sternness made me fear.

Adel. O say not so.

Since the bless'd day when 'neath his horse's hoofs
I fell in the dust, a child scarce seven years old,
Was lifted up, and, though without a wound,
Borne in his arms to the castle, and here kept,
Lov'd, nourish'd, and adopted for his own,
Till his death-hour, the good Duke unto me
Never look'd less than gentle, though oft sad.

Eel. 'T is spoken with grateful reason, O my love.
But think'st thou, if surmis'd the secret step
To which my passion led thee, his swart brows
Had lain for thee unwrinkled? See, Adela,
How we are warp'd by liking or dislike!
In the good monk that shrives us thou wilt see
Nothing that is not murky, not one flash
Over his thoughtful visage that to thee
Is light of the heart.

Adel. But many that appear
Like the sharp glare of lightning from a cloud
Heavy with gather'd thunder. O my lord,
This is not prejudice; the lurid cloud
Has not discharg'd its terrors, and the flash
More frequent grows and vivid day by day.
Thou mark'st it not, because 't is but alone
When thou look'st elsewhere, that those gloomy brows
Are knit together and the deep-set eyes

Dart out their quick short fire. There is, be sure,
Hatred, or envious rancor, in the scowl
Which makes that man's fine visage lower to me
Like that of Satan.

Bel. Yet at times, his smile
Might seem an angel's, for it wreathes his lips
Momently to a shape most like thy own,
Whom he not unresembles.

Ade. O Beltran!

Bel. 'T is true, and helps me love him. Why ascribe
His gloom to sinister impulse, when thou look'st
Complaisant on my sire's remember'd mood?
Is it indeed, that memory robs this last
Of its right harshness, blurring all the lines
With the dim distance of five years' remove?

Ade. No; but the monk's has scarce a summer's date,
Is stormy and inconstant. When first chosen
To be thy confessor; a twelvemonth since,
The sky of his visage was serene, if dull,
As at our bridal. As I see thy sire
In my heart's mirror, his face and mien were aye
Reflected from a nature constant-sad:
A quality of the blood, where is no cause
To say why 't should or should not be; alone
We know that it is, and is without a cure.

Bel. Thou err'st from partial knowledge. Not from God
My father's visitation. Till that day
Of horror, when the crime, if crime it was,
That robb'd my uncle and his wife of life

And lost their hapless children at one stroke,
Had brought on him, a guiltless man, suspect,
He was not harsh or moody. From that day
Men shunn'd him as if plague-mark'd, and, devour'd
By a forever-gnawing sense of wrong
Endur'd on a charge where could be no disproof,
Into himself he shrank, as if blotch'd o'er
By a moral leprosy, until thou cam'st
A seraph, at whose touch the soul resum'd
From time to time a color more its own,
And still while thou wast by. As he had cause,
Why not Ignacio ?

Ade. He, a priest ! whose age
Is little more than mine !

Bel. Brulote said
He was bred a soldier. Haply some disgust
Has taken him for a life that suits him not.
Youngest of con'fessors, a man whose looks
Show in-born pride and blood but little tam'd,
Why should it not be ?

Ade. But so sudden then ?
It should have shown itself, if such the sign,
In his darken'd mien before. Not discontent,
But some bad passion, stirs him.

Bel. Him, the good !
Remember his reluctance, long-maintain'd,
To join our hands in secret, and his words
Of firm dissuasion, spoken, not as priest,
But honest man. My heart and reason both

Took lesson then, albeit they practis'd not,
And made his place at my soul's ear light to have,
Without Brulote's council.

Ade. Yet at last

He yielded.

Bel. That was weakness and not crime.

Recall thou too the father's daily acts
Of alms-grace, done in person and with pain.

Ade. With means that come of thy bounty.

Bel. Could they else?

He has nothing of his own. Be not unjust.

Ade. I would not be, Beltran. But thou rise up,
Ere the night fall on thee.

Bel. I will. And if ——

Lo, where he comes.

Ade. And in his blackest mood.

Enter, from the left,

IGNACIO.

Ign. Hail, daughter; and thou, son. The day looks fair.

Bel. To us, O father, fairer than to most.

It brings around the year's date of that night
When thou wrought'st us such service. Thanks again
To thee who, under God, didst shed forever
Sunshine upon our life-path. [*Extends a hand to Ign.,*
which the latter touches not, as if not seeing it.

Ign. Art thou sure

It was forever? Joy unchang'd, my son,

Is not for man, no more than is the sun
Without a cloud or daylight without darkness.

Bel. Each hath its service. They who have the most
Of what is best in either may be deem'd
Happy in this life, where the soft, small rain,
The driving shower, and the numbing frost,
Are not without their blessings and give warmth
And light more relish.

Ign. But when comes the night
Untimely, as when suns are mask'd, or storms
Beat down the harvest, or the earthquake's shock
Tears into fragments cities, then is man
Awe-struck or suffering, and in despair
Blesses his life no longer.

Bel. Such are spots
Or knobs on the shadow'd sun. Why strain the eyes
Through a smok'd glass to see them?

Ign. Even for this,
That man should in the greatest of God's works
Find still illusion, something that exists
Which is not visible openly, and seen
Puts all his visions of its perfect state
At fault.

Adel. His reverence's eyes of late
Seem to see all things shadow'd. Why eclipse
The innocent joys that make my lord and me
For the gift of life so grateful, and our hearts
Perpetual altars?

Ign. Daughter, for that night

Comes sudden to the unwary and Our Lord
Bids us be watchful. Round those altars' base
I see the seeds of disappointment springing
Whose growth shall clamber to their very top,
Put out their grateful fires and make their place
Dreary and cold indeed. May they not be void
Of prayer as well!

Ade. My lord, we will withdraw.

'T is better than the padre's, in this mood,
The prattle of our boy, in whose bright face
We see not yet the shadow.

Ign. — Which must come.

Exeunt above, BELTRAN and ADELA.

Not of my will, Thou knowest, Almighty God.
I do Thy bidding, or seem to do. If not,
Cleanse Thou my vision!

What, if after all

The Duke is innocent? Generous he is
And seeming good. 'T were fitter for my state,
Fitter the man Heaven made me be, outright
To charge him with that crime. I will, at least,
Well sift the evidence. Marco's boasted faith
And loyalty may speak boldlier than they ought.
He shall on the instant clear them past all doubt.

[Exit, hurriedly, to the left.]

SCENE II.

A room in the Secretary's Apartment.

MARCO.

Mar. It must be done. The padre's timid mind
Poisons resolve with doubt. But I have that
Will prove sure antidote, and make more strong,
By stifling pity and warming into life
Religious horror, heartless as a stone,
The purpose of revenge. 'T is frightful. True.
But shall the twofold crime go unaveng'd?
The true lord rest despoil'd of home and name,
And in his native nest the cuckoo breed?
That hath been, is, must be; but the false brood
Shall have their necks wrung. Where the feathers lie
Already dabb'd with blood, what matters it,
Nay, seeming right it is, the avenging fingers
Should scatter too the plumage and the blood
That come of the robber bird. — It is his step.
[*Opens the door.*]

Enter IGNACIO.

My dear lord, Don Alonso. I was full
Of thought of you.

Ign. And, Marco, I of thee.

But drop that style. It not beseems my place,
And threats our secret — if that still must be.

Mar. My lord commands. I am servant to him still,
Whether as simple priest or the high duke
He was born to be. What bids your reverence?

Ign. This.

Tell me that tale once more.

Mar. My lord distrusts.

Ign. Ay, God forbid else! Quickly.

Mar. On that night

The villa was made dust, the Duke your sire
Was found, with the Duchess, by the flames so sear'd,
Their bodies scarce were known. Hence, some main-
tain'd

They had fallen stifled by the smoke, still more
They had both been strangled ere the house was fired,
While most men whisper'd, since appear'd no sign
Of pillage, that the strangler was none else
Than the Duke's brother, father of this lord
Who now usurps your place.

Ign. Where lies the proof?

Mar. Nowhere save in my knowledge. I was then
Your uncle's servant, foremost in his trust.
He urg'd me, and with weighty offers brib'd,
To carry you and your sister, infants then
Of one and two years, to some far-off place
And have ye rear'd as peasants.

Ign. He then will'd

No murder of the children ?

Mar. No, their death
In rights and lineage only, — will'd them rear'd
Unconscious of their rank, and known to those
Who were paid to take them, as the bastard-brood
Of an unknown noble.

Ign. Wherefore then suspect
My uncle of the grosser crime ? He own'd
Nothing thereof to thee ?

Mar. No, on his knees,
Before the image of the cross-nail'd Christ,
Swore he was innocent. I judge his guilt
By that he was, like Satan, darkly proud,
Unscrupulous and licentious.

Ign. 'T is at worst
A merciless conjecture. But proceed.
Thou didst with the infants —

Mar. Partly as he bade.
Near these dark towers, which the new duke made
His changeless home, I lodg'd them 'mid the hills,
But in two dales, secluded each from the other,
Where even the fosterparents could not learn
Of one another's trust.

Ign. Why didst thou that ?
Mar. I thought to wield a rod above his head
In case of need : but most, to guard you both
Against a change of purpose, should his fears
Prompt your destruction, all the while I kept
His secret and my own.

Ign. The girl, thou saidst —

Mar. Died while an infant. But the brother throve,
How well your reverence needs not here be told,
Nor how I combated, with all the arms
Of reason and prayerful urgency, that sad change
From camp to cloister.

Ign. No, not all the arms.

Hadst thou but bar'd thy secret —

Mar. Did I dare ?

Even for your own sake, whom I had come to prize,
And love as one loves a secret treasure, whose worth
Is a cause of care and danger as well as joy.
What had it stead ? As now, whereto would serve
To assert to Cortes or to King your claim,
Where is no proof but mine ? Who would lend faith,
When lo you have so outgrown your sometime self
That even my lady duchess would not know,
Could the tomb yield her for that great intent,
In your develop'd aspect the soft face
She had press'd so oft to her bosom and the form
That had germ within it.

Ign. To my cousin then

I will turn, as is most fitting.

Mar. Have a care !

Think you the false duke from his high-plac'd seat
Would step at your bidding, conscious that its base
Rests on the cinders of his father's crime,
Blood-soak'd, with human ashes intermix'd,
Cemented and made hard by living fraud ?

Ign. What makes him conscious? Thou hast given no proof;
Not in the past. Give it now. Smirch not the son
With the dirt of his father's mantle, far less spot
With the blood of his fingers, were these dipt indeed
In human gore.

Mar. I have that son's full trust,
Accepted by him solely that his sire
Put in me like trust. Am I so ingrate,
So foolish-wicked and wicked-foolish, then,
To turn like a mad hound on the kindly hand
That feeds and pats me? In your reverence' right
I see no hope, — not for the cloister's vows;
Your claim once proven, St. Peter's seal at Rome
Gives easily dispensation, — but for this,
That in me lieth no proof, and out of me
None can be gather'd. What have I to gain
By urging you to a duty, which perform'd,
I am hurl'd from place and honor, haply trod
In the dust and mire, neglected and disgrac'd,
As treason-spotted and perjur'd, with no voice
To plead for the wretch who plotted to o'erthrow
His lord and benefactor? If I think
His sire a murderer, I have had more cause
Than thousands who so thought; but can I point
To more than the facts I have told you? That his son
Was conscious of the crime, that part at least
Which earn'd for him its fruits, lies in like thought:
He was in the villa, a boy then twelve years old,
That frightful night, and, when the nurses fled

Fear-madden'd, saw me, as himself took flight
 Dragg'd by his devilish sire, seek the room
 Where cry'd the orphans. Why hath he not sought
 Ever through me to bring their fate to light?
 He lives on its products and sleeps safe and soft,
 Nor asks himself if his cousins, if alive,
 Are wanderers on the earth, without a name
 Or a mat to couch on. Be, my lord, a man:
 Avenge through him the bloody villain who lieth
 Under his own carv'd image as if a saint,
 Soaking with foul reek of his rotted corpse
 Your parents' ashes that are inurn'd beside him.

Ign. Hast thou no pity?

Mar. I have had for you:

I have none for the seed of him, who, 'mid the flames
 His hand had kindled, by the blacken'd forms
 Of his own brother and his brother's wife,
 Your innocent parents, turn'd you and your sister
 Over to my compassion, nor would have reck'd
 Had I squeez'd your windpipes, as he doubtless did
 With his damn'd fingers theirs.

Ign. But then, the wife?

Mar. What wife?

Ign. Beltran's; my cousin's. Canst thou see
 Her happiness and urge a fate whose wreck
 Must bury her likewise and their innocent child?

Mar. Is incest happiness? —

Ign. Incest?

Mar. — Can its fruit,

Though not of its own will gotten and made life,
Be counted innocent?

Ign. What dost thou mean
By words like those, half-whisper'd, in that tone?

Mar. The Duchess is the misbegotten spawn
Of Don Beltran's late father.

Ign. Wretch! and this
Thou hast kept from me? nay, sought thyself my aid
To that impious marriage?

Mar. Such reproach, my lord,
Befits me not, and ill requites a zeal
You may put to the death-test, if you will. Perhaps,
I am striding that way for your sake ev'n now.
At the time of the girl's adoption, I had left
For reasons good the Castle, was away
When at your cousin's quest I sought your aid
To his marriage, knowing then no natural let.

Ign. Forgive me. But why only now this tale?

Mar. I knew it not till yesterday, though doubts,
Nourish'd too late, came often o'er my mind,
Weighing the known facts with the late Duke's life.

Ign. And this is sooth?

Mar. My lord!

Ign. Swear by my cross.

Mar. There is a surer way to attest my faith.

Ign. But swear. I shall distrust thee else.

Mar. I swear,

I tell, to my best belief, too true a tale.

Ign. O horrible! that my hands, till then unstain'd,

Were made the doers of so curs'd a deed !

Mar. Nay, call it bless'd. It was the Almighty's will,
Whereby His vengeance for a monstrous crime
Should best be satisfy'd.

Ign. Man, wouldst thou make
The Eternal, with a mortal's passion blind,
Strike down the innocent for the guilty's sake ?
Mar. It is the fiat thunder'd from the Mount.

I grav'd not there the laws.

Ign. Rein-in that tongue ;
It utters blasphemy.

Mar. With pardon, hear.
Your servant has no thought, and would be rash,
To be profane. But did not Heaven make hard
The Egyptian's heart ? Why were the first-born slain ?
Not they had sinn'd. And was not Christ our Lord
The escape-goat for us all ?

Ign. Distract me not.
These are too subtle matters for the brain.
Enough, there is sin, and horrible sin, — if such
Thou canst prove it to me, — and to me, alas,
Guilty yet innocent, will fall the task,
The accursed task, to make it known. No more !
Go for thy proof — thy proof. I go to pray.

[*Exit ; Mar. reverently opening
the door, as the*

Drop falls.

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I. *The same as in Act I. Scene I.*

BELTRAN. IGNACIO.

Bel. Ay, reverend father, this begets surprise.
What glooms thy visage? Is there aught there lacks
Thy comfort calls for? Find'st thou wanting here
The observance due thy place from one and all
Of our household or ourselves?

Ign. All things be here
Man's art can furnish, and, save one thing, all
That God vouchsafes to the needs of such as I.

Bel. And that is?

Ign. Peace of mind.

Bel. That sometimes lies
Beyond the battle of the stoutest life.
But thou, in yet green youth, whose heart betimes
Was shut from the strife and passions of the world,
Shouldst have that peace unconquer'd.

Ign. When without
The invasion comes, and deadly moral fight
Is forc'd on the spirit, what avails it then,
The breast is cuirass'd and the head is helm'd

With cowl and amice ? Through the monk's black robe
Pierces the poison'd arrow, and the wound
Rankles the more, that in his lonely cell
Is no distraction.

Bel. Hast thou then such war
With the flesh and the Devil ?

Ign. With the flesh that clogs
The souls of others and the devil evok'd
By their ferocious passions.

Bel. This of late.
Find'st thou these enemies here ? For, till of late,
Thy brow wore not the scowl and gloom of strife,
That thundercloud whose flashes shake with fear
Adela.

Ign. Should the innocent fear ?

Bel. Ay oft,
Where the bad tremble not. 'T is instinct given
By Heaven for their protection. But thy cloud
Comes not of her ?

Ign. I have been pondering late
Much that is doubtful. Hast thou always made
Perfect confession ?

Bel. Father, in this breast
Nestles no secret that is hid from thee.
Servant of God, why ask'st thou ?

Ign. Canst thou bear
Frank question ?

Bel. Ask what fitteth thee to ask.
Thy heart to me is as a book of God :

Write what thou wilt therein.

Ign. My son, its leaves
Shall be wide-open. Dost thou know what fate
Fell on thy uncle's children ?

Bel. No ! Dost thou ? [*eagerly.*

Ign. Mad'st thou e'er search for them ?

Bel. How should I ? I ?

I was but twelve years old.

Ign. Thy sire ?

Bel. Thou heard'st :

I was a child. How should I know the part
Taken by my father ? Doubtless, was it all
That right or natural love could prompt.

Ign. Why so ?

'T was not his interest.

Bel. Priest ! dar'st thou malign

The silent dead ?

Ign. My lord duke, in the priest
Dwell the same honor and love of truth as share
The soul's vain-garnish'd temples in the breast
Of earth's most rich and noble, — and should be more,
Since there is less to cramp them in the place
That in the truest of men is all too strait.
If silent are the dead, yet living tongues
May vindicate them. In my words, what was
I asserted not, but what might be. Thou hast
No cause for anger. Did the late duke never
Talk with thee on this mystery ?

Bel. I have said,

I was a child. When ripe to hear, five years
Had pass'd already, and the theme was dead.
I did not dare revive it with my sire,
So stern he had grown and silent. —

Ign. Ay.

Bel. — And men
Had ceas'd to talk thereof. Is 't half that time
Even horrider topics often float alive,
Whirl'd on that sea with whose full tide and ebb
So many events drift in, are carried out,
Or sink in its depths in an instant and forever?
If thou hast aught to instruct me of those babes,
Speak out. I had thought they wholly were consum'd
In the flames where sunk their parents.

Ign. And no trace

Left o' their burning?

Bel. Infants, could that be?

But answer: know'st thou aught?

Ign. Wouldst thou have joy

To hear they were rescu'd?

Bel. Should I? Let me hear!

Ign. I have nought to tell, my son. — Whence came thy spouse?

Bel. Thou know'st as well as I.

Ign. That she grew up
Child of thy sire's adoption. But where rock'd
Her cradle?

Bel. She had none, being lowly-born,
Among the mountains.

Ign. Bear with me once more.

Live her true parents?

Bel. One, the mother, still.

Ign. Thou hast seen her?

Bel. Often. Often yet, with me,
Adela visits her; and both hold her dear.

Ign. Strange! [*abstractedly and low.*]

Bel. What is?

Ign. It doth honor to ye both.
Peace with thee, son. [*Exit abruptly.*]

Bel. It comes not with the doubts
Thou hast cast upon my spirit. — Why that tone,
And questioning which might anger? Live perchance
My cousins? So be it. I will do them right.
This mystery shall have fathoming, if it can.
There is Brulote, servant to my sire
About that fearful time. But in the lapse
Of four and twenty years, what chance can live
Of any trace — It had found the light ere this.
But what should mean the father? Thou wast right,
Adela; in his cloud-wrapt brow, his eye,
Lowers what threatens storm. And this the day
That dawn'd on us so bright! Heaven grant its set
Be not in that night I dread, yet know not why.

[*Exit, as the Scene changes.*]

SCENE II.

As in Act I. Scene II.

Enter, from the door,

MARCO, *conducting-in* PABLO,
after whom he shuts it carefully.

Mar. Pablo, thou knowest how much I have done for thee.

Pab. Need'st thou remind me ?

Mar. Ay ; not in reproach,
But for I would have thee silent and return
The kindness, like for like.

Pab. Wouldst thou too ——

Mar. Forge ?

Not I, by Heaven ! Nay, be thou not disturb'd :
The occasion speaks, not I am tongue-rude. No,
Nor would I to my use sequester that
Which came to me in trust.

Pab. Don Marco ! ——

Mar. Still,
Have patience. — But I must perforce do that,
To our common lord, which sinks me even with thee
To the flat beneath that open and decent post
Where good men stand and honor'd. In a word,
Wilt thou for me do what I did for thee,

Straining thy conscience and by timely act
Help an iniquity shall stead thee not ?

Pab. If not — What wouldst thou do ?

Mar. Why, put myself
In thy power. Thou art in mine. What ! wouldst thou
stand

On a trifle ? a petty sin, which shows to thine
As a mote to the house-beam ?

Pab. Speak.

Mar. Wilt thou but keep
My secret just three hours ?

Pab. Is that all ? Well ?

Mar. But thou wilt do it ?

Pab. I will.

Mar. Remember now,
Secret for secret, crime for crime !

Pab. Be quick.

Thou mak'st me shake.

Mar. As men do oft in dreams.
Know'st thou the monk — that was, the father now ?

Pab. Ignacio ?

Mar. Ay. Thine ear. He is the lord,
True and true-gotten, of what our so-call'd Duke
Usurps unknowingly.

Pab. Thou sayst ! —

Mar. These arms
Bore him, so bid, to poverty. The day
Has come to avenge him : to restore his rights
Is no more possible.

Pab. But thou! what then
Hast thou to do with it?

Mar. I have watch'd and rear'd
And love him.

Pab. Not the less, not he thy lord,
But Don Beltran. There is other cause.

Mar. Thou art shrewd.
There is, and common unto both. Like him,
I would be aveng'd of the new duke's sire, who wrong'd
Both him and me. 'T is a heart's pang to tell:
But ——— What wouldst *thou*, hadst thou a wife defil'd
Almost before thine eyes, thyself struck down
And brutally harm'd, for doing as a man
Must do, so outrag'd.

Pab. Stab the villain dead.

Mar. Ay, but the villain was more strong than I.
Curs'd be my coward thews, I lay on the floor
And felt the heel of the wronger, him I had help'd
To wealth and title, three times stamp my breast,
And his vile rheum ejected on my cheeks
Through teeth that gnash'd with fury and contempt.

Pab. But after?

Mar. After was too late. I knew
He was an usurper, thought (as still I think)
He was a brother-murderer; but no proof
I had then, nor have now, of his guilt: to slay him
Had given myself to death. I bode my time.
It is come. Thou must aid me. Look not so aghast.
It is not blood I ask of thee. My lord,

That shall ever be, I have spurr'd in vain. His soul,
 Timid and unresolv'd, despite the force
 Of natural pride and passion, shrinks from pains
 Put on the innocent for the guilty's sake.
 In some ill hour, I fear, his upright mind
 Will prompt him to disclosure. Then down fall
 My schemes forever. Hence I call'd to aid
 The pitiless force of his religious faith.
 I told him that the Duchess was the child
 Of the Duke's own sire.

Pub. Thou didst not! couldst not be ——

Mar. So false? I know not that I was. 'T is like,
 In every view, she was so misbegot.
 But thou must vouch for it. He calls for proof.

Pab. I cannot give it.

Mar. 'T is easier than to forge,
 More safe than to embezzle. Be a man.
 Repay to me in kind the debt thou ow'st
 And wipe it off forever. Thou mayst swear,
 With a good conscience, she was bastard-born
 Of some unknown great noble. What more like
 Than of the Duke's bad sire.

Pab. Why, know I not
 My lady's mother? Is 't not I that pay
 Her month's allowance, and provide all else
 Our lord ordains for her comfort?

Mar. Thou know'st not
 The woman is her mother. I know well
 She is not, but has foster'd her, the child

Of some high lord: why not the villain duke?
Left by himself, or through some other's hand.

Pab. Through whose?

Mar. What matters? 'T is all one. The child
Was not the peasant Sara's. That I swear.
Wilt thou avouch it that she was the Duke's?

Pab. Thou sayst it?

Mar. That she was the Duke's? I do.
Thou 'rt ready?

Pab. For this only. Then, my debt —

Mar. Is cancel'd and replac'd by mine to thee,
Due to thee ever. I go to bring the Monk.

[*Exit.*

Pab. There is some mystery that double-darks
This villanous plot. Brulote tells not all.
Whose was the hand bore out the unfather'd babe
To be nurs'd of Sara? Haply, 't was his own.
The Duke? What duke? Evasion. Marco thinks
To blind me like himself. 'T is not of love
To his sometime friar this plot is woven: the fact
Stands naked as my hand, long-brooded hate
Has now but clipp'd the shell, and hatch'd to life
Chirps in his heart for food. Behoooves me heed.
Suck'd in the vortex where he whirls, himself,
I may go down with the eddy. I will see
And sift this Sara. Some hell-lifted stroke
Of fate may be impending o'er my lord
And his sweet lady. I have done him wrong:
To right him now may prove a good amends,

And to betray Brulote profit more
Than to deceive my master. Let me see.

Pauses,
raising thoughtfully his hand
to his chin ; and the

Drop falls,

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I. *Same as the one preceding.*

IGNACIO. MARCO.

Ign. Man, thou art devilish.

Mar. 'T is a change, my lord —
Or reverence, as you bid me, since the rank
Your father gave appears to irk and chafe
The once proud spirit I have so joy'd to watch
Plume its broad pennons, which the cloister's mew
Has flagging made and dull —

Ign. No more of that:

It lies above thee. Step down to thy theme.

Mar. Rebuke me not for love. I would have said, —
If I am devilish, 't is a change that comes
Alone of you, for whom my once soft spirit
Is steel'd to other pity. Is it thus
High Heaven pursues its vengeance? Doth the wail
Of innocent offspring, to the fourth remove
Of those that have trampled on its bidding, stay
Its punishing hand?

Ign. Set thou, too, that aside.

Is it for man, short-sighted and brief-liv'd,

To imitate the All-seeing and Etern ?
Thou but revolt'st the sense thou seek'st to sway,
By such audacious parallel.

Mar. Let then

Our great King pattern give, whose pious zeal
Wades heart-deep through the blood of tens on tens
Of thousands, while St. Peter's heir at Rome
Hounds on the massacre.¹

Ign. Peace !

Mar. It is in point.

What have the patient and hard-working Moors
Done to draw down perdition ? They but pray
As their fathers taught them ; and their fathers' sin
And ignorance must be wash'd out in their blood ;
Nor does Christ's Vicar, who owns not, as you,
The personal prompture of a just revenge,
Avert his face in horror, as you, whose wra'h
Is twofold duty. (Let me speak, my lord,
To the end.) Your cousin, if unsmirch'd
By part in the crime which set him in your place,
Lives yet in daily incest. Doth it suit,
If not your father's son, yet the pure priest,
To sanction, for a day, an hour, the space
In time of a single heart-beat, this huge sin
Against God and man alike ?

Ign. But on the verge

Of that horrible abyss down which my hands,
My hands that thither brought them, must plunge both,
Suffer me pause awhile, thou but for whom

I had not seen its chasm. What do I know?
Thy soul is black as Satan's with revenge.
What shall avouch that in its hell-smok'd caves
This foul-got secret lay not waiting birth?

Mar. That should my love, for four and twenty years
Unwavering, shown to you, for whom alone,
If such its hue, my soul is black as Hell.
But, by that cross, I swear, and by that robe,
By all that is in Heaven above to hear,
On earth to judge, I knew of not one bar,
Not even by birth against that marriage-rite
Which I deem'd best for all. I have said before,
Till yester sun I dream'd not of this crime.

Ign. Which still thou know'st not certain.

Mar. O my lord,
Hath not Don Pablo sworn? He was in place
With your uncle, as with ——

Ign. Why too in his breast
Slumber'd till now this secret?

Mar. Until now
It was to himself a secret, — till I put
Such question as made dawn on him the facts
That wrought conviction.

Ign. O accursed day!

Mar. Not so, my lord. Behold, Heaven in your hand
Couples revenge with duty. Not now blood
Needs wet your parents' ashes; and your rights
Shall fall to you without struggle. Tell the Duke,
Now, on the instant, while your heart yet heaves

With pious anguish, tell him, and before
His guilt's partaker —

Ign. Mother of his child.

O man! O man! to what thy heedless deed,
Thy tardy counsel, and thy boasted love
Have push'd me! Had it pleas'd the Lord my God
To keep me blind to my birthright, or to take,
In the sole battle I have shar'd, my life,
Henceforth accurs'd —

Mar. Forgive I dare break in.

— Your father's ghost would wander unappeas'd,
And in his sister's bed the crime-made duke
Wallow unstay'd, engendering unsuspect,
In bowels too cognate, issue bann'd of God.
Would this content Domingo's sometime son,
The anointed priest?

Ign. Hush, hush! Thou dost presume
Too much on thy service and my habit's vows.
Beltran shall not of my fault nurse the crime
Whose birth was help'd by me. I accept the load
Heaven wills my soul to bear.

Mar. And take the rights
Man has establish'd under Heaven's permit.
For, parted from his sin-mate, Don Beltran
Adopts of need the life was thine by choice,
Or in some drearier lonesness shrouds his shame.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. My lord desires Don Marco.

Mar. Say, I come

On the instant. [*Exit Ser.*]

'T is his conscience is disturb'd.

I shall not soothe it. — Slave of the Most High,

My true lord, Don Alonso, let your slave

Dare to remind you what He bids and take

Your strangled father's voice to cry *Revenge!*

[*Exit.*]

Ign. Revenge? Not all the mountain-heaps of men
Slain against right and cruelly, which the grave
Hath gulp'd since branded Cain, could yield a voice
Would make that lawful. Heaven unto Himself
Reserv'd its terrors. Smother, thou my heart,
The passions lighted in thee, and each day
Fuel'd by this man, who — how know I else?
May have some aim and malice of his own.
Beltran is generous, open; and his wife ——
Ah, there the fatal error which makes of me
The torturer and avenger! Should it last,
There would be horrible sin, and mine tenfold
As horrible as theirs. What if the tale
Is false, new-made or molded into shape
To suit the occasion and nerve me —— No, O no!
Brulote would not dare —— The steward too ——
Why was I curs'd to live to this black day!
Or rather, to that night, when, 'mid the roar
Of thunder and the rush of wind and rain ——
They were portents. Why did not, by their voice
And the repelling gloom, Heaven move our hearts

With fear of the act that seem'd e'en then forbid ?
But to man's passions what are omens all ?
I would the storm would come now, wind and rain,
And the roof-shaking thunder, that in gloom
That hid me and in noise that made my voice
Scarce audible, I might hiss the accursed sounds
In ears it were better should be deaf to all.
O that they had the force to kill outright,
Poisoning like serpent's venom ! I should more bold
Speak out my mission, and thank for mercy God.

*He clasps his hands over his brow, and
pausing a moment,
kisses passionately his crucifix, and Exit.*

SCENE II.

As in Act I. Scene I.

BELTRAN. ADELA.

*To whom, Enter
MARCO.*

Bel. I have sent for thee, Don Marco, to relieve
Certain misgivings. For thy lady's sake

Still more than mine, be ready in reply.

Whence came the Padre? what his birth?

Mar. Unknown,

Save that, my lord, he was to his own belief

The child of peasants, living in a vale

Of the Guadarrama not far hence remov'd.

Bel. Lo a coincidence should make him view'd

With more of favor, Adela. — Thou hast said,

He was rear'd in camps. That was not long ago,

If since his youth.

Mar. With his first manhood's down,

Came to him warlike longings, and the fight

On the Nevada with the rebel Moor

Gave him their sole indulgence. In disgust,

Perhaps of bloodshed, it may be of men

Who were his mates not equals, from the camp

He sought the cloister, — there was friar, then priest.

The rest my lord duke knows.

Adel. No, not the rest.

When first he came to the Castle, — this thou knowest,

Thyself, Don Marco, who didst urge the Duke

To obtain his ghostly service, — not his mien

Was what it now is. Though not indeed the sky

Of his brow was bright, as shines the clear blue heaven

Of Murcia, but more dull and gray of tone,

As ours, yet never violent storm swept o'er

Its placid surface. Now it lowers,

Black with repeated tempest, as the clouds

That scowl with gather'd thunder and fury of rain

O'er darken'd Aragon. Whence comes this change?

Mar. Haply from physical causes. Not in man
To say what gathers thunder and the rain.

Bel. Ay, in some sort it is, and why some climes
Are fraught with more than others. Yet be it so
The Monk is rack'd, from time to time, with pangs
His visage mirrors, how is it his breast
Heaves with like torture? 'T is but now, with looks
Full of dark meaning, and distrustful words,
He put strange question of the untoward fate
Of my duke uncle's children. Is there aught
To make us hope they are living?

Mar. O, my lord!

After so many years? You need not fear
The little bones will rise with manhood's length,
Take flesh, and, with the re-incased soul,
Leap to your seat.

Bel. I said not fear, but hope.

Bring back my uncle's heir, or give a clue
Whereby I may trace him through that maze of years
To his perfect, if chang'd, self, and from this rank
I shall step as gladly as imperial Charles,
Don Philip's father, to a lower place,
Nor will my spouse once murmur. Hast thou aught
That is new, on this point? 'T is with thee the Monk
Has consort most.

Mar. I know no more to-day
Than yesterday, — a month before, — a year, —
Or for all the many years that, fold on fold,

Enwrap this mystery. For the Padre's mind,
'T is dark to me as his habit. Who shall see
The breast beneath he cares not to unfold?

Bel. Then go to his reverence, and request he come
To us here without delay. 'T is time to end
This trouble. Perhaps, made bare to us, his breast
Will find prompt healing. But if not —

Ade. My lord,
Then let him carry to some fitter place
A mood that wakes my loathing and my fear.

*[Exeunt Bel. and Ade.
above.]*

Mar. *[coming down, after closing the door upon them.]*

Made bare? Its doorless chambers will not show
Much to assure thee. By thy own will, now,
False duke, thy uncle's long-defrauded heir
Brings thee to sentence. Ay, the priest shall come,
Domingo's monk, King Philip's man-at-arms,
The foster-brat of peasants, given to me
Thy father's servant, by my casual love
Train'd to his sire's avengement and my own,
Ay, he shall come. But to this last, great leap,
The spur must force him. 'T is a generous steed,
Full of brave mettle, but too apt to shy
At shadowy dangers, which his thin-skinn'd nerves
Give bulk and shape to. Could the words I have heard
Be listen'd by him! — But that must not be.
The usurper has no "hope", believes in none.
Virtue and selfdenial seem too small

To need an effort, to those who, from their height
Of fancy'd surety, look down on the plain
Of human struggle, and wonder that the mass
Will fight for vanities and grasp at mites
Whose pomp and littleness are not their own.
Brought to the test, our large-soul'd duke may take
His father's eyes, perhaps that father's hand ——
What, should his smooth-tong'd righteousness be feign'd?
A lure for his cousin? Thereto he shall not stoop.
His ears shall be deafen'd and his heart made steel,
Till God's great work, for him and me, is through.

[*Exit.*

Drop falls.

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I. *As in Act I. Scene I.*

BELTRAN. ADELA.

IGNACIO *entering*.*Ign.* The Duke has had me call'd.²*Bel.* To put at rest,

If it may be, evil doubts. —

Ign. Or give them shapes

Of absolute terror. Art thou then prepar'd

To see those hideous phantoms swell to forms

Solid and hell-shap'd, by thy frighten'd sense

No longer to be shunn'd?

Bel. What dost thou mean?*Ign.* What were thy doubts?*Bel.* Those which of late thyself

Hast call'd to being by thy menacing looks,

And now giv'st shape anew by looks and words

Wild as of frenzy. What disturbs thee? Why

Lowers that brow, where once was holy calm,

With the affraying blackness of the storm?

Ign. Thou hast call'd down the lightning. Not of me

If its bolts strike thee. I have ask'd before

Whence came thy spouse ?

Ade. Here suffer me, Beltran :

'T is I will answer. From the mountain-huts,
Where, we are told, thyself hadst humble lair.
The memory of their meanness has to me —
Taught lowly sufferance, thankfulness to God,
And charity for my fellows, as in thee
It hath brought to growth a harsh disdain of kind,
Ill-rooted anger at thy Maker's will,
And poisonous envy of the better rank
Others are born or rais'd to.

Ign. Lady, no.

Were it my business now, a single word
Would startle thee to sorrow for one charge
Of those thou hast heap'd on me : the rest my soul
Passes unconscious. Let me as the priest
I have call'd to mind I am, the priest who put
Those hands together, ask, O daughter, of thee,
Art thou assur'd thy mother was indeed
The goatherd's wife who nurs'd thee.

Ade. Come, Beltran.

Ign. No, yet a moment. Comes to this thy boast
Of lowliness and patience ? Thou wouldst read,
Thou and thy lord, the meaning of my gloom.
Answer me truly, as I hold of God
A solemn mission to ask thee, — has thy birth
Been never a theme of doubt ?

Ade. To me ? Go ask,
So it concerns thee aught, the dame herself

I cherish still as mother.

Ign. I have heard
She is but thy fostermother, thou the child
Of a noble of high rank.

Bel. [*sternly : Ade. speechless, clinging
to him.*] Thou seëst, priest.

Ign. — Her strength is little. Were it not best for both,
She should withdraw? I would not crush her heart
By a sudden blow of what must not less fall.
O lady and daughter! though thou lik'st me not,
I have honor and pity, as I never had
Less than admiring reverence, for thee.
Let me beseech thee, spare me and thyself.

Ade. [*recovering.*] No, if it is thy cruel task indeed
To turn to bitter what was so sweet, and dark
The light of this day thou holp'st thyself create,
Speak out and quickly, Who my father, then?

Ign. If the words blast thee, not from me the bolt,
Unhappy lady. Would that Heaven had chosen
Some other hand than mine to draw it down!

Bel. Torture her not. Who was he? if indeed
Thou know'st. Bear up, Adela.

Ign. 'T was — the Duke.

Bel. What duke? [*To Ade.*] How pale thou art! It may be false.

Ign. Alas, it was sworn upon this cross, re-sworn
By a sure witness. Send and seek the woman.
'T were better it were put beyond all doubt.

Bel. Why dost thou palter thus? I feel and fear
Thou need'st no witness. Who were they that swore?

Ign. Thy steward, and he who with thy sire had place
Of trust like that with thee.

Bel. O God! The Duke? —

Ign. What else but he who adopted his own child?

Bel. My sire!

Ign. Look to thy lady! — O Heaven, why on my
head —

Ade. [*to Bel.*] Stay me not! Touch me not! Farewell, Beltran.

Bel. Adela! [*Exit Ade.*

Pauses gloomily, and, coming back:

It is better.

Ign. Wouldst thou dare
That other horror? Save her!

Bel. And for what?
From what? Accursed priest —

Ign. Accurs'd of God.
Before thee I am blameless.

Bel. Get thee hence.

Ign. I go, — to save thy lady.

Bel. [*detaining him.*] Didst thou hear?
Wouldst thou to this damn'd being bring her back,
If senseless, or if dead? — My sister? Oh!

Oh! oh! Adela! [*Sinks in a chair before a table, his face
in his hands, and seemingly sobbing; Ign. looking
up to Heaven with anguish.*

Leave me! [*suddenly rising and with
passion.*

Ign. But with God. [*Exit.*

Bel. My sister? 'T is the punishment of Heaven.

Had we not wed in secret ; had I ask'd
My sire's consent —— Her sire ? And our child !
Born of incestuous commerce ! [*Rings handbell violently.*
It shall not ——

Enter Servant.

Bring my boy hither.

Ser. With his nurse, my lord ?

Bel. No. And be quick. [*Exit Ser.*

'T is fitting this should end ;
The accident with the crime, and those that were
The unconscious doers. Canst thou see, O God,
This misery of Thy creatures ? Or, through me,
Through her — my sister — is 't Thou wreakst Thy wrath
For my sire's sins ? for what perhaps was sin —
So men have charg'd — of most atrocious die.
I will not think it. But be it. I shall make —
She too will make — atonement for it all.

*Goes again to the table and assumes his
previous attitude.*

SCENE II.

As in Act I Scene II.

IGNACIO. MARCO.

Ign. No more ! no more ! This horror is enough.

Mar. Will you here stop ? Son of a strangled sire,
A strangled mother, will you turn from God,
The God of Abram, and wipe clean your hands
Ere they have done His work ?

Ign. Thou speakest well :
My hands are filthy with the horrible deed
Thou hast driven me to. Be it Heaven's will or not,
I have done it, and need add no other stain
To what pollutes them and makes sick my soul.
The God of Abram ? Was not Isaac spar'd ?
My innocent victims — where the thicket ram
That is caught by the horns for them ? O man ! O man !
Mistake not for God's vengeance what is thine.
I have undone the evil that I did. No more.
Let me go hence unknown, and keep for Him
What rests of the heart thou hast not wholly warp'd
To an undeserv'd revenge.

Mar. My lord, my lord !
Son of the Duke Alonso ! in his name,

Wherewith thou wast baptiz'd, I call on you
To do him justice. Shall his ashes lie,
His and your lady mother's, by his side
Who with his hungry fingers grasp'd their throats,
Nor by their starting eyeballs, or the groans
He sought to smother, was one moment mov'd
To loose his hold ?

Ign. Have done !

Mar. Did Heaven not cry
In the ears of his heart like words ? And did he pause ?
Think you Heaven wills his impious bones should rest
By his encinder'd victims, and his heir
Sit in the place of their children ? Let it be
That Don Beltran is guiltless —

Enter hurriedly

SERVANT.

Ser. Reverend father !

Don Marco ! O my God, my God !

Ign. What bodes ?

Ser. My lord and lady are gone mad. The Duke
Is strangling his own child.

Ign. Thou know'st, nor staid'st
To stop him ? [*moving to the door.*]

Ser. Could I ? And I was dismiss'd.
Scar'd by his looks, I watch'd him through the door,
By the hole of the lock, and saw him clutch the neck —
Come, come !

Ign. Yes, yes.

Mar. [*detaining Ign.*

For what? It is too late.

[*Noise within.*

What is that cry?

Ser. Oh, oh! they have found it true:

'T was said my lady had hung herself.

Ign. I sent

To save her. Go; call in thy fellows, all;

Take from the Duke all weapons. Go! I come.

[*Exit Ser.*

To Mar.] Take off thy hand! Art thou a fiend indeed?

Mar. If such wreak Heaven's vengeance. Heard you not?

They have died the death your sire and mother died.

'T was the Duke's fingers — Yes, go now, my lord.

Go to complete the solemn work.

Ign. I go

To save one victim.

Mar. [*again detaining him.*

Can aught harm him more?

Death were a blessing. Go, my lord, reveal

All yet untold. Your rights recover.

Ign. Never!

Mar. Forgive me, is this duty? For my sake,

Who have rear'd you (must I say it) by my means,

That you might do —

Ign. What better had been done

Openly and at once.

Mar. At risk of life.

Sav'd by my care, will you now shrink from that
Which can alone reward it, and for which
Heaven itself hath spar'd you? Take the name
Of your sire, if not his rights, and end what else
Were better not begun. What now from man
Can hurt the false duke more?

Ign. Alas! — Come then.

I need thy witness. Bid too Pablo come.

Mar. He is gone, I know not whither. Let us haste.

[Exeunt hurriedly, by the door, as

the Drop falls.

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE. *As in Act I. Scene I.*BELTRAN, *leaning on the table, as before.**Enter*

IGNACIO. MARCO.

Bel. [*rising gloomily.*]³ Adela! No. What summons such as ye?
I sent for my dead wife's body, not for you.

Ign. Beltran de Santos, know'st thou who I am?

Bel. Perhaps the Devil. Thou art at least to me
A loathlier sight than were thy visage grim'd
With smoke of Hell. Take from my eyes at once
Thy damned presence.

Ign. Thou hast ask'd to know
Of thy uncle's children. One at least is here.
I am thy cousin, the true heir of him
Thy father strangled.

Bel. Liar! whether priest
Or noble. Wast thou born my uncle's son,
Thou 'dst shrink to stain his brother's name with crime
Was never proven.

Ign. Stands the witness there,

Thy servant and his own.

Bel. He will not say it.

Ign. He doth. I reckon that not, but leave with God

The secret of a fate He may have will'd,

Not man devis'd. But to Brulote's hand

Thy father gave my sister and myself. —

Bel. [*eagerly.*] Thy sister? Was she sav'd?

Ign. I am told she died.

Bel. Alas, I had hope — 'T would make my sin less black,

But not my fate less frightful, and on thee

Heap horror that would crush thee. Look thou there!

Enter Servants

with the body of Adela.

Lay her down gently. Leave us. But thou, stay. [*to 1st Ser.*

[The rest Exeunt, after covering the body.]

It is my — wife. I meant on this, her corpse,

To finish — But a fitter end is nigh.

Adela! [*kneeling before the body. Then, suddenly starting up.*

No; I will weep no more. Look thou. [*drawing*

Ign. to the body and uncovering the face.

Could that not move thee? such a face as that,

Which Heaven would love, and Hell might find too sweet

Not to feel pity for? Yet thou, yet thou,

For a villain's tale, which may be false, hast turn'd

Her hand against herself and made of me

My own child's murderer! Art thou weeping, too?

Leave tears to women. They insult the dead

Falling from thee. —

Ign. Beltran —

Bel. Ah yes, ah yes :⁴

Thou com'st for thy right. If thou wast not a priest,
And knew'st the sword, I 'd bid thee take one now,
Like a man, and right thyself.

Ign. Though I am such,
Nor us'd to the sword, I have borne arms and seen
How fencers practise, and with Heaven's aid
Will take thy weapon, nor shall I feel regret
If I should fall.

Mar. My lord, my lord Alonso!

Ign. Loose me, Don Marco, and ye both stand back.
I know well what I do.

Bel. And know I now
That thou art my true cousin. Take 'this blade.
'T is a Toledo and the best I have.
They could not force me yield them, as thou bad'st.

BELTRAN and IGNACIO engage.

*The former purposely fences ill, and IGNACIO,
who has become heated in the contest, using his weapon
vigorously though awkwardly, passes it
through the Duke's body.*

Bel. 'T is as I meant. I have no wish to live.

[Drags himself to Adela's body, and is supported by 1st Ser.]

Enter, hurriedly and eagerly,

PABLO and SARA.

Pab. Too late! too late! But not perhaps to save

From other misery. O my lord the Duke,
How is it with you?

Bel. Even as I wish'd.

Didst thou too plot against me?

Pab. O forgive!

I was bound to that traitor, who knew and kept conceal'd
My frauds in office. But I sought, my lord,
To unmask his horrible guilt; and it is done.
Behold the dame who nurs'd, my lord, your lady.
She swears she was brought to her by Marco's self,
The night of that awful fire. There is no doubt
She was your uncle's daughter; and there stands,
In the priest's frock, her brother.

Bel. Is that true?

Look on her face. [*to Sara.*]

Sara. O God! she is dead. [*beating her hands
together.*]

It is

My fosterchild; and he, Don Marco there,
Brought her to me.

Bel. Thou hast lifted from my heart —
My breath grows short. Alonso, ask that fiend
What urg'd him —

Mar. That which urges Hell and Heaven, —
Vengeance for wrong. I have wreak'd it to the full,
Both for myself, whom your detested sire
Fouly abus'd, and for your uncle's heir.
Could I have done it else, I had not driven
My lady to that act for which I grieve.

Sara speaks sooth. The Duchess was the child
Of the dead Duke Alonso. But the hand
Of God hath stricken her for your father's crime.

Ign. Impious, speak no more! Beltran — [*taking his hand.*

Bel. Again

Thou weep'st, and scalding tears. Nay, mind me not.
Keep them; thou wilt have need; for — for Adela.
Thou hast now thy rights. Be thou content therewith.
Forgive my father — as I — pardon thee. [*Droops over
the body of Adela, then falls back, dead.*

Ign. A moment, all. But see, that crawls not hence
That serpent.

*Servant locks the door, then presently returns,
when he and PABLO put themselves on
either side of MARCO.*

Mar. It needs not. Were all the doors
Wide open set, I abide here, my lord duke.

Ign. [*hanging over the body of Adela.*

Known only now, my sister; and, now known,
To be so parted! We shall soon re-meet.
'T is my first kiss, Adela. Let thy soul,
Where it will know me, pity and forgive.

[*Covers the body and comes down.*

Ye who are here bear witness to these acts.
I have slain my cousin, and innocent have caus'd
My sister's and my nephew's death. The laws
Would have no punishment for me beguil'd
And driven to these misdeeds; and in the priest
The atonement would be penance, which my rank

Would make scarce real. It is fit these crimes
Should have their sacrifice, and God himself
Requires it at my hands, last of a house
Too wicked not to fall. In His name then,
I make it: thus. [*raising the sword, grasped by the middle.*

Mar. [*throwing himself before him.*

No, no, in Heaven's name,

I, though I am Hell-doom'd, I, implore you, pause!

Ign. Thou? who hast brought me to this pass? Stand back!

Touch not my robes, which are stainless but for thee.

Mar. Hear me! I have nurs'd for two and twenty years

One love, one hatred. *That* has been deceiv'd:

The last is sated. I shall die content,

Will you but live for that place, wherein to see you

I have forfeited my soul. Forgive, my lord,

Duke Don Alonso, that, in heat of zeal,

I have brought you into error and to wo.

Ign. Ask it of God, misguided wretch. In me

Is sorrow alone for thy mistaken soul.

With devilish malice and remorseless craft,

Thou hast glutted thy own hatred and revenge,

And hugg'd the thought it was of love for me.

Hadst thou done justly and by open ways

Maintain'd my right, there were no bloody deaths

Upon thy soul, nor could that harmless boy

And his mother, at the judgment-seat of God,

Now blessed angels, cry against thee. Thou,

In the life-prisonment which must be thine,

Wilt find time for remorse, which Heaven send:

For me, there is but one way order'd. This.

[Stabs himself.]

Mar. O me accursed! *[his head to the floor.]*

Ign. Lay my coffin over

Or between theirs. To Thy hands, Lord, my spirit ——

[Dies.]

Curtain falls.

NOTES

NOTES
TO
THE MONK

1.--P. 484. — *whose pious zeal Wades heart-deep, etc. etc.*] In Grenada and the Alpujarras, 1567-70. The revolt was caused by the enforcement of a barbarous decree (originally of Charles V. but not by him carried into effect,) and, on both sides of the contest, was marked by excessive and often atrocious cruelties. See Rosseeuw de St. Hilaire: *Hist. d'Espagne*, xxvii. i. (Tom. 8. pp. 419-457. Paris 8°. 1839.)

The account of the insurrection and its consequences is given in ample detail by Ferreras: *Hist. Gen. d'Espagne*; Trad. d'Hermilly, (Paris et Amst. 4to. 1751,) t. ix, commencing at p. 563 (but previously, pp. 524 sq.), and t. x. pp. 1-236.

2.—P. 493. *The Duke has had me call'd.*] Otherwise: "My son, thou hast had me call'd." But the reading in the text is preferable. Under the feelings and with the purpose with which he enters, *Ignacio* would have repugnance to assume the usual paternal style of address. Indeed, his position as confessor would be forgotten.

3.--P. 502. Bel. (rising gloomily.] Or, *starting up*; which was the first conception. But I doubt whether he would not be more

depressed than excited. His excitement only comes when, his eye resting on *Ignacio*, his grief changes to fury.

4.—P. 504. Ign. *Beltran* — Bel. *Ah yes, ah yes:]* Otherwise

Ign. Beltran — my cousin —

Bel. Yes :

Which reading, as clearer, may be preferable for the Stage. But the first, which is the original one, is the best. When *Ignacio* begins addressing *Beltran* by his proper name, the latter is instantly reminded of the former's rights and recalled to his own purpose, implied in the previous words "a fitter end is nigh."

MATILDA OF DENMARK

MDCCCLXIV

CHARACTERS, ETC.

CHRISTIAN VII., *King of Denmark.*

FREDERIC, *his half-brother, — son of Frederic V. by Juliana.*

STRUENSEE, *principal Minister of the King.*

BRANDT, *Chief Master of the Household, and favorite of the King.*

BERNSTORFF, *formerly Minister under Frederic V.*

UHLDAL, *a counsellor.*

MOLTKE, *ex-minister of the preceding reign.*

RANTZOW,	} <i>along with Moltke,</i>	
KÆLLAR,		} <i>of the Queen-dowager's party.</i>
EICHSTADT,		

SIR ROBERT KEITH, *British Ambassador at the Danish Court.*

CAROLINE-MATILDA, *spouse of Christian, and sister of George III. of England.*

JULIANA-MARIA, *Queen Dowager.*

AMA'LIE, Countess Svider, *Chief Lady of the Queen's Household.*

A LADY in waiting. PAGES. An USHER. *Struensee's*
CHAMBERLAIN.

SCENE. *For the most part in the Royal Palace at Copenhagen, but finally in the Fortress of Cronenburg.*

MATILDA OF DENMARK

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I. *A room in the Palace of the Queen-Dowager.*

JULIANA. FREDERIC.

Fred. Madam and mother, no. It follows not,
That being ambitious I must crouch to climb.

Jul. No, but who climb use not their grasp alone,
Nor is their motion decorous, or what shows
The body to advantage. By fair ways,
I mean by open and direct approach,
Thou never wilt achieve the royal heart :
That citadel surrenders but to craft.

Fred. And to assail in front, with flag and trump,
Summons the foe, and gives him odds against us
For that, I have no better will than thou.
But thou wouldst have me march by devious ways,

Tangled and dark, and, be it said with leave,
Not over-clean.

Jul. What is thy better path?
Thou wouldst destroy the favorite, tear to shreds
His fine-wove schemes of dissolute reform,
But leave the Queen her influence.

Fred. No, not that,
Only her character; which to take away
May suit a woman's strategy, not mine.

Jul. These are proud words, and sharp. Their point, my son,
Could not be meant for me. We take away,
Not what is gone, but is; and Struensee
Is known to usurp the functions of the King,
Not merely in his throne. 'T is current talk.

Fred. Not with those near the Queen. Our warmest friends,
And Struensee's sworn foes, assert it not.

Jul. But think it none the less. What! 't is the King
Whose honor is involv'd, and thou thyself
Art half his brother on the better side:
Would loyal men, or prudent, or well-bred,
Insinuate unto thee, even if they durst —
Knowing the law of treason, what on this point
I may discourse at will? But, be thou sure,
Their eyes, though reverent, see; they think, if silent.

Fred. I too have thoughts and eyesight, and I mark,
Often what is unseemly in the Queen,
But nothing that gives token of a crime,
In act or even intention. Undue warmth,
And levity, and a too familiar tie

Between them, all of this is seen ; and this
We owe unto ourselves, whose futile acts
Instead of weakening either, made them join
For mutual support and strengthen'd both.
But all of this is all. Even Rantzow's self,
Who hates the upstart German as I do,
Conceives no more : and think'st thou honest Brandt
Would lend his friendship, conscious of such crime ?

Jul. I do. But thou — when didst thou learn to see
In Christian's minion aught but one block more
Of stumbling in thy way ?

Fred. When I essay'd
To scan the obstacle, before I leapt it
Or try'd to heave it bodily from my path.
Thou art my mother : am I therefore blind
To see that lust of power now eggs thee on ?
Because the Queen, and Struensee, and Brandt,
Threaten my progress or obstruct it now,
Must I find her adulterous, and them fools
Or profligates ? 'T is not by scurril words
We shall unseat the favorites, nor the Queen
Bring to disgrace by charges hard to prove.
Try kinglier craft, or, if we must, let force
Sever these wires which give the puppet king
His semblance of life-motion. I am prompt
For either ; and what time so fit as now
When every class, invaded in its rights,
Is furious, or disgusted, or alarm'd ?

Jul. My son, thou wilt not trust me, or thou seest

Not half so far as I. Thou lov'st not women :
Why car'st thou for the Queen? Destroy her lover —
As I maintain him, — yet, if she be spar'd,
To exert her influence on the facile king,
How are we better ?

Fred. She will not be spar'd.

Let us not quarrel. Keep thou to thy plan,
And leave me mine. The two may be combin'd.
The ascent to power is not the spiral road,
Broad and continuous, where a king might drive,
Up Brahè's tower¹, but has broken steps
Of various height, with spots to land between
Where one may rest forever — and often does.
Whether your steps are lighter to ascend,
Or mine, my mother, matters little ; all
Lead to one top and make one common stairs.
Time presses ; and our friends, thou know'st, will soon
Meet here in council. Suffer me to leave.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Thou play'st it well. Or, be thy scruples fair,
Thou gott'st them from thy soft-soal'd drunken sire ;
Yet thou art not his likeness, but ap'st me.
Thou 'dst kill thy enemy ; but in one way ;
Compass thy ends by craft ; but not by such
As women use, such as befits a man !
What should that be ? Nay, bless the word, a king !
I know no such distinction, and despise
These subterfuges of the o'er-dainty mind
That startles at a name, yet dares a deed

Whose bloodiness or meanness is so hid
Under a cloak of pretext, or so lisps
Its purpose through the fringe-piece of a mask,
That shape and sound are travesty'd. Yet when need
Demands it, and the world its million eyes
Hath turn'd upon us, I too can dissemble,
Flaunt scruples and be haught of mind as thou.
This may attest, who knows it to her cost,
The shallow-brain'd Matilda, whose full brood
Of royal bastards, hatch'd and to be hatch'd,
Stops from our natural rights both thee and me.
It may not always. I will make the germs
Of this prolificness know never more
The fecundating power, come whence that may.
She may be innocent (yet I doubt it much,)
Innocent of the act wherein alone,
In the world's eyes, consists the sexual guilt,
But not in thought, not in the lecherous will.
Give time and nice occasion, and this will
May ripen to fruition; and for that,
I am the goddess-mother which shall send
The Dido and Æneas to one cave,
Though not in storm and darkness. But, before,
There may be caverns of another kind
Which shall receive them separate, whence to come
Will not be into sunshine. Take then heed,
Thou royal wanton! who art yet too weak
To hide thy dalliance; even this festive night,
A hundred foes shall watch thee in the dance,

See with my eyes, and judge thee for my ends.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Struensee's Apartment in the Royal Palace.

STRUENSEE. BRANDT.

Br. How canst thou doubt me, Struensee? My fate
Is bound up with thy own. As unto thee
I owe the royal favor, so thy fall
Carries me with it. Thus, were I of men
The most ungrateful even, my sad voice
Could have no meaning in it but thy good.

Stru. I doubt thee not. I never had a doubt.
How couldst thou think it? But I lend no faith
To popular rumor. That the nobles hate me,
I well may credit; that the Norway troops,
Whom I disbanded, gladly would revolt,
We late had proof, and how I put them down;
But the poor people whom I cherish love me;
And the King favors still.

Br. As he doth me.

Seest thou what he is, in whose weak soul

•

There is no strength for steadiness, and deem'st
Thy throne a rock? Alas! the sand is firmer.
And for the people, credulous and dull,
Servile, suspicious, living for the hour,
Prone, like the goats, to follow any head,
Yet at the first fright scattering like sheep,
What canst thou hope from them? Thou art not so
planted —

Forgive me! in the gênerál regard
As to make front against the blasts of fortune:
Not like the elymus, whose spreading roots
Bind fast our sands and broad leaves break the winds.
The first storm will upheave thee, and the drift
Bury thy growth forever. O, be warn'd!

Stru. I am, but flinch not. I can not be brave
Like Rantzow's foresire, nor may know throughout
His constant fortune, but I can, and will,
Like him, be faithful.²

Br. It was to his king.

Thou thy allegiance vowest to the mass,
And the broad arms of thy far-reaching duty
Embrace the nation, and would fold with love
All its entangled interests to thy breast.
'T is for a god, an angel, — not for man;
Not in one lifetime; not in Denmark. ³ Here,
Bethink'st thou? since the monarchy was fix'd,
Bound by no law, yet making laws for all,
All things must needs go backward, or stand still,
Or fall, confus'd, corrupted, and decay'd,

Into a mass inextricable, vile,
Which poisons, or by mere inertia baffles
The would-be disentangler.

Stru. Thou hast heard
Of Justesen, of Hitteroe, in Trondhjem.⁴
⁶ A simple peasant, a hireling : yet this man,
Untutor'd, and uncounsel'd, guided solely
By his clear sense and judgment, and sustain'd
By his strong — let me call it lofty, heart, —
For such as he are nobles of the earth,
Earth-born and not created, and endow'd
With all the virgin vigor of the soil, —
This peasant-lord made even nature bend
To his behest. He took a little farm,
Free for two years from rent. The rocks, the waters,
The soil itself oppos'd him ; but he made
All yield to him. He turn'd the water-courses,
Hew'd him strait passages in the solid stone,
Fill'd up the marshes, made a barren patch
Between the rocks and sea bloom like the rose,
Nor even when old gave o'er. Shall I do less ?
Men laugh at me. 'T is nothing : they mock'd him.
Men hate me. It is something : he had none,
In his low state, to hate and envy him.
I have thus one impulse more ; for I shall toil
To conquer hatred and make envy die
Of very shame.

Br. If the rocks crush thee not,
The waters not submerge, and, worse than all,

The soil be not what cannot be reclaim'd.

Stru. That were impossible. There is no soil
May not be made to yield, if not of itself,
By means prescrib'd of science. There are no rocks
May not be split in twain: Amil'car's son
Would not be baffled by the pil'd-up Alps.
There are no waters, even the ocean's own,
But may be turn'd aside, at least shut out.
Shall the slow-plodding Dutch do more than I,
Whose brain is fire and whose exhaustless nerves
Have Heaven's own electricity?

Br. But will

Success make envy of less life than now?

° Did not then Thygè Brahè, name renown'd
Wherever man aspires to read the stars,
Did he not fall by envy, and the prais'd
Of all men in one reign become the oppress'd
Of the succeeding, and, forbid to use
The science which to the remotest time
Has made him, and his country with him, fam'd,
Forsake the ungrateful Danes to die in Prague?

Stru. But not inglorious; he was honor'd there,
As erst, ere malice ruin'd him, at home.
And hast thou not o'erlook'd his dying phrase,
When his prefigur'd glory rose before him
In his delirium, and he cry'd and cry'd,
"I have not liv'd in vain!"?

Br. Alas, my friend,

Thou hast forgotten, thou; for Brahè died

The martyr of an idle scruple. Thus,
He liv'd, it might be said, as lives the sage,
But died as fits a fool.⁷ And do not men
Contrive, who praise him, to remember too
His foibles ?

Stru. But his better points outlive them,
Even as his system's faults can not obscure
His true discoveries. The world does not
Indeed stand still ; but neither does his name.

Br. Hug to thy breast that solace ; for thou soon
Mayst need it all. Envy dies not of shame,
And knows not dread. Could fear disarm the envious,
Heinesen had escap'd.⁸ But neither valor,
Nor virtue, nor long services avail'd him.
He died as he had liv'd, without a fear,
But died upon the scaffold.

Stru. But his doom
Was presently revers'd.

Br. Ay, o'er his grave.
Did it call back the spark of mortal life
To his cold ashes ? Could it reunite
The head and trunk that fell so ignominiously ?
Stru. Not ignominiously ! The blade touch'd not
His honor, and the scaffold has no shame
Save for the guilty.

Br. Be it even so.
But what avail'd his sentence thus revers'd ?
Stru. It joy'd his heirs ; and history learns to honor
Whom envy could not keep disgrac'd.

Br. Amen,

If that contents thee. And I dare not laugh.
The poets struggle for as poor a meed.
But like that kind of men, whose dreamy souls
Live in the future, while their senses sleep
To famine and neglect, so mayst thou yield
The quiet and the joy of present good,
And have no future, even for thy tomb.
Does history never lie?

Stru. Do men that think
Take upon trust its records? Let it lie:
There are, and will be ever, men whose eyes
See for themselves; and such as these shall judge.
Perhaps from out my bloody grave some hand,
Even of that class thou mak'st to dream as I,
Shall disinhume — no ashes, but my name;
And Struensee, once more on earth, the stage
Of life shall tread, more honor'd than of old,
And not a secret buried with his corse
But shall find breath again to do him right.

Br. [after a pause, in which he regards *Stru.* with melancholy
interest.

Thou sleepest on thy ruin.

Stru. Amen, if 't be
The bed of honor. Wake me not.

Br. It is
The bed of death. Thou shalt not sleep,
If my alarm can wake thee. Listen now;
I have not told thee all. I did not dare it

There 's treason in the whisper.

Stru. Yet 't was bruited :

For thou didst bring but popular report.

Speak boldly.

Br. 'T is a single word : The Queen.

Stru. Count Brandt !

Br. Nay, be not angry : I am still

Thy friend, thy loving friend, who owe thee all.

I could not be such, though I owe thee all,

Did I believe thee guilty.

Str. And of what ?

O this exceeds in malice all the rest !

O thou hadst cause, couldst thou believe me guilty !

Who could contrive this wickedness, who spread

The damn'd detraction through the popular mind ?

Br. Who but thy chiefest enemies, who but those

Who hate thee and the Queen alike, — the Prince

And his ambitious mother ? Shall I speak

With plainness ?

Stru. Without fear. I trust thee all.

Br. Why wilt thou lend a color to their lie ?

The Queen, 't is plain, admires thee, holds thee dear.

'T is natural, that, neglected by the King,

Young and fair-favor'd, she should over-rate

The zeal of thy attentions ; that —

Stru. I vow —

Br. Do I not know thee ? — That she should conceive

Thou hast, thyself, forgotten, what, well I know,

Thou never wilt forget, the many ties

That bind thee to thy king, and make even thought
Of an infringement more than common crime.

Stru. O spare me!

Br. Yet a little. There is fear —

Stru. Never! of my so falling.

Br. There is fear,

Not that thou mayst mislead, but be misled.
Be not impatient. Thou hast learn'd to read
The hearts of men and women, and know'st the force
Of habit in all nature. Thou 'rt a man,
In form and mind, such as a queen might choose,
Had she election, and, being such, hast gain'd
Knowledge of women. Need I say to thee,
How step by step the best of them come on
To venture farther than perhaps they thought?
One innocent indulgence, as they deem it,
Leads to another less so — not at once,
But after iteration of the old —
Leads to another less so, till the soul,
Startled no longer, craves for, pines for, seeks,
Seeks without shame, but not without remorse,
Which yet grows less and less, the envenom'd food
Which habit hath made needful as the air.

Stru. 'T is true. But it shall not apply to her.

Br. Not to the *Queen*. Remember! there is guilt
That looks like innocence, and unsmirch'd innocence
May through self-confidence so dark itself
As to put on the attributes of guilt.
One spot of this swart color may suffice,

Under an absolute king, to blot out life.
Think of Kay Lykkè.⁹ For a braggart phrase,
That sham'd no woman really, and deserv'd
Contempt not chastisement, stripp'd at once of rank,
Of name, of fortune, everything but life,
And that sav'd but by flight. Thou treadest, then,
Upon a Hekla, which at any moment
May burn or bury thee. Even now meseems
I hear its bellowings under us. Step back,
Before it be too late. But hush! no more:
For lo where comes her Majesty's Chief Lady,
Thy dark-brow'd widow with her endless suit.
Ponder, and pardon. [*Exit.*]

Str. Nay, I love thee more.

Enter AMALIE.

This, Countess, is a pleasure unexpected.

Ama. Your tone would say, vexation.

Stru. For my tone,

It takes its color from what was, not is:
My friend was with me, and has made me think.
I am sorry that your cause should move so slow;
But the law's course is to a proverb such —
And the Queen — [*becomes abstracted.*]

Ama. [*after observing him awhile.*]

Queen! What does she with my cause?

I could myself have urg'd her; but I thought
The King alone —

Stru. Pray pardon. Where was I?

Ama. Should I reply exactly, With the Queen.

Stru. Madam!

Ama. Pray pardon me in turn.

Stru. Your cause

Has neither been neglected nor deferr'd.

But steps in law I need not say are tedious,

And many disappointments balk our aim.

Ama. Many indeed!

Stru. [*abstractedly.* Ah many! So is well.

'T were better were there more. It is in life

Often the saving grace. [*Lapses into silence.*

Ama. Is that for me?

Stru. What? — No, no; pardon me again; my thoughts

Wander despite myself to anxious themes

Which Brandt suggested. But it matters none.

I could not be of service to you now,

Even were my mind at ease.

Ama. I do believe you.

When next I call to press my tedious claim,

Your Excellency will be more at home. [*Going.*

Stru. Depart not angry.

Ama. Have I then no cause?

Stru. None in your disappointment.

Ama. O no! none;

None in my disappointment.

Stru. What means that?

Why speak you thus? why look thus? And those tears?

Ama. Tears, say you? Yes. They are shed, not for my cause.

¹⁰ That to defer has been a pleasure, till —
Till you grew languid in it.

Stru. Is not this

Unjust, ill-tim'd? Have you then never thought
That I must be at moments overwhelm'd,
Weary with headwork, and may well appear
Languid, unsympathetic?

Ama. Were that all!

Am I a child, to weep for that? except
It were to weep for your sake. But your tone,
So cold; your absent and chang'd looks; your speech,
Suddenly interrupted by strange words,
And follow'd by a silence that were rude
But that you seem'd lost to yourself and me;
And — and —— I am a fool, I know, — a child,
I feel; forget what you have seen — these tears,
As I shall — all the past. [*going.*]

Stru. And what is that?

Have I been so misconstru'd? Has my zeal
To aid a lady with my power in court,
To press even with the King her righteous claim
For a dead husband's service, has this pains,
So gladly taken to help her ——

Ama. Say no more,

Or you will make me lose my sex's pride,
As you forgot your manhood to offend it.
Had you been always what I see you now,
You had been spar'd that pains; I should have scorn'd
To be so burden'd. O that these tell-tale eyes

Had been sear'd up with fire before they wept!
That I should thus! —— ¹¹ But no! you are not of those
Who angle for a woman's heart for pastime,
Feeding their vanity by brief amorous tokens
Forc'd from the weakness of her own: there 's more in 't;
I have not been cajol'd; I am supplanted.
From your heart's fullness, ere that dreamy pause,
Your lips reveal'd it, — “And the Queen.”

Stru. For Heaven's! ——

Ama. They were the words. Your face has color now;
You are no longer weary and o'erwhelm'd.

Stru. O be appeas'd! This is all madness — all
Mistake, and the distorted forms of things
Seen through excited feelings. Do sit down!
We will talk over —

Ama. Nothing in this spot.
Forget, if you are noble and a man,
The tears you have wrung from me, the incautious words;
I shall remember what I owe — *the Queen.*

[*Exit.*

Stru. Ah, most untoward! — Little thought'st thou, Brandt,
The trouble thou wouldst cause me — and (alas!
I cannot shut it from me) the delight.
O, I am madder than the mad! This is
An angling in a pool of dangerous depth,
Not that where swim such vanities as thine,
Thou proud and froward countess. O my God,
Thou knowest mine is not meditated guilt;
Keep my weak soul from yielding; ¹² let the thrill

That is such fascination be resisted,
Forgotten, and avoided, lest I sink
Where is no bottom, dragging down with me
One whom I dare not name! — But does she then
So estimate my attentions? holds she me
Indeed so dear? Would thy well-meaning words,
Too candid friend, had flatter'd less! Till then
I was more innocent. But now — oh now,
What shall disperse the dangerous-wicked thoughts
That rise before me, ingrate to my king,
False to my office, to my trusts, and false,
Wickedly false — for it is all a lie,
Fraud and delusion, this too intimate bond
That is between us; 't is the Devil's own snare,
And must be broken, or 't will strangle both, —
False, cruelly false to her. Let me go forth;
I am not fit to be alone — not now;
My blood is all on fire, a dreamy joy,
Vague but yet certain, real though undefin'd,
Pervades my brain, and makes me wish to rest
Alone in self-communion, while my pulse
And nerves make quiet hopeless. Let me forth,
Mix with the careless crowd and try to seem
If not be tranquil. Thus to be alone
Is not to bring composure, not to breed
Thoughts that are wholesome. Haply never more
I shall know such; for though I were so wise
To take that step back from the hidden fire
Which threatens to consume us, how shall I

Dare to prescribe like caution unto her?

This night, when, in the mazes of the dance

And the blood heats with motion, again we meet,

(It thrills me, the mere thought ! but not with fear,)

Save Heaven shall help us, she will tempt me still,

As woman's nature prompts, and both are lost.

[*Exit, pensively, in a direction opposite to
what Amalie has taken.*]

SCENE III.

An antechamber in the Royal Palace.

AMALIE and KÆLLAR

in the act of passing each other.

Kæl. [*saluting.*] Happily met, fair countess. — Pardon me !

I did not see you were absorb'd, or ill.

[*Bowing again profoundly.*]

AMALIE passes, while he remains standing,
and looking after her.

Ama. [*suddenly turning, while he eagerly approaches.*]

I was ungrateful to your known regard.

You will ascribe it, not to my disdain,

But to my trouble.

KæL. Were it greater slight
Than I at times have borne, I well were paid
By this unusual kindness. But indeed,
I rather would it were such, the caprice
Of your imperial beauty, than to hear
That plea of suffering, and to mark its signs.
What is your trouble? Dare I ask?

Ama. A friend,
Devoted as I deem you, has a right
To ask and to be answer'd. Come this way.

They come forward.
You have profess'd to love me, and have sought
Return of your affection. Is your love
So vital you could make my cause your own,
Espouse my quarrels, and resent my wrongs
Even to the death?

KæL. With that look in those eyes,
Even to a thousand deaths. What shall I do?

Ama. I have been this moment outrag'd in a point
The tenderest known to woman. Who shall avenge me,
May name his own reward.

KæL. And this by whom?

Ama. By the King's Minister, Count Struensee.

KæL. I thought
You were the best of friends! What durst he do?
Ama. Seek not to know: that is not in the bond,
Nor ever shall be. Dare, and do; then ask
Thy recompense, and take it. I will love,

O with a love impassion'd as my soul,
Him who avenges me. Wilt thou ?

KæL. I will,

And instantly. Shall I defy and slay him ?

Ama. No, ruin him ; and with him —

KæL. Whom ?

Ama. Why, no one :

Stone walls have ears, and — “curse not thou the —

Queen.”

KæL. “Even in thy thought : a bird o' the air shall carry it,
And what hath wings shall noise abroad the matter.”

Ama. Thou art well-read. Be silent and discreet ;

And if thou serve me — Live in hope. There's earnest.

[*Extending him her hand to kiss.*

*Exeunt, different ways. And, during the
movement, the*

Drop falls.

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I. *An antechamber of the King's apartments.*

MATILDA. STRUENSEE.

Matil. These are my joys, this is my wedded life,
Such is the queenly state which thousands envy !
The meanest housewife in my brother's realm,
If wedded to the husband of her choice,
And he considerate, and fond, and kind,
Is in her poverty happier than I
The consort of a king. — It irks you, this.

Stru. Your majesty will pardon : I must needs,
" Being favor'd of my sovereign, and so trusted,
Feel that this confidence, though it honors me,
Is yet not fit for me. But, that it irks —
O honor'd and liege lady ! whom I owe
At once a servant's duty and the zeal
(So you will have it) of an humble friend —

Matil. What would you say ? Having truly said so much,
What should embarrass you ? Are you not indeed
Sole being in all this Court in whose good faith
And singleness of heart I put firm trust ?
What can you say that will not be receiv'd

As it should be from you, who are my friend,
My counsel, my sure solace ?

Stru. In that praise —
Which may I live to merit ! I find the excuse
Was needed for my freedom. O royal lady !
Am I your counsel, am I your true friend,
As most devoted servant, heed my words.
Let not the King's faults dwell upon your mind,
But rather strive to heighten in yourself,
And make more active for your people's good,
Your own particular virtues ; so your light
Shall qualify his darkness, your redundancy
Make up for his deficiency. The queens
Of history have often thus supply'd
The marital want of merit ; and this land
May boast exemplars equal to the best.
At your command, I furnish'd, some time since,
Their records, which Your Majesty might read
For Denmark's profit and your own renown.

Matil. I did so. 'T was in vain. The an'tique voice
Woke not an echo in my English heart,
Which is no heroine's.

Stru. Not perhaps for war.
But there be other fields. Your wrongs, O Queen,
Are they not Philippina's ?¹⁴ Eric's dross
Could not debase the metal of her soul,
Who was more truly King than Eric was.

Matil. Ay, I remember. She was guerdon'd well !
Fortune took sides against her, and her spouse

Punish'd her loss of victory at Stralsund,
They say, upon her person. What remain'd?
A cloister, and the long dull death of grief.

Stru. All men are not like Eric. Were they worse,
The wife has still her duties, and her love
Is often their sole honor. Uhlfeld's spouse,
True daughter of a truly royal king,
Cherish'd her traitor lord for all the woes
His profligate ambition wrought them both.

¹⁵ Exile nor prison, nothing could affray her,
Whose woman's-breast throb'd often, for his sake,
Under man's raiment, and who pleaded for him
As he durst not, and sav'd him, once at least,
The penalty of his too manifest guilt.

Matil. And what was *her* reward? A score of years
And more in prison.¹⁶

Stru. No, her trial, that.

Her recompense was in her soul, the sense
Of duty well perform'd, unshaken faith,
And conjugal devotion well-approv'd.
O that my Queen would add another wreath
To these the fadeless garlands of her sex,
And be its pattern not alone in grace
And negative virtue! ¹⁷ Haply then her lord
Might turn to nobler fancies, and his soul,
New-plum'd by her, aspire with stronger wing
The upper heaven of worldly royal fame.
Was 't not thus Harald Haarfager, from king
Of part of Norway, over which he reign'd

With one and thirty others like himself,
Became its monarch? Gida nerv'd his soul,
Who made her hand the guerdon of his deed.¹⁸
Through all her history Denmark boasts her queens ——
I am presumptuous, and I tire.

Matil. Not so.

If bootless, yet the lesson gives delight.
Let me hear more.

Stru. Not bootless, O my Queen,
If heard with even interest. — No realm
Is richer in the wealth of female worth,
Gather'd through centuries, and treasur'd still
For emulous admiration. Thus we read
Of Dannebod, of Dagmar, more than all
Of Margaret, whom Denmark styles the Great
And other lands unite to name the North's
Semiramis. True daughter of her sire,
¹⁹ Of Valdemar Atterdag, the Third so call'd,
Firm as was he, as fearless, and as shrewd,
She knew to join three kingdoms into one,
And for three lustres rul'd them all, and dy'd,
Even as she had liv'd, the mother of the State.
²⁰ She was a woman, yet all things went well.
The man who follow'd her could not hold up
The sceptre that was in her nervous grasp
Light as a shuttle; sway'd it to and fro,
As doth a bauble in a baby's hand,
Till it was taken from him. Does the tale
Convey the moral I presume to teach?

Matil. So far as this ; that not the sex decides
The qualities which make a monarch great,
But prudence, foresight, firmness.

Stru. And the will
To make the meanest subject's cause his own,
Even as a sire his son's. Who might not then,
By balancing the present with the past,
Foretell some future princess born to rule
Likewise a three-fold land, but with a sceptre
Stretching o'er mightier realms than Rome e'er saw,
And, without effort, through the State's wise laws
And by her people's love, rule all in peace ?

Matil. Her triple crown it needs no seer to name.

Stru. Nor her high blood, which is your royal sire's.
Yes, Queen of Denmark, England may, one day,
Place on the forehead of a tender girl
A grander diadem than adorn'd the brow
Of the first Christian emperor, and brighter
Than wise Elizabeth ever dream'd to see ;
Yet the head shall not tremble ; for wise laws
Justly administer'd bear off the weight,
By making the people careful to sustain it,
On whom its rays shine everywhere alike,
And over whom the sceptre, everywhere,
Extends a like protection. O my Queen,
Be in your consort's weakness doubly strong,
And strive to gather round you those true hearts
That bolster-up a throne ; for this believe,
That mutual interest is the surest base

Of mutual liking, often its sole cause —

Enter,

at the side opposite Struensee and behind Matilda,

AMALIE. STRUENSEE observes her and stops, and AMALIE
begins to retire softly backward, in the direction
whence she came. MATILDA, observing
Struensee's look, turns just before
AMALIE makes her Exit.

Matil. What disconcerts thee? Ah, I see! What brings
The Countess Svider hither? She is gone.
Is it that, made you suddenly be still
And grow so pale? Why cast you down your eyes
And answer not?

Stru. I dare not.

Matil. Dare not? Then,
There is betwixt you? —

Stru. Anger on her part,
And dread on mine.

Matil. Dread? And for what? Why then
Should she be angry?

Stru. Ask me not, O Queen,
Most honor'd and dear lady!

Matil. Struensee,
Thou hast no liking for her?

Stru. No, dislike;
Dislike and dread. But not for me. Forgive! —

Matil. Forgive thee what? Thou hast said nought amiss.

Is then Matilda, for she is a queen,
 Therefore the less a woman? See I not,
 What thou dar'st name not, 't is thy dread for me,
 Out of that woman's malice and this scene,
 Which yet has been, what but a schoolhouse-lesson,
 And thou the teacher, unto one unapt?
 Unapt to learn, but not unapt, oh no!
 To gratitude, to friendship, to the best
 And warmest feeling I dare entertain
 For thee who art, shall I need say again?
 My surest if not only friend and guide
 In all this labyrinth of courtly guile,
 Envy and hatred, malice and revenge.
 Dread not for me; or, let me dread for thee,
 And leave thee now. [*extending her hand.*]

But 't is to meet again.

[*Stru. presses it warmly to his lips.*]

At this moment, unseen by either,

Enter,

from the quarter where Amalie had appeared,

KÆLLAR, and instantly retires. —

*MATILDA withdraws her hand in confusion, but without
 displeasure, and Exit.*

Stru. 'T is done. I would, 't were undone! Wo is us,
 The first of those successive steps is taken
 Which Brandt forewarn'd me of. Here shall they end.
 How shall I meet the King? He looks for me.
 Unhappy chance, that stopp'd me on my way!

And yet, it is not loss that I deplore.
How shall I meet the King — with that mad touch
Still burning on my lips! My guilt will show
In my unsteady eyes and faltering tongue.
O luckless act! Would it might be undone!

Enter MATILDA.

Matil. Why dost thou linger? Hasten to the King.
How discompos'd thou look'st! Thou hast no cause;
I am not angry. Stay not to reply.

[Exit Struensee.]

I am not angry? Ah, thou saw'st that well!
Unhappy! yet too happy, knew'st thou all
Which that rash pressure of thy lips reveal'd
Then only to myself. O fatal act!
Will it not lead to others? See I not
In his unsteady mien, his tremulous voice,
His cheek's hue and the brightness of his eye,
All that this brief half-hour has made too plain
In my own soul? And he will read the signs;
He must have read them in my act and speech.
What brought me back to him? Ah hapless impulse!
He will have mark'd my trouble and my joy,
My hurried and yet soften'd tones; alas,
All that my pulse, in pain that is delight,
Makes conscious to my guilty heart. Give aid,
O Thou, who knowest my unintended sin,
Give aid to both! for him still more than me!
I seem to halt before a chasm, where down,

In the vague blackness of the terrible depth,
Demons stand waiting. On the opposite verge,
Laughing, half-hidden, crouch my many foes,
Watching to see me plunge. That shall not be.
Let me think who I am, and what I am,
Shun such occasions, be no more alone.
A queen, a wife, a mother! O my God,
I am already sunken. Bear me up,
Nor let me touch that bottom of my sin!

[*Exit — the Scene closing
as she retires.*]

SCENE II.

A chamber in the King's Apartments.

CHRISTIAN. BRANDT.

Christian in the act of laying down a battledore.

Chris. There, that will do. Now Struensee is come —
Though I had rather play with thee than talk;
For I can beat thee, but he bandies words
With more effect than I, and tires me out

With saws political, — thou mayst begone.

Enter STRUENSEE.

See if the preparations for the ball

Are toward, then come thou back and let me know.

[Exit Brandt.

STRUENSEE *comes forward.*

Well, our grave Minister. And grave indeed

Thou look'st now! What has fallen? Have thy plans

For popular good been frustrate as were mine?

I came from England back with generous hopes

To make our farm-folk prosperous as there:

Thou know'st how I was thwarted.

Stru. Know I well,

The principle of evil, gracious King,

Rises up everywhere to frustrate good —

Chris. How sad thou look'st now, yet how flush'd!

Stru. But good

Will finally prevail, if men be strong

And struggle with the dragon.

Chris. Now thine eyes

Flash with their wonted fire, and thy tone

Is all it should be. 'T is a happy spirit,

Thine, Struensee. I would thou couldst impart it.

Stru. I would I might. But to hope on through all

Is in the being, a quality of the brain,

Not to be taught, acquir'd, or even lost,

Though bodily weakness, or depressing passion

May, as with other faculties, awhile

Suspend its exercise. But this observe :
They who strive zealously the place to fill
Which God assigns them, need not for their task
The stimulus of hope. If then the King —

Chris. If then the Queen. — Thou weariest me ; give her
The lesson.

Stru. Sire, I have.

Chris. And found her
Dull and refractory.

Stru. Pardon, the reverse ;
Docile and apt.

Chris. What couldst thou teach ? I thought,
Seeing the cloud of thy “depressing passion,”
Which thickens now, come o’er thee, thou hadst found
That queens were, even less than kings, dispos’d
To lectures from their subjects. What thy theme ?

Stru. I ventur’d to remind my sovereign’s spouse
Of Denmark’s glory in her ancient queens,
And urge her, as an humble subject might,
To emulate them.

Chris. That was venturing much.
What pity, that, for her sake as thy own,
Luther has dispossess’d the Pope ! thou mightst
Be confessor and beadsman to the Queen.
Already thou art Minister for more
Than the King’s cabinet. Fy, now ! turn not red,
And pale again ; we did but jest, and are
Aught but displeas’d, enjoying in thee so much
That is gratuitous : and a gift for all —

Finance, the courts, war and affairs extern,
With preaching added — is a genius rare
Few kings find in their statesmen. Prais'd be God,
Who gave it thee ! But gravely, since my jest
Has made thee grave, what bond is there between
Thy moral wisdom and the affairs of State ?
Can Denmark's annals furnish types for us
As well as for our Queen ? Come, let me hear
The words that made her apt : I will at least
Be patient, if not docile.

Stru. O my King !

Who have a generous nature and are prone
To what is good and just, why ? — Shall I have
Your royal grace for what I now may utter ;
Truth is not music to the ears of kings ?

Chris. No more than to their subjects. Were thy words
Not simple flattery, what hast thou to fear ?
The generous and just-minded cannot blame
Reproof that is well-meant.

²¹ *Stru.* Why let the gifts
And graces Heaven bestow'd on you, be shorn
Of power and lustre by a fatal want
Of strength of purpose ? That I dare thus far
Is not more owing to your royal word,
Than to that gentleness and yielding spirit
Which, while they make men love you, make them cease
To fear you, as, for their own sakes, they should,
And make you often subject to the frauds
Of the designing. This is what unites

The utterance of the views it has pleas'd my lord
To mock as his poor servant's moral lore
With my true duty and my present task.
Will the King listen? There is discontent
With the new measures everywhere.

Chris. Suspend them.

Stru. And give up the grand thoughts, the generous hopes,
The plans so near completion that should make
Your realm like England's and your hapless people,
Down-trodden by the mutinous nobles, free,
And in their freedom prosperous as hers?

Chris. What wouldst thou? Thou complain'st that discontent
Broods everywhere.

Stru. Stirr'd-up by the designing
And treasonably ambitious, the King's foes and mine.

Chris. Granted it be so, shall we stand forever
Listening the uproar on this boisterous sea?
Its flood may overwhelm us.

Stru. If our bark
Sailless and rudderless drift before the waves.
It should ride o'er them, breast them, and, stem on,
Cut its way through the opposing billows that dash
To froth against it, wet, but not submerge.

Chris. All which sounds well: but, in thy sea-phrase still,
Thou hast not carried easy sail, but drivest
Under full canvas, and thou wilt wreck us both.
In plainer words, thou, count, hast had a power
Unlimited and hast mov'd too fast.

Stru. Man's life .

From manhood to old age is all too brief
To suffer him be languid. Could we, like
The gods of Iceland, taste Iduna's apples,
And thus renew our youth ²², it might be well
To move more slowly ; but my life is vow'd
Unto the glory of my sovereign's reign.
I would have all completed ere I die,
Leaving no window in his house of fame
For others to build up. My King has ask'd,
In mockery, could I furnish types for him.
I would remind him, with his gracious leave,
Of Norway's monarch, Sverrè Sigurdson,
Who kept the encroaching bishops in their bounds,
As fits a king, and bid the Pope defy,
As being the lord of his own realm by soul
As well as right. What matter'd it to Sverrè,
His nobles rose against him, who was king
Of poor as well as rich, nor had two kinds
Of justice, for his right hand and his left ?

²³ He crush'd all opposition, and with the valor
Not of the warrior only but the sage ;
For he, who wrote the Mirror of the King,
Was skilful in the closet as the field
And chang'd at will the sceptre for the pen.

Chris. 'T is a good tale, but told of Norway's kings
Before the three crowns glitter'd in our shield.

Stru. But Denmark's annals proper have as good.
Witness, in your ancestral House, the Third
Of your own name, whose resolute will put down,

Never to rise again on Danish soil,
The giant form of papal power. His son,
Rich in the old-time spirit of the Dane,
Wore, like the sire, his crown upon a casque.
A loftier hero and a greater man
Then rose, in his son's son, who check'd the Swede
And forc'd the foolishly divided Duchies
To own their rightful liege. ²⁴ Unwearied, strong
Of purpose, self-reliant, scheming, bold,
His hand as active as his brain ; the King
Was everywhere, nor let another do
What to work out befitted best himself,
Ruler at once and guardian of his realm
As well as king. Their reigns, which stretch beyond
A century in duration, shine afar,
Bright with —

Chris. — The lurid blaze of war, and rich
In human sacrifice, and waste, and ruin,
And wives' and orphans' suffering and tears ;
Results which may be glory in Valhalla
And joy to Odin, but are none to me.

Stru. But peace, Your Majesty, has her triumphs too ;
Triumphs which not impoverish, but make rich,
Whose spoils are blessings, and whose car is drawn
By ease, not suffering, and 'mid smiles, not tears.
Christian the Fourth is hero even here.

Chris. At what a cost ! To do, he must undo.
Forever in excitement, with a pulse
Which age could not make languid, headstrong, vain,

Fierce in his passions, selfish in his pride,
Is this the standard thou sett'st up for me ?

²⁵ *Stru.* Not in all things. Even were it to be wish'd,
The fiery temper, the strong vital force,
The love of combat, and the restless spirit
That must expend its nervous power somewhere
And agitates the brain, even while in sleep
The body acts not, are not to be gain'd
By longing or by imitative love :
They are gifts of God, the accidents of birth,
The nerve and blood and fibre of the man.
But would my lord aspire ——

Chris. And of such clay
Are built the models that amus'd our Queen ?
Set in the air of truth, they shrink distort,
And crumble at a touch. Look on your type,
Your dauntless warrior, your unshaken sage !
Could all his efforts stay the invading Swede ?
He toil'd like any drudge, yet from his works
Left nothing that was safe, but might have look'd
Back on the world to see his crown'd heir stripp'd
Almost of all his kingdom, everywhere
His enemies victorious, and alone
Discord triumphant. *I* care not to toil
For nothing.

Stru. Pardon, dear my liege ; is name
Then nothing ?

Chris. No, for thou art Count, who wast
Simply the Doctor, and by this time knowest

A name is something, for thou art the same
And yet another, and that other only
By reason of that name.

Stru. My gracious King,
That you have made me noble, is your gift,
For which I am ever bounden. But, being made
Thus noble, it were not grateful but to be
The mere physician you were pleas'd to raise.
Rank has its obligations. To receive it
Is to owe service to the sovereign giver ;
And I were recreant, did I not so do.

Chris. [*impatiently.*

And unto whom, sage counselor that thou art,
Am I then bounden ?

Stru. [*solemnly.*] Unto God.

Enter an Usher.

Ush. The Count
Of Rantzow craves admittance of the King.

Chris. Let him come in.

Stru. Have I your gracious leave ?

[*bowing, as to retire.*

Chris. No, thou shalt learn like Pallas from the swine.

Enter RANTZOW.

Thou com'st in time, good Rantzow. See this sage.
He was a leech — physician, I should say ;
He is a count : wouldst thou believe, he still
Aspires to more ?

Rant. O readily, my liege,
Knowing your Majesty's generous nature well.
The open hand makes an importunate mouth.

Chris. For a fool, Rantzy, that was not ill said.

But Struensee does not accept; he takes —
Or would, I mean — Canst guess at it?

Rant. [*maliciously.*] Your sceptre?

It often passes by another name —
Yet passes still.

Chris. How wise thou art to-day!
And yet how dull! My sceptre is a toy;
But this bold Struensee would catch and keep
What is still more a toy. Dolt, 't was my conscience:
He would be priest, as well as doctor, this
Lord Count and Counselor. But, thank our sires,
We are but protestant and have no need
Of a director. [*Signs to Stru. who Exit, while*

Enter BRANDT.

Now for gayer talk.
Well, my ambassador, what of the ball?

Drop falls.

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I. *As in Act I. Scene I.*

JULIANA. FREDERIC. MOLTKE. RANTZOW.
KÆLLAR.

Fred. Thus much then is decided. Ere the sun
Lights a new day, these men must both be seiz'd ;
The King shall sign the order of arrest —
But will he sign it ?

Rant. That admits no doubt,
Save as to Brandt. For Struensee himself,
His super-meddling seems to have lost him favor.
The King made merry with his mushroom-growth,
And bid me note the muck-heap whence it sprung,
Even in the fungus' presence, whose High-Dutch stalk
To-morrow we uproot.

Molt. With pardon, count,
Let an old man correct you. The great oak,
Whose trunk for centuries has spread out branches,
Should be too large and lofty to despise
The little plant, whose growth is wondrous more
For that it is so sudden. Had Brahè's birth
Been less illustrious, would your great foresire,
The wise, the generous Henry of your house,

Have lov'd or help'd him less? He who arrang'd
The Royal Law, the Count of Griffenfeld,
Was simple Peter Schumacher by birth,
Son of a mere wine-merchant in this town,
And had applied himself to physic first,
Like your new mushroom.²⁶

Rant. No offence was meant;
Most surely, none to you. I spoke the hate
I, as a noble, feel toward this new man,
Who wars against our order. — If the King
Refuse, after all, to have the pair arrested,
What does your Highness then propose?

Fred. To arrest
The pair without him. Do not look aghast.
To fail is to be ruin'd; but, our foes
Once in our power, it were an easy task
To appease the King, who finds no fault with change,
Save as it gives him trouble. But my friend,
Count Moltke, shakes the head.

Molt. 'Tis not alone
At the rare boldness of your Highness' plan.
That will not come to trial. The King will sign,
If properly urg'd, the order for the arrest.
Teach him his personal safety is at stake,
His crown, his sceptre, and his favorites fall
More easily than they rose. 'Tis in the urgency
Lies the great peril which awakes my doubt.
The Royal Law pronounces whosoever,
Of whatsoever rank, in any wise,

Though in the smallest degree, shall cause the King
To contravene his absolute power and right
As monarch, or grant what derogates therefrom,
Shall of high-treason be accounted guilty
And undergo its penalties, and the act
Or grace obtain'd shall be accounted void.
What shall close-up for us our master's ear
To the Queen's instance brought against us ?

Jul. That

Which shall close-up thy master's ear against
His Queen herself. Thou look'st astounded. What !
Has my wise counsel and old friend forgotten
His ancient craft ? 'T were engineering rare,
To dam the narrower sluices of our wo,
And leave the main gate free !

Molt. But in the attempt

To shut the vast tide in, the outrushing flood
May overwhelm us all. Your Majesty must see
This is no common peril.

Jul. 'T is to dare

Largely, I grant ; but think, with what great aim !
Its issue, if successful, makes us all,
Stops in mid flow that sea of wild reform,
Which, than our real inundations worse,
Threatens all Denmark, and secures the state,
Safe in its old embankments, from the fears
Of now perplexing change.

Molt. But if it prove

Disastrous ?

Jul. Can that be? The Queen,
As implicated in the traitorous plot
To rob the King of power, — it being indeed
For her behoof, — can scarcely hope for mercy
More than her creatures. Is the royal heart
Yet flexible, we have what to the core
Will make it hard as steel. Speak, gallant sir.

Kœl. 'T is with regret. — It was my lot to see,
This very hour, the Queen and Struensee,
In the King's antechamber. Struensee,
Holding her Majesty's fingers in his own,
Kiss'd passionately her hand. I saw no more,
Retreating at the act; but on his cheek
The hue was deepen'd, and the red on hers
Was not of anger.

Jul. Does my son believe?
Or must he put his fingers in the wounds,
To make faith certain?

Fred. 'T is enough. This night
Let us have action.

Jul. What dost thou propose?

Fred. To arrest the counts, and it may be the Queen,
Before the ball.

Jul. No, after. At the ball,
The royal wanton will confirm this tale
Of her dishonor, if there needs more proof.
Then, in the still, dark hours of the morn,
When all ears are benumb'd with sleep, the arrest
Will be more easy and excite less tumult.

Fred. 'T is sagely reason'd. But our prudent Moltke
Is not yet satisfied.

Molt. Not of the safety
Of this precipitate act. Perchance my age
May make me timorous, and it oft befalls
That in the affairs of state, as in the field,
A bold and seeming-reckless stroke wins all.
Still, let me venture to advise my Prince
Not to allow delay. The mandate sign'd,
The arrest should follow instantly. The King
Might else repent. And if 't is to be done
This act, which I dissuade from, as most rash,
Ill-weigh'd, and fraught with peril, it were well
To do it by surprise. Rous'd from his sleep,
Confus'd, excited, it may be alarm'd,
The King may hastily sign what else by day
He might take time to ponder and refuse.
But who of us shall dare for this invade
The King's bedchamber?

Jul. I.

Fred. And I. The rest
Will need your act, brave Koellar, and your arm,
My fiery Rantzow.

Rant. No, by Heaven! not mine.
I will not play Ulysses for my part,
But dare, like Magnus Erlingsen,²⁷ by day,
Nor murder even my enemies asleep.

Fred. Who talks of murdering? Death indeed may come,
But not by us. What gallant Koellar here,

And Eichstadt, who has promis'd his support,
Scruple not doing, why shouldst thou refuse? —
Whose regiment provides the guard to-night? [*to Kæl.*

Kæl. Mine, please your Highness.

Jul. 'T is the will of God!

Fred. Good fortune at the least, and augurs well.

Our course thus smooth'd, thou wilt not, Rantzow, sure,
Withhold thy valiant spirit and strong arm
From this brave venture. Erling's son himself
Would not have scrupled where surprise alone
Averted ruin and made victory sure.

To entrust the enterprise to meaner hands

Were to invite betrayal; with us few

The plot is safer and success ensur'd.

'T is a man's part, fear not; Count Brandt, who struck

The King himself at Hirschholm²⁸, will not yield

Without a struggle. I depend on thee.

I see I may. We shall not be ungrateful.

Return with Koellar hither in an hour.

Eichstadt will then be here, and all our parts

In their detail made perfect. Moltke's pen

Meanwhile will write the order, which, when sign'd,

Hurls from his borrow'd and misguided ear

This would-be god who drives too near the sun. —

Rant. — Gives to us nobles our ancestral lands

Free of the taxman's gatherings.

Jul. — And to me

The joy to see that shame of royal wives,

English Matilda, thron'd where she deserves.

[*Exeunt Rant. and Kæl.* — *Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

As in Act I. Scene II.

STRUENSEE,

standing by a table. A Servant holding open a door.

Enter BERNSTORFF.

Stru. steps forward to him, courteously, but with some reserve.

Bern. Your Excellency hardly would expect
To see me here.

Stru. And wherefore not? I know
The Count of Bernstorff just, and great of soul.
And seeing and knowing, that 't was not I displac'd him,
He could not, being just, hold me in fault,
Nor, being great of soul, could feel it.

Bern. I have drawn
This praise unwittingly. But let that pass.
Know you why I have come? Can you believe
It is in friendliness?

Stru. I can, and do.
How can I serve you?

Bern. Briefly, save yourself.
Your liberty, nay life, is now in peril.
Stru. This is Brandt's warning! Whence should danger come?
I have sought to do all justice, and have liv'd,

During my ministry, with no thought but this,
To save, to increase, to strengthen, to defend,
Make Denmark prosperous and her commons blest.

Bern. 'T was against reason.

Stru. Says Count Bernstorff so ?

He who disdain'd to profit by the poor,
And freed his new possessions from their chains,
Making the serfs be masters.

Bern. And 't is hence,
That I have so befriended, if you will,
The poor and the oppress'd, that your vast schemes
I censure, while I own your motives right.
I follow'd in the footsteps of my queen : ²⁹
But who has trod in mine ? It was my loss,
And concern'd no one that I freed my serfs.
That gave me not the right to urge the like
On others ; how much less to try to enforce
Like action, as you do. Your vast reforms,
That cover all the kingdom and insert
Their hundred hands in every part, must fail
Because they rouse all factions and all ranks
In common cause against you, and your works
Will not be honor'd even by the oppress'd,
For none will understand you.

Stru. Be it so.

I may reply as Tavsén, Ribè's bishop,
" My honesty shall plead for me hereafter." ³⁰

Bern. That is the noble thought of noble minds,
Ere age and disappointment have benumb'd

Enthusiasm. Well indeed, if such
Take not their first great lesson from the grave !
Perhaps I should say, ill ; for violent death
Stops short the heart-beat while the soul throbs warm
With its best impulses.

Stru. Should fear of death
Deter then from well-doing ?

Bern. Such a thought
Count Struensee will not impute to me.
I come to warn him, not for that his life,
Or liberty, is in peril, but that life
And liberty are peril'd both in vain.
You will not ask me whence I have the tale ;
But it is whisper'd, even so soon, the King
Grows restless with your discipline. In sooth —
Let me be candid — what can you avail,
Though you toil hourly in the generous task ?
Can nature be remodel'd ? can you crush
The force of habit ? or by reasoning make
The selfishness of self-indulgence yield
A moment's pause to ponder and step back,
When thought and retrogression both give pain ?
Cease to hope this.

Stru. Why should I not prevail ?
Did not Sterkodder ²¹, in the ancient time,
Turn from his baseness, after long ado,
His royal master's son, from her vile bonds,
The bonds of shame, relieve bad Ingild's sister,
And sweep his dissolute minions from the court ?

He labor'd long, I grant ; but 't is the end
Makes the reward, and labor is forgotten
When the fruit ripens and requites his toil
But for whose care the worms, the very sun,
Had eaten its heart out or dry'd up its sap.

Bern. But if the end come not, the ripen'd fruit,
Before the gardener's senses all are seal'd
To its perfection ? What, thou generous soul,
(Let me requite thy courteous praise in kind,
And not less honestly,) — what should to thee
Be the King's reformation, which may come
Too late, or never ? Wast thou sure indeed,
Then, to resign thy liberty, or life,
Would be heroic, and thy steadfast faith
Would, as with martyrs, make thy sufferings light,
And death seem triumph.

Stru. If it be at all
A hero's part, is 't less so, that the fight
Is all but hopeless ? or does Bernstorff's lord,
Who has avow'd his goodness brought him loss,
Gauge duty by its profits ?

Bern. Said I so ?
It was my loss. But, did I damage those
Whom I would favor, should I persevere ?
There is our difference. With o'erheated zeal,
And giant grasp that clutches all at once,
Thou crushest much and lett'st the rest escape
Through thy clos'd fingers. Wilt thou now give heed ?
There is, Count Struensee, a dangerous plot,

Wherein your enemies most near the Court ——
But we are interrupted.

Enter Servant.

Ser. From the Queen. [*Exit.*

Enter Page.

Page. Her Majesty awaits His Excellency
In the King's antechamber.

Stru. Say, I come — [*Confused ;*

Bern. regarding him with surprise.

I will attend Her Majesty. [*Exit Page.*

Bern. We part.

I had nearly said too much. You will give heed,
And profit by my hint ? and pardon it,
Like my intrusion ?

Stru. Pardon ? While I live,
Happen what will, I am your debtor ever.

[*Exit Bern.*

STRUENSEE appears to collect himself a moment,
then snatches eagerly his hat, and follows.

SCENE III.

The King's antechamber. As in Act II. Scene I.

MATILDA. *The PAGE.*

Matil. Was he alone?

Page. Your Majesty, the Count
Of Bernstorff parley'd with him.

Matil. Ah! That was
Unfortunate. I mean — that I am griev'd
To have broken-up their parle. Thou mayst retire.

[Exit Page.]

The Count of Bernstorff? What should he do there?
What must he think, that I should send? But why
Should I not send? It is my conscience puts
This color on an act which in itself
Is nothing wrong, nor misbecomes my state,
Albeit unusual. Yet, if Struensee,
Thus call'd, betray'd confusion — It is he!

Enter STRUENSEE.

Stru. Your Majesty was pleas'd to send —

Matil. Yes, yes.

I sent — What did the Count of Bernstorff want?

Stru. He came to warn me of some unknown danger

To liberty — to life itself, he said.

'T was generous in him.

Matil. In him — Bernstorff — Yes.

He came to warn you — O God, Struensee!

He had good cause. For this it was I sent.

Heed thou the warning. Wilt thou, wilt thou then?

Stru. What is it that for my unworthy sake

Alarms Your Majesty?

Matil. O stand not now

On ceremony. 'T is a peril more,

That I have sent for you, to meet you here, —

Though better here than elsewhere. Listen now,

And haste to thwart the plotters. A good maid

Who serves me overheard, some moments since,

A colonel of the guards in secret talk

With Countess Svider. That malignant woman

Seem'd to have made a compact with the man

For your destruction, which, he said, was sure

And close at hand. The listener thought that I

Was mingled as a victim in the plot,

But could hear nothing certain; for the man,

Reminding, as he said, of her own words,

His vile accomplice, that "stone walls have ears,"

Drew her far from the door and talk'd more low.

When done, the countess kiss'd him on the mouth.

Remember how that woman lately here

Espied our meeting: think — Why art thou dumb?

What did the count advise thee?

Stru. Bernstorff? Nought.

He had but time to warn me.

Matil. As have I.

Go, Struensee!

Stru. And whither?

Matil. From the Court,

From Denmark; only go, without delay.

Stru. And does Your Majesty command me this?

Matil. Implore you — with my whole heart. 'T is for life,

Bethink you. 'T is perhaps for more — for me.

Why do you stand so silent, seeming lost?

Must I say more?

Stru. O no, no; all is said

In bidding me to go. How can I go?

Since here —

Matil. Since here? — What is 't — I cannot stop

To ask your meaning. Nay, this is no time

For womanly reserve or queenly pride:

I know it well. It is a reason more

Why you should fly from Denmark. Go at once.

Stay not for preparation, nor for means.

Fly to my own free England: once there safe,

All will be sent you that your rank, your tastes,

Your habits need. See, Struensee, 't is not

The Queen exacts, it is the woman urges

Her friend, whose liberty, whose life perhaps,

She knows in peril, to save it for her sake.

'T is, Struensee, Matilda on the knees

Of her heart's anguish prays thee, for that heart,

To save thyself and her.

Stru. Yes, for those words,
Which wake I dare not say what feeling in me,
Of mingled joy, and terror, and remorse,
Reminding me my duty 't were to flee
Though nothing threaten'd, — for those precious words,
I will do all your bidding; but one grace
Suffer me still to supplicate, the last
Perhaps, alas, you ever will accord.
Command me not to go until the dawn.
This night, the ball — it is the last, last time
The honor you have done me in the dance
May, through like grace, be mine.

Matil. Imprudent man!
Is such a pleasure to be weigh'd with life?
Is this your duty? is it mine? Go now;
For my sake, go.

Stru. It is the last, last time.
I will be prudent; I will bear in mind
The debt I owe to Denmark, to its Queen,
And, wo is me, its King. But this one night!
Matil. 'T is madness. It is worse than weak to yield.
But, since for this night only, — be it so.

Enter, hurriedly,

BRANDT.

Br. Madam, the King.

Matil. Help, Heaven! [*Exit.*

Br. [*low and reproachfully,*
to Stru.] Was this well?

Rouse thee. For *her* sake, then ! [*in same low tone, but earnestly.*]

The King is here.

Enter, with hat on,

CHRISTIAN,

*preceded by an Usher, and followed by BERNSTORFF
and RANTZOW, all uncovered.*

They cross slowly the scene, the King speaking as he walks.

Chris. [To Br.

Ah ! thou art here ; and with thee our right hand,
Playing the mope again. Thou naughty Brandt !
Hast thou been lecturing him, as he has us ?
Be not abash'd, our Minister ; rest sure
We like thee none the worse ; but keep henceforth
Thy lessons for our Queen, who loves thy talk.
Here, at our side ; we need thee. Follow, Brandt.

STRUENSEE *ranges himself at the left hand of the King, a
little behind him, but in advance of BERNSTORFF and
RANTZOW. BRANDT follows last. Exeunt, —
the Drop falling ere they
disappear.*

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I. *A room in the sleeping-apartment of the King.*

JULIANA. FREDERIC.

Fred. [*facing the side scene, and speaking as to one within.*]

You have done your best, sir, and need have no fear.
You we shall hold exonerated.

Enter, through a door above,

CHRISTIAN,
in his dressing-robe.

Chris. So.

But who will thee? What means this outrage here,
Here in my chamber, at this hour of night?
Where be my guards?

Fred. My royal brother and King,
Pardon! That this is not an outrage meant,
Though violent intrusion for your sake,
Whose throne at least is threaten'd, witness here
My mother, our departed father's spouse,
Here, for this only, with me.

Jul. — But to thwart
Your traitor minister, Struensee, whose scheme

To set aside Your Majesty, and make
Your consort Regent, only now discover'd —

Chris. Think'st thou I am mad, or Struensee a fool?
What could it stead him, were the Queen in place?
This is invention!

Jul. Must I then respond?
The Queen herself aspires to sovereign power;
And Struensee is recogniz'd her slave
At once and master.

Chris. This is all too much!
Are we the King in Denmark, and must hear
This calumny? be summon'd from our couch
To welcome insult?

Jul. Patience, royal son —
Let me so call thee: in my dead lord's name
Who was thy sire, I pray thee hear. What cause
Could keep me and thy brother from our beds
And make us summon thee, our king, from thine,
But danger imminent to thee or us?
That it is not to us, its source will show.
Has not this Struensee contriv'd to usurp,
Little by little, all functions of the state,
So that he may be said to guide the sceptre
Your Majesty does but hold?

Chris. So Rantzow said,
Or so implied. This must be look'd to. Well?

Jul. If the thick-witted Rantzow saw so much,
What must observers of more brain than he?

Chris. Well, well?

Jul. Wherever danc'd the Queen to-night,
There mov'd Count Struensee. Your Majesty
Had the first honor ; afterward her hand
Was his, and his throughout.

Chris. And may again
Be, as 't has been before. And for this prate,
Mere woman's gossip and a widow's grudge,
You have dar'd to rouse me in the depth of night,
Thrusting my page aside, and by the noise
Of your forc'd entrance breaking my first sleep.
'T was kindly and most reverently done.
Will you now both withdraw ?

Fred. May it please Your Grace
It is not woman's gossip, royal brother,
What a brave colonel of the palace guard
Relates, who saw himself this day the Queen ——

Chris. Beware, sir !

Jul. If Your Majesty averts
Your face from common frailty, it is vain
To offer more. To-morrow when the plot
Bursts o'er your head, which then will be discrown'd,
Do us the justice to acknowledge ——

Chris. Stop.
What is this plot ? I will not listen aught
That dares impeach Matilda as a wife ;
But, is there threat of treason, let me know it,
And prove it. Speak thou, Frederic, and be brief.

Fred. To prove it would be long. Enough that now
We have it certain that to-morrow's sun

Will shine upon a crownless king, whose power,
Given to the Queen as Regent —

Chris. Is this true

That seems so little truth-like? Dost thou swear?

Fred. Why am I in your chamber at this hour?

Why is my mother here? O royal brother,
Who art my king, let me, not less the first
In loyalty than rank of all your subjects,
Adjure you, thus upon my bended knee,
Have mercy on your people as yourself
And give heed to our warning.

Chris. What to do?

Rise, brother. Hast thou come prepar'd to save
As well as warn?

Fred. What else? It is that now

Is the fit time for action, we are here.

Your faithless Minister, your favorite Brandt —

Chris. Not he, not Brandt! My Minister at times

Grows wearisome and makes me yawn. I have thought
I would displace him and call Bernstorff in.

But Brandt is genial, loves me, and makes sport.

Fred. He renders service, not unto his king

In the first place, but to the man through whom
Comes the King's favor. All the immediate friends
Of Struensee must share his fate. The arrest
Should be immediate. —

Chris. No, to-morrow be it.

To-morrow I will play the king. To-night
I am a tired mortal; let me sleep.

Fred. To-morrow is their hour, to-night is yours.

This moment, when the palace and the town
Are hush'd in darkness and the death of sleep,
Is most propitious. Thus, without the risk
Of popular excitement, or defeat
In any movement of our needful plans,
All may be finish'd almost when begun.
Your Majesty must pardon me — the Queen,
As chief in the conspiracy —

Chris. No, no ;

I never will believe it. Take the rest :
Let her be spar'd.

Fred. Alas, knows not the King
The power of women ? We shall harm her not.
No longer reach'd by those who warp'd her mind
Unto this treason, in a little time
The Queen will be once more your faithful spouse
And loyal consort. But, until that hour,
'T is needful that she be, like them, constrain'd.
This is the order. [*unfolding and extending a paper.*]

Chris. You have come prepar'd.

Fred. Have we not said, there is no time to spare ?
Will it please Your Grace to sign ?

Chris. Well, give it me.

I wish, like Gersdorf,³² that I could not write.
But since it must be, hand me quick the pen,
And let me back again unto my sleep ;
'T is nearly four o'clock ; I am getting chill'd.

CHRISTIAN stoops to sign the paper, —

JULIANA and FREDERIC exchanging over his shoulder
looks of exultation ; and Scene closes.

SCENE II.

A room in Struensee's Apartment.

STRUENSEE and BRANDT
*seated at a table. The former's dress-sword,
unbuckled, lies on the table.*

Br. Let us not argue further. 'T is enough
Thou hast recogniz'd thy danger, and the Queen
Exacts thy going. Would that thou hadst gone
Before she had need to exact it for herself!

Stru. Be not so cruel, Brandt.

Br. I am not cruel.

Thou know'st I am not. But this fatal love,
Even now so heinous guilt, and, if indulg'd ——
Let us dismiss the theme. Art thou prepar'd
To start, as thou didst promise, with the dawn?

Stru. How could I be? the ball is scarcely over :
I am weary, and will snatch a brief hour's rest,
Then give my orders.

Br. No, that must not be.

What Bernstorff, what the Queen, what I have thought
Is imminent danger, wilt thou thus despise?
Lose not a moment. There is none to lose.
Better before the dawn than after. Sleep,
If sleep thou canst, beyond the city walls,
While in thy carriage. Here thou art not safe,
Not in the Palace, not perhaps an hour.
What is that noise?

Rant. [within.

In the King's name. Stand back!

Br. They are on thee now! [springing up.

Enter

RANTZOW, KÆLLAR and EICHSTADT,
with drawn swords. *Struensee's* CHAMBERLAIN following
anxiously.

Stru. [rising.] What means this, sirs?

Rant. Arrest,

By the King's order.

Stru. I submit.

Br. Thou wilt?

That will not I. [drawing.] Does the King have such work
Done by such hands as these? If thou 'rt a man,
Draw upon these assassins. That for thee,
Degenerate Rantzow. [crossing his blade on Rantzow's.

They fight.

Kæl. [seizing *Stru.* by the throat, at the
same time snatching up his sword.

Thou shalt have no chance.

Eich. [*going behind Br. and disarming him.*]

Neither shall he.

Br. O cowards that ye are,

As well as cutthroats! [*To Stru.*] Hadst thou drawn in
time,

We might have put down three such dastard knaves.

I am enough for two, come both in front.

That thou mayst guess [*to Rant.*] thou ruffian Count, who
hast

A man to help thee.

Rant. [*furiously.*] Give him back his sword.

Give it, I say! I'll let his insolent blood

Out at his heart!

Kael. With pardon, noble sir,

This is the King's affair, no private brawl.

Stru. The King's! What is the charge? What has he
done?

Though your plot aim at me, as I was warn'd,

Count Brandt can have no enemies. Let him go;

I will submit me patiently.

Br. 'T is waste

Of gentle language on such rascal kind.

They know me for thy friend; that is enough.

Rant. [*to Br.*] When thou art loos'd, thou 'lt answer unto
me.

Kael. Pardon, Count Rantzow; 't is a waste of time

As well as words. — Call in the guard, thou there.

[*To the Chamberlain.* *He stands sullen
and motionless.*]

Art thou so faithful to thy fallen lord ?

'T is well. Get hence. I 'll summon them myself.

[*Kæl., moves toward the door, following Chamberlain ;
and Scene closes.*

SCENE III.

A room in the Queen's sleeping-apartment.

A door, leading to an inner chamber above, partially open.

JULIANA. FREDERIC.

standing expectingly, looking at the door.

Enter

from the inner chamber, followed by one of her ladies,

MATILDA.

Matil. I had not come, but that I fear'd to see
My sleeping-room invaded.

Jul. 'T would not be

The first time it was enter'd, not invaded,
By feet that had no business to be there,
Or you are much malign'd.

MATILDA, *as if disdaining reply, turns her eyes
slowly on Frederic.*

Fred. [*To Jul.*] Permit me speak. —

We have an unpleasant duty to perform
Against Your Majesty, which compels us break
The privacy of your chamber and the night.
We might to meaner hands have given the task,
But come ourselves, my mother for my sake,
To give more seemliness to an act, itself
Not decorous though needful, I for yours,
In reverence to your own rank and the throne
Which you have grac'd. —

Jul. Disgrac'd; but shall no longer.

Matil. Peace! I am mistress here. I know you well,
Princess of Wolfenbuettel³³, whom my lord
Receiv'd as stepmother and gave to me
As stepmother and mother-in-law combin'd.
But little more than children as we were,
You easily gain'd our confidence, and us'd it
To sow dissension 'twixt us; but we grew
Too old for dupes. My lord, whom nature form'd
Gentle and princely, you have made debauch'd,
Ruin'd in mind and body: and now, me ——
What want you now with me?

Fred. I answer that:

To arrest you, by the order of the King.

Matil. Arrest? The King? He has been tamper'd with!
What is the charge?

Jul. You 'll find it in the law
Of Moses, Seventh of the sacred Ten.
The upstart Count who help'd you break that law

Already is arrested and borne forth.

Matil. What is this horror? Speak thou, Prince, who art
At least less insolent.

Fred. Even what you have heard;
Count Struensee is arrested. —

Matil. Struensee?

Ah, this is infamy! —

Jul. Why, so we think.

Matil. — A plot to murder him. Where is the King?

I'll seek him on the instant. You shall see! —

Fred. [*Stepping between her and the side door.*]

Nothing to aid Your Majesty, or him:

The traitor has confess'd.

Matil. Confess'd to what?

If Struensee you mean. He can confess

To nothing that is not like his own soul,

Noble and stainless.

Jul. Have we this avow'd?

Why dost thou dally, Frederic? Seize the wanton!

Matil. [*stepping back.*] It is a falsehood, black as your own soul,

If you imply, as seem you by those words,

That any criminal act has taken place

'Twixt him and me, or any thought of such.

It shames me even to think of such a thought,

Which you have dar'd to express in insolent words

Before this lady. Struensee confess'd?

What could the man confess? What, being a man,

Would he, even if he could confess, to wrong

A lady and a queen?

Jul. What in itself

Involves high-treason: in directer words,
Adultery with the Queen of Denmark, thee,
Whose bastard daughter all the world may note
Is his true image.

Matil. Woman! whom mischance
Made Queen as Princess, — for a peasant's wife
Would blush, if chaste, to use such scurril words, —
I tell thee, in thy own talk, 't is a lie,
And that thou know'st it such: and from this hour,
Happen what may, I vow to never more
Hold speech with thee again.

Jul. And thou —

Fred. No more.

Let me complete this act. — Your Majesty
Protests then solemnly, what the Count avers
As solemnly is false.

Matil. Is false? That tale?
That infamous fiction of a most vile plot
Of disappointed placemen, led by foes
Of kindred spirit and still loftier aim?
It does not need protesting. But the Count,
The unhappy victim, never did aver
Or even admit such horror. He could not do it,
And would not, in his senses, if he could,
For his own sake would not.

Fred. In personal fear
Men lose their senses, and betray their hearts.
The threat of torture shook his coward nerves

At the first hint —

Matil. He is like me belied.

If just arrested, where was found the time

To make the threat or listen the avowal ?

Fred. Your Majesty may stoop to asperse my truth,

As in your excitement you forgot your state

To vilify my mother. It nor helps,

Nor harms you. Briefly, — you deny the facts

Confess'd by Struensee ?

Matil. The facts ? the fables.

The infamous slanders, whether count or queen

Invents them or repeats them, all or part,

That breathe an imputation on my fame

As wife or woman, are the shapeless work

Of envy, hatred, and vile lust of place.

Fred. Enough. Your Majesty has preordain'd

The Minister's condemnation. To asperse

The honor of the Queen well merits death :

And such will be his sentence by the law.

Matil. Not death ? not his ? not Struensee's ? O Heaven !

Have mercy on him !

Fred. 'T is not I condemn him.

Your Majesty's own lips forbid him hope.

Matil. What can I do ?

Fred. Revoke what you have said ;

Sign an admission he has not malign'd you.

'T is but a minute's work, — and all is done.

Matil. And if I were to avow myself so base —

But no ! I see your motive ; and were there none,

I should do wrong to seek to save a life
At the expense of what makes life of value.
Let Struensee in terror of the rack
Asperse my fame, I will not libel his,
Not even to save him.

Jul. [to *Fred.* in lower tone.

I admir'd your art.

It was too soon.

Fred. [without regarding *Jul.*

Remains to obey the King.

Prepare for your departure.

Matil. At this hour?

And whither?

Fred. To the walls of Cronenburg.

Without delay.

Matil. I will not!

Fred. Think again.

'T were better to the palace-gate with us,
Than with a guard, and dragg'd, if it must be.

Matil. O Heaven! I see it all now; ruin — ruin!

Ruin for all! Poor Struensee! — My child?

May it go with me?

Jul. The adulterous brood?

By all means.

Fred. Mother! — Take the child. Take too
This lady, if you will, and she desire. But quick.

Matil. Let first my lord's stepmother quit this room.

I go with you alone: while she is here,

I will not stir one step, except by force.

Fred. Be it so. Madam! — [*to Jul.*

Jul. Who would wish to stay

Where is pollution, where adulterous feet

Have made the very carpet vile to tread?

For thee, thou 'lt see me once again, and there

Where I have joy'd to think thou soon wouldst be,

Thou shame of English dames and royal wives.

[*Exit, — Fred., after seeing her out,
replacing himself at the side-scene.*

MATILDA

*throws herself, weeping, into the arms of her
attending lady, and the*

Drop falls.

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I. *Before the Palace at Copenhagen.*BERNSTORFF, *intercepting* UHLDAL.

Bern. Uhl dal! So fast? I might suppose you shunn'd me,
As anxiously as I sought you. What presses?

Uhl. Sickness of heart. I am hasting home to bed, —
To hide in darkness: I abhor the light.
Ugh! 't is scarce two hours since; and I was there;
And had you seen! — You know where I then was.

Bern. I may conjecture. You are very pale.

Uhl. Yet I still feel as if I was bedropp'd
With human gore and breath'd its sickening steam.
I tried to lose it, wandering here and there,
And mixing with this group and that, and sought
Relief in study; but the blood was there,
Stain'd each law-page, and the two headless trunks
Rose up before me, spiriting out their streams
Of purple gore in the blithe noontide-air.
It was the damn'dest ending of a farce,
A travesty of justice, that the world
Or Satan ever look'd on. I could weep
To think that I am human.

Bern. Not so loud.

Come with me to my house ; you will be heard,
And give offence.

Uhl. There was a time, a man
Might speak before this Palace what he pleas'd,
Nor give offence in Denmark. I am not
Afraid to utter my opinion here
More than before the bench, when those two men
Were sentenc'd to be murder'd. It was so ;
Murder'd — nought else ; for evidence was none
Sufficient to condemn them ; and their blood
Will spot the mantle of our law forever.

Bern. But on the skirt your name will shine in gold,
Who hurl'd your voice in thunder for the right.

Uhl. How could I else ? I was not of the crew
The Dowager had brib'd to do her work.
The Court were all her minions.

Bern. True. But speak
Lower for my sake. Let your lightning flash,
But without resonance.

Uhl. The bolt has now
Nothing to shiver. O that fatal want
Of nerve in Struensee ! Had he but defied
The unprincipled Commission, both were now
Haply alive.

Bern. I see not that.

Uhl. The law,
Retaining that curs'd relic of the past,
The Question, limits, well you know, its use
To criminals condemn'd, and only then

(The case first ponder'd by the King in Council)
After a special warrant duly issu'd,
Sign'd by the sovereign's hand. They had not dar'd
To apply it otherwise, or had so applied it
At their own peril. But the unhappy Count,
Shown privately the instruments of torture,
Forgot his rights, and own'd there had been love
Between him and the Queen, when not an act
More overt than the kissing of her hand,
Which any lord might have when specially grac'd,
Could be adduc'd against him ! All the rest,
The charge of peculation, and misuse
Of royal favor, or abuse of power,
Were baseless imputations, or a count
Of errors of imprudence, lapses else
Of ministerial wisdom, which no court
But such a one could twist into a crime
Of capital treason. O that fatal lack
Of self-possession !

Bern. 'T is to be deplor'd ;
But for the Queen's sake only. For himself,
I cannot think it had avail'd. The Court,
Determin'd to condemn him, would have found
Some pretext for his murder. Look at Brandt,
Charg'd with a blow struck at the King, whereof
The King had no remembrance, or had long
Forgiven it ! And this indeed was so.
No actual blow was given. So tells me one
Who stood in Hirschholm when the affair transpir'd.

The King, at play, became enrag'd with Brandt,
And challeng'd him to combat. Brandt declin'd.
His Majesty, more furious, thrust his hand
Into Brandt's open mouth and grasp'd his tongue.
Struggling, in pain, in danger to be chok'd,
Perhaps indignant too, the sufferer did
What any man of mettle would have done,
Push'd his assailant back with all his force
Till he had freed himself. Even on the spot,
The King, who wants not nobleness, declar'd
He never would remember the affront
To Brandt's discredit; and he kept his word.

Uhl. As well he might. It was for him, by Heaven!
To ask Brandt's pardon, not for Brandt to ask his.
Had he been truly noble, as you claim,
He would have done so.

Bern. Hush! we cannot take
The part of History here; we live but in
The present, and, where kings have absolute power,
Must keep our lips shut, though we use our eyes.
Did Struensee — I almost fear to ask —
Show nerve?

Uhl. No, no. But he was sorely try'd.
Brandt suffer'd like a hero; but his friend,
Excitable by nature, of a kind
Of men whose courage is not the nerve of beasts
But wholly of the mind, had had beside
To wait beneath the scaffold, where he heard
The dull sound of the thick blade falling twice

On hand and neck, and saw the warm blood dropping,
Drop after drop, between the ill-jointed planks.

Bern. It was enough, even had he lov'd him less.

We know he had manhood not to plain his fate,
But only mourn'd his friend's.

Uhl. — Who died for nought

But that he was his friend. The moral man

Was brave enough. But listen now the rest.

'T is the harsh epilogue to this sad drama,

Yet points not at the dead, but only us

Who live in Denmark. You will think, perhaps,

The murder'd men sleep in their graves? They bound

The yet warm bodies each upon a wheel,

Set the head on it and nail'd fast the hand,

And left them there, for crows to do the rest.³⁴

Bern. This in a Christian country! at this day!

May Heaven forgive us Danes!

Uhl. Why yes, amen!

For History, where each nation graves in brass

All vices but its own, will not. Farewell!

[*Exit abruptly; Bern. slowly following.*]

SCENE II.

A room in the Castle of Cronenburg.

MATILDA, *seated.*

SIR ROBERT KEITH. A LADY IN WAITING.

Enter

JULIANA, *followed*

by KÆLLAR *and* AMALIE.

Jul. I have come to make that final call I promis'd
Your *Royal Highness*. Nay, look not amaz'd;
Being now disjoin'd, in bond as well as bed,
From Christian, I address you here in prison
As fits your royal birth.

Matil. You see, Sir Robert,
What I must yet endure.

Sir R. The royal child
Of England is above such poor affronts.
Your *Majesty* is mistress to withdraw
And leave the offender. Shall I dare to offer
The service of my arm?

Matil. No, here is best.
We can outsit the malice of our foes.

But ask her, with what purpose she is here.

Jul. To wish Your Highness joy — since Struensee
Was nothing to you, as he claim'd to be —
That your calumniator is no more.

Matil. Ah! [*covering her face with her hands.*]

Sir R. Madam! — [*sternly, to Jul.*]

Matil. Mind me not, Sir Robert. I needs
Must weep for one who perish'd through my fault.
It was foul murder!

Jul. By the grace of God,
Through whom this odious treason came to light,
That could not be. No, he was fairly kill'd,
Though somewhat mangled. That was his own fault;
Why could he not keep steadier on the block?
Braver were wiser. If Your Highness faints,
We must suspend the tale. That were a pity.
Give her your salts, Ama'lie.

Matil. Not from her!

Sir R. Your Majesty must permit me —.

Matil. No, Sir Robert;
Let her proceed. I have nerve enough to bear
The worst that she can offer. Have I not
Been Queen as well as she? and am I not,
What she can never be — whence all this hate, —
The mother of a King that is to be
Despite her arts?

Jul. Your Highness wrongs yourself
As well as me. The Crown-prince was begotten
Before there were two fathers in the bed.

Sir R. This to a queen, the sister of my king!

[*Matil. rises, as in act to leave.*

Your Majesty does well. I would you had chosen
This part before.

Jul. 'T is not too late to avoid
The hearing of a tale she cannot bear.
I thought so from the first.

Ama. She sits again. [*to Kœl.*

Sir R. Your Majesty will not be so imprudent —
Pardon my boldness, — will not so forget
Your presence should command respect even here?

Matil. I 'll sit it out, Sir Robert. She shall not boast,
The fear of what her scurrilous tongue might utter
Could drive us conscience-stricken from our seat.

Jul. That will be seen. Paint, Colonel, — thou wast there, —
The ultimate scene. 'T is justice, in this point,
To gratify her Highness.

Sir R. I protest! —

Matil. Give her free course. She cannot harm me now,
Nor yet the dead.

Kœl. Count Brandt ascended first,
Steady and bold. His sentence read, his arms
Torn by the headsman, on the boards he knelt
And pray'd, then spoke a few words to the crowd
Simply and well. Rejecting then with pride
The executioner's aid, who would disrobe him,
He threw off his pelisse, then firmly laid
His right hand on the block, and, at a blow,
The hand was sever'd. In a moment after,

His head lay in the dust.

Matil. O God!

Lady. The Queen

Is drooping!

Sir R. Stop, sir! [*Matil.*, one hand covering her face,
waves the other to *Sir R.* dissuadingly.]

Jul. What remains to tell

Will probably revive her. Pray, continue.

Kæl. [*exchanges looks with Ama.*]

Poor Struensee, who stands below the scaffold,
Sees and hears all, growing white as any shroud.
Trembling and faint, he stumbles, as if blind,
On the rude steps. They have to help him up.
His eyes fix on the block, all soak'd and wet
With his friend's blood. He shrinks, he cowers. Three
times

He strives to keep his hand down, but three times
Draws it back, taking on the fingers' joints
The terrible stroke, and, when at last it falls,
'T is mangled horridly. So they have by force
To hold him down. And now the headsman lifts ——

Ama. The Queen has fainted! [*stepping hurriedly towards Matilda*,
*as if to help her. But, seeming to recollect her-
self, she stops half-way, and stands fixed and
haughty.*]

Jul. And our part is play'd.

There speaks the moral of the Seventh Commandment.

[*Looking on Sir R.*, and *pointing to Matilda.*]

Your Excellency sav'd her life, but not

Put back, you see, the judgment. Let her lie :
To wake her is to waken her to shame. [*Turns to go.*

Sir R. Shame is for guilt, and guilt is theirs alone
Who forc'd one victim, in the law's despite
And mercy's, aid them break the *Ninth* Commandment ;
Whereby, that twofold murder, and this wo.

[*Jul. Exit.*

SIR ROBERT goes to the chair where
MATILDA is still in the hands of the attendant Lady,
and, as KÆLLAR and AMALIE are about
to disappear after Juliana,

the Curtain falls.

NOTES

NOTES
TO
MATILDA OF DENMARK

1.—P. 518. — *Brahe's tower* —] WRAXALL says of this round tower, "built by Christian IV. and designed for an observatory": "There is not a single step in it, though very lofty. You ascend by a spiral road, of near fourteen feet broad, from the bottom to its summit. A professor, who showed me over it, assured me that one of their kings, Christian V., as I recollect, drove in his carriage up and down it; and he even produced a book, as I doubted it, to prove the veracity of his assertion. I must own it may be easily done, though probably at some risk of the driver's neck." *Cursory Remarks made in a Tour through some of the Northern Parts of Europe*. Lond. 8°. 1775. p. 20.

2.—P. 521. *Like Rantzow's foresire, etc.*] John Rantzau, in the 16th century, — whose fidelity to his sovereigns, Frederic I. and Christian III. of Denmark, was so marked as to become proverbial.

3.—P. 521. *Here* —] Omit to the end of the part.

4.—P. 522. *Trondhjem.*] A bailiwick in Norway. — Pron.

Tron'yem. Make the *oe* in "Hitteroe" one syllable, sounding it as *ur* or *a*, or anglicising it to *ô*. *J* in "Justesen" is sounded as *Y*: *Yoo's'tesen*.

5.—P. 522. *A simple peasant* —] Omit, to "This peasant-lord," seven verses.

6.—P. 523. *Did not then* —] Omit to "Envy dies not of shame," in the 24th verse below.

7.—P. 524. *He liv'd, it might be said, as lives the sage, etc*] The epigrammatic sarcasm imitated in the text, and which was of a later date than that of the Scene, is, as is often the case with such witticisms, more pointed than just. His scruple was one for which I cannot blame him; it but marked his delicacy. Every man possessed of that innate feeling, whose cultivation gives the manner which alone is truly styled well-bred, would have acted similarly. The circumstances of Brahe's life, from the time when the jealousy of his merits, and of their recognition by the royal favor, culminated in the malignant vengeance of the Grand Master Valkendorff, which drove him, stripped of everything but the moderate revenue of his little isle, to the genial friendship and protection of the Emperor Rodolph in 1597, are too well known to need to be repeated. I may however, as descriptive of the errors of his system, presently alluded to, cite the elegant observation of BAILLY (*Hist. de l'Astron.* as given by MALLET: *Hist. de Dann.* liv. ix): "Tycho était assis sur les confins de deux siècles. Il tient aux ténèbres qui l'ont précédé, et à la lumière qui l'a suivi."

This great man was a poet. There is a fine elegy of his, in which, bidding farewell to his country, he fails not to do justice to his king and to his compatriots at large. Mallet (*u. s.*) has afforded us two small specimens. It commences thus:

“Dania, quid merui? Qui te, mea patria, læsi,
 Usque adeo ut rebus minus æqua meis?
 Scilicet illud erat, tibi quo nocuisse reprehendar,
 Quo majus per me nomen in orbe geras.”

8.—P. 524. *Heinesen* —] This brave man was of the Feroe islands and was employed by Frederic II. (in the latter half of the 16th century) to clear that group, as well as Greenland and Iceland, from the pirates, British and French, which infested them. Every year the English fishermen would descend upon their defenceless shores, carry off the people as slaves to help them in their fishery, and when they were done, would set them down on any the nearest land. Heinesen accomplished his task. But, in the minority of Christian IV. (end of 16th c.,) he was falsely accused, and, by a precipitate judgment, was condemned to death. He refused to have his eyes bandaged, saying, he had seen too many naked sabres, and bade the executioner not to be afraid. His sentence being revised, he was proved innocent, his accusers were condemned in 3000 crowns of amend to his heirs, and his body was disinterred and buried with honor in Jutland. Malling: *Traits mém. de l'hist. de Dann.* &c. (trad. fran. Copenh. 12°. 1794) pp. 174, 5.

9.—P. 528. *Kay Lykkè*.] This nobleman was the first victim of the absolute power given for the first time to a Danish monarch, (Fred. III.) He had boasted in a letter, that no woman could refuse him her favors, not even the Queen. For this he was condemned as for high-treason, and, as he had fled, the execution of the sentence, which was to fall on his head and hand, was performed on a wooden effigy! Not the least striking feature in this odious act of tyranny was that the King had the benefit of the confiscation of fourteen out of the fifteen of his estates, the fifteenth only going to institutions of charity. See Mallet: *Hist. de Dann.* (éd. in 16°. 1788.) t. ix. pp. 114, 115.

10.—P. 530. *That to defer*, etc.] Omit, to “that all” (inclusive), six verses: then, from “your speech,” (3d verse after,) to the semicolon.

11.—P. 531. *But no !* etc.] From here, omit to “Forget, if you are noble”, — 15th line below.

12.—P. 531. — *let the thrill* —] Omit to “lest I sink” Then, below, the words between “But” and “holds she me”. Then, all after “That rise before me”, to “Let me go forth,” in the 6th verse below it.

13.—P. 536. *Being favor'd*, etc.] Omit this verse.

14.—P. 537. — *Philippina* —] Wife of Eric, King of Pomerania, who treated her with indifference and gave his love to other women. Yet, faithful to him, when he had irritated his people by issuing base money, she, in his absence, had her plate melted up and made into proper coin, which she issued as by order of the King. Eric too deserted his capital of Copenhagen on the approach of the Vandals, but Philippina remained and repulsed them. The Vandals then commencing a system of pillage and piracy on Denmark, which Eric seemed not to regard, Philippina, taking advantage of her unworthy husband's absence in Sweden, equipped a fleet and sent it against them at Stralsund. The result is told in the text. Malling, *u. s.* 351, 2.

15.—P. 538. Exile nor prison —] Omit, from here to “well-approved,” (both inclusive,) — ten verses.

16.—P. 538. — *in prison*.] *Eleonora Christina*, the accomplished daughter of Christian IV. by his left-hand marriage with Christina Munck, furnishes another of the many examples in history of the

pitiless vindictiveness of women. She was three and twenty years in prison, although probably innocent of any complicity in the rash as well as unscrupulous designs of her husband Corfitz Uhlfeld, whose marriage with a daughter of the King, by a legitimate though not recognized marriage, made a traitor of him; and as she was released only on the death of the Queen of Frederic III. in 1685, it may reasonably be supposed that that proud woman resented in Eleonora either her supposed aspirations, or her want of deference in bearing toward herself, or both. Christian V., the grandson of Eleonora's father, in giving her liberty assigned her for life the castle of Mariboe with a proper maintenance, and she died at an advanced age in 1698. See MALLET *Hist. de Dann.* tt. viii & ix, but especially t. ix. pp. 116-125. Her pleading before the royal Swedish commission, appointed to examine her husband, is not mentioned by that historian. I take the trait from Malling's interesting collection, p. 354.

17.—P. 538. *Haply then —*] Omit from here to "queens" (inclusive) — 9th line below.

18.—P. 539. *Gida nerv'd his soul, etc.*] Mallet tells the story in his *Introduction* (*Hist. &c.* t. i. p. 286.) *Gida* was the daughter of a rich Norwegian lord. Proud and ambitious, she refused her suitor's hand until he should have subjected all of Norway. Harald, who was vain, it would seem, of the long, silky, golden locks which gave him his surname, vowed to neglect them until he should achieve the conquest she desired. Mallet cites *Torfeus*.

19.—P. 539. *Of Valdemar, etc.*] Omit this and the next verse.

20.—P. 539. *She was a woman, etc.*] Omit, to "Does the tale", in the 5th verse below.

21.—P. 547. Str. *Why let the gifts, etc.*] Omit, of this part, all but the two last verses.

22.—P. 549. — *taste Iduna's apples, etc.*] *Iduna*, in the Icelandic Edda, is the wife of *Brage*, the majestic god of poesy and eloquence. She keeps in a casket certain apples, of which the gods, when they feel the approach of age, taste and renew their youth, which thus will last till the final day of darkness. See, in the translation of parts of the *Edda* given by Mallet, the 14th Fable, (t. ii. p. 141. *Hist. &c.*)

23.—P. 549. *He crush'd, etc.*] Omit, to the end of the part.

24.—P. 550. *Unwearied, etc.*] Omit the entire sentence.

25.—P. 551. Stru. *Not in all things. Etc*] Omit, to "He toil'd" —, fifteen verses.

26.—P. 555. *He who arrang'd, etc. etc.*] See MALLET: *Hist. &c. Liv. xiii. ad init.* (t. ix. p. 116 ed. cit.) If the only proof of his ability lay in the digestion of the *Royal Law* of Frederic III., on which however the historian compliments him, I should esteem it difficult to assign for his elevation any cause but the caprice of the monarch, or gratitude for his subservience in compressing, or rather expanding into its forty articles, every provision for absolutism and hereditary right that it seems possible for the human mind to contrive.

27.—P. 558. — *Erlingsen* —] That is, *son of Erling*. He was King of Norway. Having surprised his foe, Sigurd Sigurdson, (who was endeavoring to get possession of part of Norway,) he had it in his power to do as his soldiers wished him, — to fire his house and burn or butcher him and his adherents. But he made

his soldiers lie upon their arms, declaring as in the text, and when day broke attacked and conquered the Count.

28.—P. 559. — *who struck the King himself at Hirschholm* —] The particulars of this strange affair, which I found in Wraxall's *Tour*, and which are said to have furnished the conspirators with their absurd charge against the unfortunate favorite, are recounted later in the play.

29.—P. 561. — *my queen:*] Sophia-Magdalena, who had freed her serfs in the bailiwick of Hirschholm.

30.—P. 561. *I may reply, etc.*] In the course of the Reformation in Denmark, the nobles were permitted to imitate the King in the revocation of the grants of their ancestors to the churches and religious establishments. This naturally led to abuses, many claiming what had never belonged to them. *Tarsen*, zealous Protestant though he was, acted in these cases like an upright spirit, and opposed with all the ardor of his nature such attempts, pleading even in a certain case, before the King and the Estates at Colding, in behalf of the establishment. This drew on him hatred and the danger of revenge, but, nothing moved, he answered the condolences of his friends, in the noble words assigned him in the text. See Malling *u. s.* 365.

31.—P. 562. *Did not Sterkodder, etc.*] Born in Norway, he served Frode IV. King of Zeland and Scania. Frode being assassinated by Sverting, Duke of Saxony, and Ingild, his son, having no regard for men of merit, Sterkodder took service with the Swede. But still his care was for his master's family. Ingild, far from avenging his father, had married his murderer's daughter, and lived in debauchery with her brothers. His two young sisters he left to themselves; and the younger formed a connection with an ordinary

man of no character. On learning this, Sterkodder came to Denmark, punished the lover, and removed the girl, who, reforming her conduct, was subsequently married to a son of a king of Norway. Sterkodder then left Ingild, who neglected him, to his own bad counsels, and returned to Sweden. But Ingild going on from bad to worse, the hero returned to Denmark, appealed to the King in the very midst of his minions, and, showing him the frightful and dangerous state to which he had brought the country by his vices, reminded him of his father, and adjured him not to consort with his murderers. This was the true spirit of freedom of the olden time, and it moved what yet was sensible in the soul of Ingild, who, coming to his senses, punished his father's murderers. *Id.* 356, sqq.

32.—P. 574. — *Gersdorf* —] Marshal of the Court under Frederic III. — When Charles-Gustavus was before Copenhagen, Frederic, constrained to offer peace, sent *Gersdorf* as one of the Danish Commission to the Royal Swede. After great efforts to avoid the conditions imposed by the conqueror, which exacted the cession of various important territories, he took the pen, and signed, remarking, after one of the ancient emperors, "Vellem ne me scire literas." *Id.* p. 88.

33.—P. 579. — *Wolfenbuettel* —] That is, *Brunswick-Wolfenbuettel*. For the Stage, the former half of the title may be used; thus :

Princess of Brunswick, whom my royal lord :

but the designation in the text is better, being used contemptuously and for the purpose of irritation by Matilda. The *e* of *ue* is merely the modifying vowel which is suppressed in the German form *ü*, and which gives properly to *u* the slender and peculiar half-lisping sound of the French *u* in *dessus*; but *ü* is rarely sounded by the

Germans themselves otherwise than as the slender *i* with us. Pronounce it therefore either as *u* in *pure*, or as *i* in *wit*.

34.—P. 589. *And left them there, for crows to do the rest.*] Two years after the event, Wraxall, writing from Copenhagen, says: "The skulls and bones of these unhappy men are yet exposed on wheels about a mile and a half out of town. I have viewed them with mingled commiseration and horror."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

